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THE

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

WITH THE

DOCTRINAL STANDARDS

AND

LITURGY,

OF THE

Reformed Church in America.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, singing with grace in your hearts unto the Lord. Colossians 3 : 16.

NEW YORK:

BOARD OF PUBLICATION,

34 Vesey Street, cor. of Church.

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by

REV. THOMAS C. STRONG,

On behalf of the Board of Publication of the R. P. Dutch Church in North America, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

BRIEF NOTICE

OF THE

PSALMS AND HYMNS USED BY THE REFORMED CHURCH.

It has ever been a principle of the Church that no Psalms nor Hymns may be publicly sung in the Reformed Protestant Dutch Churches, but such as are approved and recommended by the General Synod. Previously to the American Revolution, the psalmody of the Church embraced only the Psalms in the Dutch language, usually bound up in the Bibles then in common use. The version approved by the Synod was that of Dathenus. In addition to this, the new version of Psalms and Hymns compiled and adopted in the Netherlands, in the year 1773, was subsequently approved. After the period of the American Revolution, when it was found necessary to introduce English singing, the Rev. Dr. Livingston compiled a book of Psalms and Hymns in the English language, which was published, with the express approbation and recommendation of the General Synod, in the year 1789. This book continued in use in the churches until the year 1812, when, at the instance of the Classis of New York, the Particular Synod of New York referred the subject relative to the revision of the Psalms and Hymns then in use, to the General Synod. The reference was favourably entertained by the Synod, and they requested the Rev. Professor Livingston to make the selection of Psalms and Hymns, agreeably to the views then expressed, and appointed a committee to whom the same should be submitted for their examination and approval. At the session of the Synod, held in October, 1813, this committee reported in favour of the selection, and the Synod accordingly adopted it, entered upon their records a minute highly complimentary to the distinguished compiler, and made the necessary arrangements for its publication and introduction into the public worship of the churches.

In the year 1830, the General Synod deemed it expedient that an additional number of Hymns should be added to those contained in the book then in use, and accordingly a committee was appointed to make a selection, on a variety of subjects, with a view to constitute a second book of Hymns. At the next session of the Synod, this committee reported a selection of one hundred and seventy-two additional Hymns, which were approved, ordered to be published

as a second book of Hymns, and authorized to be used in all the churches. At the instance of the General Synod's Sabbath School Board, a committee was appointed at the meeting of the Synod, in June, 1842, to compile a book for the use of the Sabbath Schools of the Church. The selection as reported by the committee, embraced many Hymns suitable for social as well as Sabbath School worship. It was approved by the Synod, in the year 1843, and ordered to be published, under the title of the "Social and Sabbath School Hymn Book."

The Board of Sabbath School Union being about to publish a second edition of this book, requested, in the year 1845, that the Synod would furnish an additional number of Hymns for the purpose of filling up certain blank pages on the last sheet of the work. On considering this request, the Synod resolved, in view of the fact that the Hymns now authorized to be used by the churches were comprised in three separate books, and that still additional Hymns on certain subjects were needed, to refer the whole subject of the Hymn Book to a committee, to consider the importance of a new arrangement, and with instructions to report such new Hymns as would make the collection more complete. At the meeting of the General Synod in June, 1846, this committee presented their report recommending such new arrangement, and at the same time submitting a selection of Hymns on a variety of subjects, to the number of three hundred and forty-two The Hymns thus submitted were approved by the Synod, and the committee were authorized to complete the work, and prepare the whole for publication as speedily as convenient. The Board of Direction were also empowered to carry out the necessary arrangements for printing the same. All this has been done, and the present work is the result of such action. The book thus completed will compare favourably with the various selections used by the several denominations of Christians in our land, and it is fervently hoped will prove a happy auxiliary in promoting the devotions, public, social, and private, of the members of our Church.

THOMAS M. STRONG,
Stated Clerk of General Synod.

New York, June, 1847.

In June, 1858, the General Synod resolved, "That the future issuing of our Psalmody be committed to the Board of Publication." The Board accordingly, having carefully revised the Book, now send it forth in an improved form.

New York, October, 1859.

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PSALMS.

1 S. M. WATTS.

THE WAY AND END OF SAINTS AND SINNERS.

1 THE man is ever blessed
  Who shuns the sinners' ways,
Amidst their councils never stands,
  Nor takes the scorner's place:

2 But makes the law of God
  His study and delight,
Throughout the labours of the day,
  And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,
  With waters near the root:
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live;
  His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so the ungodly race,
  They no such blessings find;
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
  Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
  Before that judgment seat,
Where all the saints, at Christ's right hand,
  In full assembly meet?

6 He knows, and He approves
  The way the righteous go:
But sinners and their works shall meet
  A dreadful overthrow.

2—Part I. L. M. Watts.

THE FATHER VINDICATES HIS MESSIAH.

1 WHY did the heathen madly rage,
And why the Jews conspire in vain?
Why kings and rulers all engage,
T' oppose Messiah's gracious reign?

2 "Come, let us break His bands," they say,
"We 'll ne'er be governed by His laws:"
And thus they cast His yoke away,
And nailed Messiah to the cross.

3 But God the Father, from His throne,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controls;
He 'll vex their hearts with pains unknown,
And speak in thunder to their souls.

4 "I 'll vindicate the King I made,
On Zion's everlasting hill;
My hand shall bring Him from the dead,
And He shall reign Messiah still."

2—Part II. L. M. Watts.

THE SON INVESTED WITH THE KINGDOM.

1 TH' eternal Son, with power arrayed,
Declares th' unchangeable decree;
"Thou art my Son," the Father said,
"This day have I begotten Thee.

2 For sin Thou 'st offered up Thy soul,
And Thou 'st a right to intercede;
Thy life shall last while ages roll,
And Thou shalt see a numerous seed.

3 Ask then, My Son, and I will give
The heathen for Thy vast domain;
The utmost ends of earth receive,
And boundless be Thy blessed reign.

4 But nations that resist Thy grace,
Shall fall beneath Thine iron stroke;
Thy rod shall crush Thy foes with ease,
As potters' earthern work is broke."

2—Part III. L. M. Watts.

THE HOLY GHOST EXHORTS RULERS TO SUBMISSION.

1 "NOW," saith the Spirit of the Lord,
To those who sit on earthly thrones,
"Rejoice with trembling at His word,
And at His feet submit your crowns.

2 With faith and love address the Son,
Lest He grow angry, and ye die;
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
If ye provoke His jealousy.

3 His frown shall drive you quick to hell,
For He is God, and ye but dust.
Happy the souls that know Him well,
And make His grace their only trust!"

3—Part I. L. M. Watts.

A MORNING PSALM.

1 O LORD! how many are my foes,
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tired with the burdens of the day,
To Thee I raised an evening cry;
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And Thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by Thy heavenly aid,
I laid me down and slept secure;
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more

4 But God sustained me all the night:
Salvation doth to God belong:
He raised my head to see the light,
And makes His praise my morning song.

3—Part II. C. M. Watts.

DOUBTS AND FEARS SUPPRESSED.

1 MY GOD, the tempter would persuade,
There 's no relief in heaven;
And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiven.

2 But Thou, my righteousness and strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread;
Shalt silence all my threatening guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

3 I cried, and from His holy hill
He bowed a listening ear;
I called, my Father and my God!
And He subdued my fear.

4 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
I 'woke, and wondered at the grace
That guarded my repose.

5 What though the host of death and hell
All armed against me stood!
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
My refuge is my God.

6 Arise, O Lord, fulfil Thy grace,
While I Thy glory sing:
For Christ has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost his sting.

7 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save;
Blessings attend Thy people here,
And reach beyond the grace.

4—PART I. L. M. WATTS.

GOD, OUR CONFIDENCE AND PORTION.

1 O GOD of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend, when I complain;
Thou hast enlarged me in distress;
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame;
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name?

3 Know that the Lord divides His saints
From all the tribes of men beside:
He hears the cry of penitents,
For the dear sake of Christ who died.

4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in Christ alone,
And glory in His pardoning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many say,
"Who will bestow some earthly good?"
But, Lord, Thy light and love we pray;
Our souls desire this heavenly food;

6 Then shall my cheerful powers rejoice
At grace and favours so divine,
Nor will I change my happy choice,
For all their corn, and all their wine.

4—PART II. C. M. WATTS.

AN EVENING PSALM.

1 LORD! Thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever Thine;
I fear before Thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'T is sweet conversing on my bed,
With my own heart and Thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God! my faith and hope relies
Upon Thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts composed to peace,
I 'll give mine eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days
And will my slumbers keep.

5 C. M. WATTS.

LORD'S DAY MORNING.

1 LORD! in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye;

2 Up to the hills, where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there:
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

5 Oh! may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter with a base design,
To make my soul their prey.

7 Lord! crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy;
While those that in Thy mercy trust,
For ever shout for joy.

8 The men who love and fear Thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

6 C. M. WATTS.

COMPLAINT IN SICKNESS.

1 IN anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Withdraw the dreadful storm;
Nor let Thy fury grow so hot
Against a feeble worm.

2 My soul's bowed down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain oppressed;
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.

3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
I waste the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they pass,
Till the slow morning rise.

4 Shall I be still afflicted more?
Mine eyes consumed with grief?
How long, my God, how long, before
Thy hand afford relief?

5 He hears when dust and ashes speak,
He pities all our groans;
He saves us for our Saviour's sake,
And heals our broken bones.

6 The virtue of His sovereign word
Restores our fainting breath;
For silent graves praise not the Lord;
Our lips are sealed in death.

7 C. M. WATTS.

GOD'S CARE OF HIS PEOPLE.

1 MY trust is in my heavenly Friend,
My hope in Thee, my God;
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood.

2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear;
As hungry lions rend the prey,
When no deliverer's near.

3 If I indulge in thoughts unjust,
And wish and seek their woe,
Then let them tread my life to dust
And lay mine honour low.

4 If there were malice hid in me,
I know Thy piercing eyes;

I should not dare appeal to Thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up Thy hand,
Their pride and power control;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliverance for my soul.

6 Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust;
Shall not the God of truth engage,
To vindicate the just?

7 He knows the heart, He tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright;
His sharpest arrows He ordains
Against the sons of spite.

8 For me their malice dug a pit,
But there themselves are cast:
My God makes all their mischief light
On their own heads at last.

9 That cruel, persecuting race
Must feel His dreadful sword;
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord.

8—PART I. S. M. WATTS.

CONDESCENSION OF GOD.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to Thy works on high,
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies:

3 When I survey the stars
And all their shining forms,
Lord! what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms!

4 Lord! what is worthless man,
That Thou shouldst love him so!
Next to Thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

5 How rich Thy bounties are!
How wondrous are Thy ways!
Of dust and worms, Thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

8—Part II. L. M. Watts.

FIRST AND SECOND ADAM.

1 LORD, what was man, when made at first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust,
That Thou shouldst set him and his race,
But just below an angel's place!

2 That Thou shouldst raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet!

3 But oh! what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honours shall Thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!

4 See Him below His angels made,
See Him in dust among the dead,
To save a ruined world from sin:
Yet He shall reign with power divine.

5 The world to come, redeemed from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New made and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

8—PART III. L. M. WATTS.

THE HOSANNAH OF THE CHILDREN.

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Through the wide earth Thy name is spread,
And Thine eternal glories rise,
O'er all the heavens Thy hands have made.

2 To Thee the voices of the young
A monument of honour raise;
And babes with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of Thy praise.

3 Thy power assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground;
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policy confound.

9—PART I. C. M. WATTS.

GOD THE REFUGE OF HIS PEOPLE.

1 WITH my whole heart I 'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I 'll proclaim;
Thou, the great Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I 'll sing Thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares His throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make His vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppressed;
To save the people of His love,
And give the weary rest.

4 The men, who know Thy name, will trust
In Thine abundant grace:
And Thou wilt ne'er forsake the just,
Who humbly seek Thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill;
Who executes His threatening word,
And doth His grace fulfil.

9—PART II. C. M. WATTS.

THE WISDOM AND EQUITY OF PROVIDENCE.

1 WHEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood,
The humble souls, who mourn in dust,
Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death
Doth His own children raise:
In Zion's gates with cheerful breath,
They sing their Father's praise.

3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net,
Which their own hands have spread.

4 Thus by Thy judgments, mighty God,
Are Thy deep counsels known;
When men of mischief are destroyed,
The snare must be their own.

5 The wicked shall sink down to hell;
Thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget Thee, or rebel
Against Thy known commands.

6 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait and long complain;
Their cries shall never be forgot,
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

10—Part I. C. M. Watts.

PRAYER FOR DELIVERANCE.

1 WHY doth the Lord stand off so far?
And why conceal His face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?

2 Lord! shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and Thy power?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And still Thy saints devour?

3 They put Thy judgments from their sight,
And then insult the poor;
They boast in their exalted height,
That they shall fall no more.

4 Arise, O God, lift up Thy hand;
Attend our humble cry:
No enemy shall dare to stand,
When God ascends on high.

10—Part II. C. M. Watts.

GOD OUR VINDICATOR.

1 WHY do the men of malice rage,
And say, with foolish pride,
"The God of heaven will ne'er engage
To fight on Zion's side."

2 But Thou for ever art our Lord;
And powerful is Thy hand,
As when the heathen felt Thy sword,
And perished from Thy land.

3 God will prepare our hearts to pray,
And bow His ear to hear;
He marks whate'er His children say,
And puts the world in fear.

4 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just;
And mighty sinners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

11 L. M. WATTS.

PROVIDENCE AND JUSTICE OF GOD.

1 MY refuge is the God of love:
Why do my foes insult and cry,
"Fly, like a timorous trembling dove,
To distant woods or mountains fly?"

2 If government be all destroyed,
That firm foundation of our peace,
And violence makes justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?

3 The Lord in heaven has fixed His throne,
His eye surveys the world below;
To Him all mortal things are known,
His eye-lids search our spirits through.

4 If He afflict His saints so far,
To prove their love, and try their grace;
What must the bold transgressors fear?
His very soul abhors their ways.

5 On impious wretches He shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire and death;
Such as He kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with His angry breath.

6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men who His own image bear.

12—Part I L. M. Watts.

HOPE IN EVIL TIMES.

1 ALMIGHTY God, appear and save,
For vice and vanity prevail;
The godly perish in the grave,
The just depart, the faithful fail.

2 The whole discourse, when neighbours meet,
Is filled with trifles loose and vain;
Their lips are flattery and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

3 But lips that with deceit abound
Shall not maintain their triumph long;
The God of vengeance will confound
The flattering and blaspheming tongue.

4 "Yet shall our words be free," they cry;
"Our tongues shall be controlled by none:
Where is the Lord will ask us why?
Or say, our lips are not our own?"

5 The Lord, who sees the poor oppressed
And hears th' oppressor's haughty strain,
Will rise to give His children rest,
Nor shall they trust His word in vain.

6 Thy word, O Lord, though often tried,
Void of deceit shall still appear;
Not silver, seven times purified
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.

7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
Defend the holy soul from harm:
Though when the vilest men have power,
On every side will sinners swarm.

12—PART II. C. M. WATTS.

THE SIGNS OF CHRIST'S COMING.

1 LORD! when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found
And love is waxing cold:

2 Is not Thy chariot hastening on?
Hast Thou not given the sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

3 "Now," saith the Lord, "now will I rise,
And make oppressors flee;
I will appear to their surprise,
And set My servants free."

4 Thy word, like silver seven times tried,
Through ages shall endure:
The men who in Thy truth confide
Shall find the promise sure.

13 L. M. WATTS.

PLEADING UNDER DESERTION.

1 HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Wilt thou Thy face for ever hide?
Shall I still pray and be denied?

2 Shall I for ever be forgot,
As one whom Thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul Thine absence mourn,
And still despair of Thy return?

3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppressed?
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?

4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief;
If Thou withhold Thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

5 How would the powers of darkness boast
Could but one praying soul be lost?
But I have trusted in Thy grace,
And shall again behold Thy face.

6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest:
My heart shall feel Thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

14—Part I. C. M. Watts.

ALL MEN SINNERS BY NATURE.

1 FOOLS in their hearts believe and say
"That all religion's vain;
There is no God that reigns on high,
Or minds th' affairs of men."

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane
Corrupt discourse proceeds;
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord, from his celestial throne,
Looked down on things below,
To find the man who sought His grace,
Or did His justice know.

4 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves His name.

5 Their tongues are used to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet!
Nor know the paths of peace.

6 Such seeds of sin, that bitter root,
In every heart are found;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

14.—PART II. C. M. WATTS.

THE FOLLY OF PERSECUTORS.

1 ARE sinners now so senseless grown,
That they the saints devour?
And never worship at Thy throne,
Nor fear Thine awful power?

2 Great God! appear to their surprise,
Reveal Thy dreadful name;
Let them no more Thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.

3 Dost Thou not dwell among the just?
And yet our foes deride,
That we should make Thy name our trust;
Great God! confound their pride.

4 Oh! that the joyful day were come
To finish our distress!
When God shall bring His children home,
Our songs shall never cease.

15 L. M. WATTS.

THE CHARACTER OF A SAINT.

1 WHO shall ascend Thy heavenly place,
Great God! and dwell before Thy face?
The man who minds religion now,
And lives and walks by faith below:

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean:
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise;
But saints are honoured in his eyes.

4 Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.

5 He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold:
While others scorn and wrong the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.

6 He loves his enemies, and prays
For those who curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

7 Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone;
This is the man Thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord! with Thee.

16—Part I. L. M. Watts.

REJOICING IN THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need
For succour to Thy throne I flee;
But have no merits there to plead:
My goodness cannot reach to Thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confessed
How empty and how poor I am:
My praise can never make Thee blessed,
Nor add new glories to Thy name.

3 Yet, Lord, Thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do:
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.

4 Let others choose the sons of mirth,
To give a relish to their wine;
I love the men of heavenly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

16—Part II. L. M. Watts.

THE PRECIOUSNESS OF CHRIST.

1 HOW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol god!
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their offerings of forbidden blood.

2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon;
He for my life hath offered up
Jesus, His best beloved Son.

3 His love is my perpetual feast;
By day His counsels guide me right:
And be His name for ever blessed,
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

4 I set Him still before mine eyes;
At my right hand He stands prepared
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

16—Part III. L. M. Watts.

HOPE IN THE RESURRECTION.

1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad, my heart; rejoice, my tongue;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, Thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead;
For Christ hath triumphed o'er the grave.

3 My flesh shall Thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high:
Then shalt Thou lead the wondrous way
Up to Thy throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of Thy grace,
Which we but tasted here below,
Spread heavenly joys through all the place.

16—Part IV. C. M. Watts.

DIVINE GOODNESS AND COUNSEL.

1 SAVE me, O Lord, from every foe;
In Thee my trust I place:
Though all the good that I can do,
Can ne'er deserve Thy grace.

2 Yet, here, Thy children to sustain
Shall be my loved employ;
Thy children, first and best of men,
My friends, my highest joy.

3 Let heathens to their idols haste,
  And worship wood, or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast
  Where the true God is known.

4 The Lord provides my constant food,
  He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleased with present good,
  But more rejoice in hope.

5 God is my portion and my joy,
  His counsels are my light:
He gives me sweet advice by day,
  And gentle hints by night.

6 My soul would all her thoughts approve
  To His all-seeing eye:
Not death nor hell my hope shall move,
  While such a friend is nigh.

17—Part I. S. M. Watts.

THE PORTION OF SAINTS AND SINNERS.

1 ARISE, my gracious God,
  And make the wicked flee:
They are but Thy chastising rod,
  To drive Thy saints to Thee.

2 Behold, the sinner dies,
  His haughty words are vain:
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
  And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,
  And boast of all his store:
The Lord is my inheritance,
  My soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the face
  Of my forgiving God;
And stand complete in righteousness,
  Washed in my Saviour's blood.

5 There's a new heaven begun
  When I awake from death,
Dressed in the likeness of Thy Son,
  And draw immortal breath.

17—Part II. L. M. Watts

REJOICING IN THE PROSPECT OF HEAVEN.

1 LORD, I am Thine; but Thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love:
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is Thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below;
'T is all the happiness they know;
'T is all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value I resign:
Lord, 't is enough that Thou art mine:
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there!

5 O glorious hour! O blessed abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

18—Part I. L. M. Watts.

DELIVERANCE FROM DESPAIR.

1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tower, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust:
For I have found salvation thence.

2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,
Spread over me their dismal shade;
While floods of high temptation rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

3 I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
Which none but they that feel, can tell;
While I was hurried to despair.

4 In my distress I called my God,
When I could scarce believe Him mine;
He bowed His ear to my complaints;
Then did His grace appear divine.

5 With speed He flew to my relief;
As on a cherub's wings He rode;
Awful and bright as lightning shone
The face of my deliverer, God.

6 Temptations fled at His rebuke,
Dispelled by His almighty breath:
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the depths of death.

7 Great were my fears, my foes were great;
Much was their strength, and more their rage;
But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still,
In all the wars that devils wage.

8 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord,
Due to His mercy and His power.

18—Part II. L. M. Watts.

CHRISTIAN SINCERITY.

1 LORD, thou hast formed my soul sincere,
Hast made Thy truth and love appear:
Before mine eyes I set Thy laws,
And Thou hast owned my righteous cause.

2 Since I have learned Thy holy ways,
I've walked upright before Thy face:
And if my feet from Thee depart,
It grieves my soul, it wounds my heart.

3 What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast?
But, through Thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin.

4 The sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will;
When shall Thy Spirit's sovereign power
Destroy it that it rise no more?

5 With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward:
The kind and faithful soul shall find
A God all faithful and most kind.

6 The just and pure shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they;
And men that love revenge shall know,
God hath an arm of vengeance too.

18—Part III. L. M. Watts.

REJOICING IN GOD.

1 JUST are Thy ways and true Thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode:
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where 's a refuge like our God?

2 'T is He that girds me with His might,
Gives me His holy sword to wield;
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads His salvation for my shield.

3 He lives, and blessed be my rock!
The God of my salvation lives;
The dark designs of hell He broke;
Sweet is the peace my Saviour gives.

4 Before the scoffers of the age,
I will exalt my Saviour's name:
Nor tremble at their mighty rage;
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

18—Part IV. C. M. Watts.

VICTORY OVER NATIONAL ENEMIES.

1 WE love Thee, Lord, and we adore;
Now is Thine arm revealed:
Thou art our strength, our heavenly tower,
Our bulwark and our shield.

2 We fly to our eternal rock,
And find a sure defence:
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.

3 When God our leader shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of His loud alarms?
The lightning of His spear?

4 He rides upon the wingéd wind;
And angels in array,
In millions, wait to know His mind,
And swift as flames obey.

5 He speaks, and at His fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismayed;
His voice, His frown, His angry look,
Strikes all their courage dead.

6 He forms our generals for the field,
With all their dreadful skill;
Gives them His awful sword to wield,
And makes their hearts of steel.

7 He arms our captains to the fight,
Though there His name 's forgot,
He girded Cyrus with His might,
When Cyrus knew Him not.

8 Oft has the Lord whole nations blessed
For his own children's sake:
The powers, that give his people rest,
Shall of His care partake.

18—PART V. C. M. WATTS.

THE CONQUEROR'S SONG.

1 TO Thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt his strength away.

2 'Tis by Thine aid our troops prevail,
And break united powers:
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their towers.

3 How have we chased them through the field,
And trod them to the ground;
While Thy salvation was our shield,
And they no shelter found!

4 In vain to idol saints they cry,
And perish in their blood:
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So powerful as our God?

5 The Rock of Israel ever lives,
His name be ever blessed;
'Tis His own arm the victory gives,
He gives His people rest.

18—Part VI. 10s. Dwight.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

1 TO bless the Lord, our God, in strains divine,
With thankful hearts, and raptured voices join;
To us what wonders His right hand hath shown!
Mercies, His chosen tribes have scarcely known!
Like David blessed, begin th' enraptured song;
Let praise and joy awaken every tongue.

2 When, fired to rage, against our nations rose
Chiefs of proud name, and bands of haughty foes;
He trained our hosts to fight, with arms arrayed,
With health invigoured, and with bounty fed;
Gave us His chosen chief our sons to guide;
Heard every prayer, and every want supplied.

3 He gave their armies captive to our hands,
Or sent them frustrate to their native lands;
Burst the dark snare, disclosed the miry pit,

And led to broad, safe grounds, our sliding feet;
Bounteous, for us, extended regions won,
The fairest empire spread beneath the sun.

4 When, dark and threatening, civil broils arose,
Each hope grew dim, and friends were changed to foes;
God was our stay, our help, our heavenly shield;
His grace preserved us, and His arm upheld;
Saved us from tumults dire, and deep distress;
Enlarged our blessings, and confirmed our peace.

5 No more against our land shall strangers rise,
But fall, and fade, beneath avenging skies:
Pleased, the fierce heathen yield to happier sway;
The groping savage hail the gospel day;
Low sink the proud, the sons of blood be slain;
Nor injured Zion lift her cries in vain.

6 But, O thou Power beloved! our shores around
Be every virtue, every blessing found.
Here bid Thy seasons crown the fruitful plain;
Here bid fair peace extend her blissful reign;
Let laws, let justice, hold perpetual sway,
The soul unfettered, and the conscience free.

7 With clearest splendour, here, let knowledge shine:
Here every glory beam from truth divine;
To Jesus' call the soul obsequious bend;
Grace from Thy Spirit in rich showers descend;
Nations each day ascend the bright abode,
And boundless praise unceasing rise to God.

19—Part I. S. M. Watts.

THE BOOK OF NATURE AND SCRIPTURE.

1 BEHOLD! the lofty sky
  Declares its maker God,
And all His starry works on high
  Proclaim His power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
  Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
  Divinely teach His name.

3 In every different land
  Their general voice is known:
They show the wonders of His hand,
  And orders of His throne.

4 Ye western lands, rejoice,
  Here He reveals His word:
We are not left to nature's voice
  To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
  Are set before our eyes;
He puts His gospel in our hands,
  Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,
  His truth without deceit;
His promises for ever sure,
  And His rewards are great.

7 Not honey to the taste
  Affords so much delight;
Nor gold that has the furnace past
  So much allures the sight

8 While of Thy works I sing,
  Thy glory to proclaim:
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
  In my Redeemer's name.

19—PART II. S. M. WATTS.

THE WORD OF GOD MOST EXCELLENT.

1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
  Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
  And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
  It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
  And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is Thy word!
  And all Thy judgments just;
For ever sure Thy promise, Lord;
  And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
  Are Thy directions given!
Oh! may I never read in vain,
  But find the path to heaven!

5 I hear Thy word with love,
  And I would fain obey:
Send Thy good Spirit from above,
  To guide me lest I stray.

6 Oh! who can ever find
  The errors of his ways!
Yet with a bold presumptuous mind,
  I would not dare transgress.

7 Warn me of every sin;
  Forgive my secret faults:
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
  Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue
  I spread thy praise abroad;
Accept the worship and the song,
  My Saviour and my God.

19—Part III. L. M. Watts.

NATURE AND SCRIPTURE COMPARED.

1 THE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
  In every star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
  We read Thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
  And nights and days Thy power confess;
But the blessed volume Thou hast writ,
  Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
  Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
  It touched and glanced on every land.

4 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
  Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blessed,
  That see the light or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
  Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
  Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed and sins forgiven;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

19—Part IV. L. P. M. Watts.

THE GOSPEL.

1 I LOVE the volume of Thy Word:
What light and joy its leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way;
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray;
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 From the discoveries of Thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw;
These are my study and delight:
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold, that has the furnace passed
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

3 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 't is Thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean;
Converts my soul, subdues my sin;
And gives a free, but large reward.

4 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain:
Accept my poor attempts at praise,
That I have read Thy book of grace
And book of nature not in vain.

20 L. M. WATTS.

PRAYER IN TIME OF WAR.

1 NOW may the God of power and grace
Attend His people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends,
Better than shields or brazen walls:
He from His sanctuary sends
Succour and strength when Zion calls.

3 Well He remembers all our sighs;
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In His salvation is our hope;
And in the name of Israel's God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up;
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

5 Some trust in horses trained for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts:
Our surest expectations are
From Thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

6 Oh! may the memory of Thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight!
Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
Or quit the field with shameful flight.

7 Now save us Lord, from slavish fear!
Now let our hope be firm and strong;
Till Thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

21—Part I. C. M. Watts.

PIOUS RULERS ARE THE CARE OF HEAVEN.

1 OUR rulers, Lord, with songs of praise
Should in Thy strength rejoice;
And blessed with Thy salvation, raise
To Heaven their cheerful voice.

2 Thy sure defence through nations round,
Has spread their honours far;
And their successful measures crowned,
Alike in peace and war.

3 Then let them still on God rely
For wisdom and for grace;
His mercy shall their wants supply,
And save our happy race.

21—Part II. C. M. Barlow.

PRAISE FOR PEACE AND NATIONAL BLESSINGS.

1 IN Thee, great God, with songs of praise,
Our favoured realms rejoice;
And, blessed with Thy salvation, raise
To heaven their cheerful voice.

2 Thy sure defence, from foes around,
Hath spread our rising name;
And all our feeble efforts crowned
With freedom and with fame.

3 In deep distress our injured land
Implored Thy power to save;
For peace we prayed; Thy bounteous hand
The timely blessing gave.

4 Thy mighty arm, eternal Power,
Opposed their deadly aim;
In mercy swept them from our shore,
And spread their sails with shame.

5 On Thee, in want, in woe, or pain,
Our hearts alone rely:
Our rights Thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.

6 Thus, Lord, Thy wondrous power declare:
And still exalt Thy fame;
While we glad songs of praise prepare
To Thine almighty name.

21—Part III. L. M. Watts.

CHRIST'S EXALTATION.

1 DAVID rejoiced in God, his strength,
Raised to the throne by special grace;
But Christ, the Son, appears at length,
Fulfils the triumphs and the praise.

2 How great is the Messiah's joy
In the salvation of Thy hand!
Lord, Thou hast raised His kingdom high,
And given the world to His command.

3 Whate'er He wills Thy goodness gives,
Nor doth the least request withhold:
Blessings attend Him while He lives,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.

4 Around His sacred temples shine,
Th' Eternal's uncreated rays:
All power is His, and grace divine,
And length of everlasting days.

5 But as a fiery oven glows
With raging heat, and burning coals;
Thy vengeance shall consume His foes:
Thy wrath devour their guilty souls.

22—PART I. C. M. WATTS.

CHRIST FORSAKEN ON THE CROSS.

1 MY God, my God, why hast Thou left
My soul without relief!
Of Thy blessed smiles to be bereft
Exceeds all other grief.

2 But Thou art holy, O my God,
And wilt not spare Thy Son;
As Saviour, He must bear the load,
And taste the curse alone.

3 Our fathers trusted in Thy name,
And great deliverance found;
But I 'm a worm despised of men,
And trodden to the ground.

4 Shaking the head, they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn;
"In vain he trusts in God," they cry,
"Neglected and forlorn."

5 Yet, Thou, O God! hast formed My flesh,
By Thine almighty word,
And since I hung upon the breast,
My hope is in the Lord.

6 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup!
But I resign My will to Thee,
And drink the sorrows up.

7 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown;
In groans I waste My breath:
Thy heavy hand has brought me down,
Low as the dust of death.

8 Father, I give My spirit up,
And trust it in Thine hand:
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
5 And rise at Thy command. 49

22—Part II. C. M. Watts.

BLESSINGS FROM CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

1 WRITHING in pain, our Saviour prayed
With mighty cries and tears:
In that dread hour, His Father heard,
And chased away His fears.

2 Great was the victory of His death;
His throne exalted high:
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship, or shall die.

3 A numerous race shall mount the skies
On His expiring groans:
They shall be reckoned in His eyes
For daughters and for sons.

4 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread:
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

5 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God;
And nations yet unborn, profess
Salvation in His blood.

22—Part III. L. M. Watts.

CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS AND EXALTATION.

1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord;
When He complained in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of His God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shook their heads and laughed in scorn:
"He rescued others from the grave;
Now let Him try Himself to save."

3 They wound His head, His hands, His feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot His garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which He died.

4 But God, His Father, heard His cry;
Raised from the dead, He reigns on high;
The nations learn His righteousness,
And humble sinners taste His grace.

23—Part I. L. M.

JESUS A SHEPHERD.

1 JESUS, my Lord, doth condescend,
To be my shepherd and my friend;
I on His faithfulness rely,
His care shall all my wants supply.

2 In pastures green He doth me lead,
And there in safety makes me feed;
Refreshing streams are ever nigh,
My thirsty soul to satisfy.

3 When strayed or languid, I complain,
His grace revives my soul again:
For His name's sake, in ways upright,
He makes me walk with great delight.

4 Yea, when death's gloomy vale I tread,
With joy, e'en there, I'll lift my head;
From fear and dread He'll keep me free:
His rod and staff shall comfort me.

5 A table stored with living bread,
In spite of foes, Lord, Thou hast spread;
Thou dost my head with oil anoint.
And a full cup for me appoint.

6 Goodness and mercy shall to me,
Through all my life extended be;
And when my pilgrimage is o'er,
I'll dwell with Thee for evermore.

23—Part II. S. M. Watts.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

1 JESUS my Shepherd lives,
Jehovah is His name:
Since He is mine, and I am His,
I shall not suffer shame.

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

4 While He affords His aid,
I cannot want or fear:
Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
My Shepherd 's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of Thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from Thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

24 L. M. WATTS.

THE SAINT'S REST: THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms, and beasts and birds:
He raised the building on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling-place.

2 But there 's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:
Who shall ascend that blessed abode,
And dwell so near his Maker, God?

3 He who abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean;
Him shall the Lord, the Saviour, bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race,
Who seek the God of Jacob's face:
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour 's He.

6 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour, way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

7 Raised from the dead, He goes before,
He opens heaven's eternal door,
To give His saints a blessed abode
Near their Redeemer, and their God.

25—Part I. S. M. Watts.

WAITING FOR PARDON AND DIRECTION.

1 I LIFT my soul to God,
  My trust is in His name;
Let not my foes that seek my blood
  Still triumph in my shame.

2 Sin, and the powers of hell
  Persuade me to despair:
Lord, make me know Thy covenant well,
  That I may 'scape the snare.

3 From the first dawning light,
  Till the dark evening rise,
For Thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
  With ever longing eyes.

4 Remember all Thy grace,
  And lead me in Thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
  And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is just and kind,
  The meek shall learn His ways;
And every humble sinner find
  The blessings of His grace.

6 For His own goodness' sake,
  He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons, though my guilt be great,
  Through my Redeemer's name.

25—Part II. S. M. Watts.

COVENANT BLESSINGS.

1 WHERE shall the man be found,
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of His heart;
The wonders of His covenant show,
And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of His hand
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as in His covenant stand,
And love to do His will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's face:
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

25—Part III. S. M. Watts.

DISTRESS OF SOUL.

1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord:
I love to plead His promises,
And rest upon His word.

2 Turn, turn Thee to my soul;
Bring Thy salvation near:
When will Thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dangerous ways,
My wandering feet have trod?

4 The tumult of my thoughts
  Doth but enlarge my woe;
My spirit languishes; my heart
  Is desolate and low.

5 With every morning light,
  My grief anew begins:
Look on my anguish and my pain,
  And pardon all my sins.

6 Behold the hosts of hell,
  How cruel is their hate!
Against my life they rise, and join
  Their fury with deceit.

7 Oh! keep my soul from death,
  Nor put my hope to shame:
For I have placed my only trust
  In my Redeemer's name.

8 With humble faith I wait,
  To see Thy face again:
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
  He sought the Lord in vain.

26 L. M. WATTS.

THE CHRISTIAN'S APPEAL TO GOD.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
  And try my reins, and try my heart;
My faith upon Thy promise stays,
  Nor from Thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit
  With men of vanity and lies:
The scoffer and the hypocrite
  Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3 Among Thy saints will I appear,
With hands well washed in innocence;
But when I stand before Thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

4 I love Thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where Thine honours dwell;
There shall I hear Thy holy word,
And there Thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my soul be joined at last
With men of treachery and blood;
Since I my days on earth have passed
Among the saints, and near my God.

27—Part I. C. M. Watts.

DELIGHT AND SAFETY IN THE CHURCH.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too:
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
Oh! grant me an abode,
Within th' assemblies of Thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see Thy beauty still;
Shall hear Thy messages of love,
And there inquire Thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may His children hide:
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within Thy temple sound.

27—Part II. C. M. Watts.

COMFORT IN GOD.

1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek My grace;"
My heart replied without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not Thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I fly to Thee
In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want, or die;
My God would make my life His care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed
Thy grace would soon provide relief;
Nor was my hope deceived.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up:
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

28 L. M. Dwight.

DELIVERANCE FROM ENEMIES.

1 O GOD of grace, my cry attend!
Lest, like the sons of guilt become,
Beguiled by Satan, I descend
With hopeless wretches to the tomb.

2 To Thee my humble sighs arise;
With lifted hands, on Thee I call;
Lord, hear my fervent prayers and cries,
Nor leave me in despair to fall.

3 Oh! save my soul from shame and sin;
Nor let my heedless footsteps go,
Where hardened wretches swift decline
Down the broad way to endless woe.

4 While peace their flattering lips proclaim,
And love profess, and hope impart;
They blast their neighbour's honest fame,
And wing their arrows to his heart.

5 But, while they plant the secret snare,
Thy searching eyes their path regard;
Thy hands their dreadful doom prepare,
And mete their guilt its just reward.

6 Because their hearts Thy works despise,
Thy works of wisdom, grace, and power,
Thy hand, regardless of their cries,
Shall sink them, that they rise no more.

7 Blessed be the Lord, who heard my prayer;
The Lord my shield, my help, my song;
Who saved my soul from sin and fear;
And tuned with praise my thankful tongue.

8 In the dark hour of deep distress,
By foes beset, of death afraid;
My spirit trusted in His grace,
And sought, and found His heavenly aid.

9 O blessed Redeemer, great and kind!
Thy shield, Thy saving strength, shall be
The shield, the strength, of every mind,
That loves Thy name, and trusts in Thee.

10 Remember, Lord, Thy chosen seed,
Israel defend from guilt and woe;
Thy flock in richest pastures feed,
And guard their steps from every foe.

11 Zion exalt, her cause maintain;
With peace and joy her courts surround:
In showers let endless blessings rain,
And saints eternal praise resound.

29 L. M. WATTS.

MAJESTY OF GOD.

1 GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honours to His name,
And His eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims His power aloud,
Upon the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at His command.

3 He speaks, and tempest, hail and wind,
Lay the wide forest bare around;
The fearful hart, and frighted hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.

4 To Lebanon He turns His voice,
And lo! the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The vallies roar, the deserts quake.

5 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
The Thunderer reigns for ever king;
But makes His church His blessed abode,
Where we His awful glories sing.

6 In gentler language there the Lord
The counsels of His grace imparts:
Amid the raging storm, His word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

30 L. M. WATTS.

SICKNESS HEALED.

1 I WILL extol Thee, Lord, on high,
At Thy command diseases fly;
Who, but a God, can speak, and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of His,
And tell how large His goodness is;
Let all your powers rejoice and bless,
While you record His holiness.

3 His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

4 Firm was my health, my day was bright,
And I presumed 't would ne'er be night;
Fondly I said within my heart,
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."

5 But I forgot Thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
Soon as Thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.

6 I cried aloud to Thee, my God,
"What canst Thou profit by my blood?
Deep in the dust can I declare
Thy truth, or sing Thy glories there?

7 Hear me, O God of grace," I said,
"And bring me from among the dead:"
Thy word rebuked the pains I felt;
Thy pardoning love removed my guilt.

8 My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turned to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

9 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of Thy name:
Thy praise shall sound through earth and heaven,
For sickness healed and sins forgiven.

31—PART I. C. M. WATTS.

DELIVERANCE FROM DEATH.

1 INTO Thy hand, O God of truth,
My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeemed my soul from death,
And saved me from the pit.

2 The passions of my hope and fear
Maintained a doubtful strife;
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspired
To take away my life.

3 "My times are in Thy hand," I cried,
Though I draw near the dust:
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

4 Oh! make Thy reconciled face
Upon Thy servant shine,
And save me for Thy mercy's sake!
For I'm entirely Thine.

5 'T was in my haste my spirit said,
"I must despair and die;
I am cut off before Thine eyes;"
But Thou hast heard my cry.

6 Thy goodness how divinely free!
How wondrous is Thy grace
To those that fear Thy majesty,
And trust Thy promises!

7 Oh! love the Lord, all ye His saints,
And sing His praises loud:
He'll bend His ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

31—Part II. C. M. Watts.

DELIVERANCE FROM SLANDER.

1 MY heart rejoices in Thy name,
My God, my help, my trust:
Thou hast preserved my face from shame,
Mine honour from the dust.

2 "My life is spent with grief," I cried,
"My years consumed in groans;
My strength decays, mine eyes are dried.
And sorrow wastes my bones."

3 Among my enemies my name
Was a mere proverb grown;
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear on every side
Seized and beset me round:
I to the throne of grace applied,
And speedy rescue found.

5 How great deliverance Thou hast wrought
Before the sons of men!
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boasting vain!

6 Thy children, from the strife of tongues;
Shall Thy pavilion hide;
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.

7 Within Thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me for ever dwell;
No fenced city, walled and barred,
Secures a saint so well.

31—Part III. L. M.

SPECIAL MERCIES ACKNOWLEDGED.

1 HOW many Ebenezers stand,
To mark the mercies of Thy hand!
How many prayers have reached Thy throne!
How often has Thy grace been shown!

2 When sorrows rise and pains prevail,
Or angry foes my peace assail;
When dangers thicken all around;
In Thee alone my help is found.

3 Through all the road, each day, each hour,
Fresh evils threaten to devour;
Some new complaint, some painful case,
Still drives me to the throne of grace.

4 My former friends their friend forget,
And change their love to cruel hate;
But truth and love with Thee remain;
My Saviour always is the same.

5 Support me in this sharp distress,
While all forsake, and some oppress;
And if my ways the Lord approve,
Then turn their hatred into love.

32—Part I. L. M. Watts.

THE JUSTIFIED BELIEVER.

1 BLESSED is the man, for ever blessed,
Whose guilt is pardoned by his God;
Whose sins with sorrow are confessed,
And covered with his Saviour's blood.

2 Blessed is the man to whom the Lord
Imputes not his iniquities:
He pleads no merit of reward,
And, not on works, but grace, relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free:
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness,
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace,
Through his whole life, appears and shines.

32—Part II. L. M. Watts.

BENEFITS OF CONFESSION.

1 WHILE I keep silence and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel!
What agonies of inward smart!

2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess:
Thy gospel speaks a pardoning word,
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addresses to Thy seat:
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blessed retreat.

4 How safe beneath Thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear;
And when I walk, Thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

33—Part I. C. M. Watts.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord;
This work belongs to you:
Sing of His name, His ways, His word,
How holy, just and true!

2 His mercy and His righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim:
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal His wondrous name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep:
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before Him stand:
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on His command.

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs:
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

33—Part II. C. M. Watts.

GOD, A NATION'S REFUGE.

1 BLESSED is the nation where the Lord
Has fixed His gracious throne;
Where He reveals His heavenly word,
And calls their tribes His own.

2 His eyes, with infinite survey,
The spacious world behold;
He formed us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

3 Kings are not rescued by the force
Of armies from the grave:
Nor speed, nor courage of a horse
Can the bold rider save.

4 Vain is the strength of beasts, or men,
To hope for safety thence;
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.

5 God is their fear, and God their trust,
When plagues or famine spread;
His watchful eye secures the just
Among ten thousand dead.

6 Lord, let our hearts in Thee rejoice,
And bless us from Thy throne:
For we have made Thy word our choice,
And trust Thy grace alone.

34—Part I. C. M. Tate and Brady.

PRAISE FOR EMINENT DELIVERANCE.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
And high exalt His name:
When in distress on Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just:
Deliverance He affords to all,
Who on His succour trust.

4 Oh! make but trial of His love:
Experience will decide,
How blessed they are, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you His service your delight;
He'll make your wants His care.

34—Part II. L. M. Watts.

GOD'S CARE OF SAINTS.

1 LORD, I will bless Thee all my days;
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in Thy grace;
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Come, let us all exalt His name:
I sought th' eternal God, and He
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

3 I told Him all my secret grief;
My secret groaning reached His ears:
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

4 To Him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heavenly beam;
A beam of mercy, from the skies,
Fills them with light and joy supreme.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men, that serve the Lord:
Oh! fear, and love Him, all His saints;
Taste of His grace, and trust His word.

6 The wild young lions, pinched with pain
And hunger, roar through all the wood;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good.

34—Part III. L. M. Watts.

ADVANTAGES OF EARLY PIETY.

1 CHILDREN in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy:
Attend the counsels of my tongue;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state;
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard His saints;
His ears are open to their cries:
He sets His frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

4 To humble souls and broken hearts
God with His grace is ever nigh:
Pardon and hope His love imparts,
When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tells their tears, He counts their groans;
His Son redeems their soul from death,
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
While they in praise employ their breath.

34—Part IV. C. M. Watts.

GOD'S CARE OF SAINTS.

1 THE Lord for ever guards the just,
His ears attend their cry;
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.

2 What though the sorrows, here they taste,
Be sharp and tedious too;
The Lord, who saves His saints at last,
Is their supporter now.

3 Evil shall smite the wicked dead;
But God secures His own;
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.

4 When desolation, like a flood,
O'er the proud sinner rolls;
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For He redeemes their souls.

35—Part I. C. M. Watts.

JUDGMENT ON PERSECUTORS.

1 NOW plead my cause, almighty God,
With all the sons of strife;
And fight against the men of blood,
Who fight against my life.

2 Draw out Thy spear, and stop their way;
Lift Thine avenging rod;
But, to my soul in mercy say,
"I am Thy Saviour God."

3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,
And nets of mischief spread;
Plunge the destroyers in the pit
That their own hands have made.

4 Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
And slippery be their ground;
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound.

5 They fly, like chaff before the wind,
Before Thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind,
Pursues them down to death.

6 They love the road that leads to hell:
Then must the rebels die,
Whose malice is implacable
Against the Lord on high.

7 But if Thou hast a chosen few
Among that impious race;
Divide them from the bloody crew
By Thy surprising grace.

8 Then will I raise my tuneful voice
To make Thy wonders known;
In their salvation I'll rejoice,
And bless Thee for my own.

35—Part II. C. M. Watts.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST TYPIFIED IN DAVID.

1 BEHOLD the love, the generous love
That holy David shows!
Mark how his tender bowels move
For his afflicted foes!

2 When they are sick, his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole
As for a brother dead!
And fasting mortified his soul,
While for their life he prayed.

4 They groaned and cursed him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5 O glorious type of heavenly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6 He, the true David, Israel's king,
Blessed and beloved of God,
To save us rebels, dead in sin,
Paid His own dearest blood.

36—Part I. S. M. Watts.

PRACTICAL ATHEISM.

1 WHEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,
"He hath no faith of God within,
Nor fear before his eyes."

2 He walks a while concealed
In a self-flattering dream;
Till his dark crimes, at once revealed,
Expose his hateful name.

3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banished from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.

4 He plots upon his bed
New mischiefs to fulfil;
He sets his heart, his hand and head,
To practise all that 's ill.

5 But there 's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce His fear;
His justice, hid behind the cloud,
Shall one great day appear.

6 His truth transcends the sky;
In heaven His mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea His judgments lie;
His anger burns to hell.

7 How excellent His love,
Whence all our safety springs!
Oh! never let my soul remove
From underneath His wings!

36—Part II. L. M. Tate and Brady.

CONFIDENCE IN DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

1 O LORD, Thy mercy, my sure hope,
The highest orb of heaven transcends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope,
Beyond the spreading sky extends.

2 Thy justice like the hills remains;
Unfathomed depths Thy judgments are:
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is Thy care.

3 Since of Thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to Thy protection trust!

4 Such guests shall to Thy courts be led,
To banquet on Thy love's repast:
And drink, as from a fountain head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

5 With Thee the springs of life remain;
Thy presence is eternal day:
Oh! let Thy grace Thy saints sustain;
To upright hearts Thy truth display.

37—Part I. C. M. Watts.

FOLLY OF ENVYING THE WICKED.

1 WHY should I vex my soul and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners, waxing great
By violence and lies?

2 As flowery grass, cut down at noon,
Before the evening fades;
So shall their glories vanish soon,
In everlasting shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that 's good;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And He 'll provide me food.

4 I, to my God, my ways commit,
And cheerful wait His will;
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.

5 Mine innocence shalt Thou display;
And make Thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heaven:
True riches with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.

7 Rest in the Lord, and keep His way,
Nor let your anger rise;
Though Providence should long delay,
To punish haughty vice.

8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for He sees
Their day of vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out the threatening sword,
Have bent the murderous bow;
To slay the men who fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.

10 My God shall break their bows and burn
Their persecuting darts;
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pain surprise their hearts.

37—Part II. C. M. Watts.

RELIGION IN WORDS AND DEEDS.

1 WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold!
The meanest portion of the just,
Excels the sinner's gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay:
The saint is merciful and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms with liberal heart he gives
Among the sons of need;
His memory to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

4 He fears to talk with lips profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men,
What he has learned of God.

5 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet shall never slide.

6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand
Preserved from every snare;
They shall possess the promised land
And dwell for ever there.

37—Part III. C. M. Watts.

RIGHTEOUS AND WICKED CONTRASTED.

1 MY God, the steps of pious men
Are ordered by Thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue He approves;
He ne'er deprives them of His grace,
Nor leaves the men He loves.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home:
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

5 The haughty sinner I have seen,
Not fearing man or God,
Like a tall bay tree fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.

6 And lo! he vanished from the ground
Destroyed by hands unseen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found
Where all that pride had been.

7 But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

38 C. M. WATTS.

THE TROUBLED CONSCIENCE RELIEVED.

1 AMID Thy wrath remember love,
Restore Thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.

2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely pressed;
Between the sorrow and the smart,
My spirit finds no rest.

3 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy for my soul to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
My head still bending down;
And I go mourning all the day,
Beneath my Father's frown.

5 Lord I am weak and broken sore,
None of my powers are whole:
The inward anguish makes me roar,
The anguish of my soul.

6 All my desire to Thee is known,
Thine eye counts every tear;
And every sigh, and every groan,
Is noticed by Thine ear.

7 Thou art my God, my only hope;
My God will hear my cry;
My God will bear my spirit up,
When Satan bids me die.

8 My foes rejoice to see me slide
Into the miry pit:
They raise their pleasure and their pride
When they supplant my feet.

9 But I'll confess my guilt to Thee,
And grieve for all my sin;
I feel how weak my graces be,
And beg support divine.

10 My God, forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of my salvation, haste,
Before Thy servant die.

39—Part I. C. M. Watts.

WATCHFULNESS OVER THE TONGUE.

1 THUS I resolved before the Lord:
"Now will I watch my tongue;
Lest I let slip one sinful word,
Or do my neighbour wrong."

2 And, if I'm e'er constrained to stay
With men of lives profane;
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel;
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet if some proper hour appear
I'll not be overawed;
But let the scoffing sinners hear,
That I can speak for God.

39—Part II. C. M. Watts.

THE VANITY OF MAN AS MORTAL.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast;
How short, how fleet our time!
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show;
Some dig for golden ore;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

39—Part III. C. M. Watts.

SICK-BED DEVOTIONS.

1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before Thy throne,
Nor dare dispute Thy will.

2 Diseases are Thy servants, Lord,
They come at Thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word,
Against Thy chastening hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove Thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through Thy repeated strokes.

4 Crushed as a moth beneath Thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

5 This mortal life decays apace,
How soon the bubble's broke!
Adam, and all his numerous race,
Are vanity and smoke.

6 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepared to go,
When I the summons hear!

7 But, if my life be spared a while
Before my last remove;
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare Thy love.

40—Part I. C. M. Watts.

DELIVERANCE FROM GREAT DISTRESS.

1 I WAITED patient for the Lord;
He bowed to hear my cry:
He saw me resting on His word,
And brought salvation nigh.

2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay;
And from my bonds released my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock He made me stand;
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of His hand,
In a new thankful song.

4 I'll spread His works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear:
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are Thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough,
Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on His heart.

40—Part II. C. M. Watts.

THE INCARNATION AND SACRIFICE OF CHRIST.

1 BEHOLD, the blessed Redeemer comes,
Th' eternal Son appears!
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares!

2 Jesus revealed His Father's grace,
And His rich mercy showed:
He preached the way of righteousness,
And spread His truth abroad.

3 His Father's honour touched His heart,
He pitied sinners' cries;
And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
Was made a sacrifice.

4 No blood of beasts, on altars shed,
Could wash the conscience clean;
The sacrifice which Jesus paid,
Atones for all our sin.

5 Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan's kingdom shook:
Thus by the woman's promised Seed,
The serpent's head was broke.

40—Part III. L. M. Watts.

CHRIST OUR SACRIFICE.

1 THE wonders, Lord, Thy love has wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
Should I attempt the long detail,
My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;
But Thou hast set before our eyes
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

3 In heaven before His Father's throne,
Complacent smiles th' eternal Son;
And, pleased, presents with boundless grace,
Himself, a ransom for our race.

4 "Behold! I come" the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in His eyes;
"I come to bear the heavy load
Of sins, and do Thy will, my God.

5 Mine ear is opened to Thy voice,
My heart delighted with Thy choice;
Pleased, I assume a fleshly form,
Akin to man, that dying worm.

6 'Tis written in Thy great decree,
'Tis in Thy book foretold of Me;
I must fulfil the Saviour's part;
And lo! Thy law is in my heart.

7 I'll magnify Thy holy law,
And rebels to obedience draw;
When on My cross I'm lifted high,
Or to My crown above the sky.

8 The Spirit shall descend and show
What Thou hast done, and what I do:
The wondering world shall learn Thy grace,
Thy wisdom and Thy righteousness."

41 L. M. WATTS.

CHARITY TO THE POOR.

1 BLESSED is the man whose bowels move,
And melt with pity to the poor;
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow saints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessing on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven;
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

42—PART I. C. M. TATE AND BRADY.

DESERTION AND HOPE.

1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
Oh! when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty divine?

3 Tears are my constant food, while thus
Insulting foes upbraid:
"Deluded wretch! where is thy God?
And where His promised aid?"

4 'T is with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;
Then to Thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

5 But why 's my soul sunk down so far,
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand,
Can all thy woes remove:
For I shall yet before Him stand,
And sing restoring love.

2—Part II. L. M. Watts.

HOPE IN AFFLICTION.

1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call Thy name to mind;
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
And rising waves roll o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command His love,
When I address His throne by day:
Nor in the night His grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

4 I'll cast myself before His feet,
And say, "My God, my heavenly Rock!
Why doth Thy love so long forget
The soul that groans beneath Thy stroke?"

5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low;
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise Him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to Thine heavenly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

43 H. M. DWIGHT.

COMPLAINT MINGLED WITH HOPE.

1 MY God, defend my cause
Against a host of foes:
Oh! save me from th' unjust,
Who triumph in my woes.

Why dost thou faint,
My trembling heart?
To God impart
Thy sad complaint.

2 Why dost Thou, O my shield,
Desert me, thus forlorn?
Why, hated and oppressed,
Thus bid me ceaseless mourn?

To God I'll fly;
In God I'll trust,
When low in dust
My head shall lie.

3 Now to Thy sacred house
With joy direct my feet;
Where saints, with morning vows,
In full assembly meet.

Thy power divine
Shall there be shown,
And from Thy throne
Thy mercy shine.

4 Oh! send Thy light abroad:
Thy truth with heavenly ray
Shall lead my soul to God,
And guide my doubtful way.

I'll hear Thy word, | And learn to fear
With faith sincere, | And praise the Lord.

5 There reach Thy bounteous hand,
And all my sorrows heal;
There health and strength divine,
Oh! make my bosom feel.

Like balmy dew, | My bones rejoice,
Shall Jesus' voice, | My strength renew.

6 Then in Thy holy hill,
Before Thine altar, Lord,
My harp and song shall sound
The glories of Thy word.

Henceforth to Thee, | A hymn of praise
O God of grace, | My life shall be.

7 My soul, awake to joy,
And triumph in the Lord,
My health, my hope, my song,
And my divine reward.

Ye fears remove; | But blessed, return
No more I mourn; | To sing His love.

44 C. M. WATTS.

COMPLAINT IN PERSECUTION.

1 LORD, we have heard Thy works of old,
Thy works of power and grace;
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days:

2 How Thou didst build Thy churches here,
And make Thy gospel known;
Among them did Thine arm appear,
Thy light and glory shone.

3 In God they boasted all the day,
  And in a cheerful throng,
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
  And grace was all their song.

4 But now our souls are seized with shame;
  Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
  And fools reproach Thy grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
  Nor falsely dealt with heaven;
Nor have our steps declined the road
  Of duty Thou hast given.

6 Though dragons all around us roar,
  With their destructive breath;
And Thine own hand has bruised us sore,
  Hard by the gates of death.

7 We are exposed all day to die,
  As martyrs for Thy cause;
As sheep for slaughter, bound we lie
  By sharp and bloody laws.

8 Awake, arise, almighty Lord!
  Why sleeps Thy wonted grace?
Why should we look like men abhorred,
  Or banished from Thy face?

9 Wilt Thou for ever cast us off,
  And still neglect our cries?
For ever hide Thy heavenly love
  From our afflicted eyes?

10 Down to the dust our souls are bowed,
  And die upon the ground;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
  And all their powers confound.

11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honours of Thy name,
The merits of Thy blood.

45—Part I. L. M. Watts.

THE GLORY OF CHRIST.

1 NOW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jesus the Lord; how heavenly fair
His form! how bright His beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race,
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from His lips divinely flows,
And blessings all His state compose.

3 Dress Thee in arms, most mighty Lord!
Gird on the terror of Thy sword!
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at Thy side.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at Thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in Thy hands:
Thy laws and works are just and right;
Justice and grace are Thy delight.

6 O God, Thy God has richly shed
His oil of gladness on Thy head;
And with His sacred Spirit blessed
Th' eternal Son above the rest.

45—Part II. L. M. Watts.

THE BEAUTY OF THE CHURCH.

1 THE King of saints! how fair His face,
Adorned with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above
And wins the nations with His love.

2 At His right hand our eyes behold
The queen arrayed in purest gold;
The world admires her heavenly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like His own,
He calls and seats her near His throne;
Fair stranger, let thy heart forget
The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the favourite of His choice;
Let Him be loved, and yet adored;
For He's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 Oh! happy hour! when thou shalt rise
To His fair palace in the skies;
And all thy sons, a numerous train,
Each, like a prince, in glory reign.

6 Let endless honours crown His head,
Let every age His praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescension of His love.

46—Part I. L. M. Tate and Brady.

THE SAFETY OF THE CHURCH.

1 GOD is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press:
On Him for safety we relied,
And in His strength we will confide;

2 Though earth were from her centre tossed,
And mountains in the ocean lost;
Or lofty hills from their abode,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring flood.

3 Let angry waves together rolled
Rage on with fury uncontrolled;
We will not fear, whilst we depend
On God, who is our constant friend.

4 A gentler stream, that ever flows,
And joy to all around bestows,
The city of the Lord shall fill,
The city where He 's worshipped still.

5 God dwells in Zion, whose strong towers
Shall mock th' assualt of earthly powers,
And His almighty aid is nigh,
To those who on His strength rely.

46—Part II. L. M. Watts.

GOD REIGNS IN ZION.

1 LET Zion in her King rejoice,
Though tyrants rage and kingdoms rise;
He utters His almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid:
Behold the works His hand has wrought,
What desolations He has made!

3 From sea to sea through all the shores,
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high His thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, He cuts the spear;
Chariots He burns with heavenly flame:
Keep silence all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of His name.

5 "Be still, and learn that I am God,
I'll be exalted o'er the lands;
I will be known and feared abroad,
But still My throne in Zion stands."

6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King!
While we so near Thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell.

47 C. M. WATTS.

CHRIST ASCENDING AND REIGNING.

1 OH! for a shout of sacred joy,
To God the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend Him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains:
Let all the earth His honours sing;
O'er all the earth He reigns.

4 Rehearse His praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound,
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood His ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race;
But now He calls the world His own,
And heathens taste His grace.

6 These western climes are all the Lord's,
Here Abraham's God is known;
While powers and princes, shields and swords.
Submit before His Throne.

48—Part I. S. M. Watts.

THE CHURCH, THE SAFETY OF A NATION.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honour of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress:
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear,

5 When navies tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends His tempests roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.

6 Oft have our fathers told,
  Our eyes have often seen;
How well our God secures the fold,
  Where His own sheep have been.

7 In every new distress,
  We'll to His house repair:
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
  And seek deliverance there.

48—Part II. S. M. Watts.

THE WORSHIP AND ORDER OF THE CHURCH.

1 FAR as Thy name is known,
  The world declares Thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before Thy throne,
  Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy Thy people stand
  On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of Thy hand,
  And counsels of Thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
  The city where we dwell,
Compass and view Thy holy ground,
  And mark the building well;

4 The orders of Thy house,
  The worship of Thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
  And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
  How glorious to behold,
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
  And rites adorned with gold!

6 The God we worship now,
  Will guide us till we die;
Will be our God while here below,
  And ours above the sky.

49—PART I. C. M. WATTS.

THE VANITY OF LIFE AND RICHES.

1 WHY does the man of riches grow
  To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
  With every rising tide?

2 Why does he treat the poor with scorn,
  Made of the self-same clay;
And boast as though his flesh were born
  Of better dust than they?

3 Not all his treasures can procure
  His soul a short reprieve;
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
  Or make his brother live.

4 Life is a blessing can't be sold,
  The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be bribed with gold,
  That man may never die.

5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
  The timorous and the brave,
Quit their posessions, close their eyes,
  And hasten to the grave.

6 Yet 't is his inward thought and pride!
  "My house shall ever stand;
And that my name may long abide,
  I'll give it to my land."

7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
How soon his memory dies!
His name is buried in the dust,
Where his own carcass lies.

8 This is the folly of their way;
And yet their sons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.

9 Men, void of wisdom and of grace,
If honour raise them high,
Live like the beasts, a thoughtless race,
And like the beasts they die.

10 Laid in the grave like silly sheep,
Death feeds upon them there;
Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep,
In terror and despair.

49—Part II. C. M. Watts.

DEATH AND THE RESURRECTION.

1 YE sons of pride that hate the just,
And trample on the poor;
When death has brought you down to dust,
Your pomp shall rise no more.

2 The last great day shall change the scene;
When will that hour appear?
When shall the just revive, and reign
O'er all that scorned them here?

3 God will my naked soul receive,
When separate from the flesh;
And break the prison of the grave,
To raise my bones afresh.

4 Heaven is my everlasting home,
Th' inheritance is sure;
Let men of pride their rage resume,
But I 'll repine no more.

50—Part I. C. M. Watts.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, before His throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse His long delay
To impudence and sin.

3 Throned on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare His way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above His call shall hear,
Attending angels come;
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice, and their doom.

5 "But gather all My saints" He cries,
"Who made their peace with God,
By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
And sealed it with His blood.

6 Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
Shall make the world confess
My sentence of reward is right
And heaven adore My grace."

50—PART II. C. M. WATTS.

OBEDIENCE BETTER THAN SACRIFICE.

1 THUS saith the Lord; "The spacious fields
And flocks and herds are Mine:
O'er all the cattle of the hills
I claim a right divine.

2 I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
To hope and love, to pray and praise,
Is all that I require.

3 Invoke My name when trouble's near,
My hand shall set thee free;
Then shall thy thankful lips declare
The honour due to Me.

4 The man who offers humble praise,
Declares My glory best;
And those who tread My holy ways,
Shall my salvation taste.

5 Not for the want of bullocks slain,
Will I the world reprove:
Altars and rites and forms are vain
Without the fire of love;

6 And what have hypocrites to do,
To bring their sacrifice?
They call My statutes just and true,
But deal in theft and lies.

7 Could you expect to 'scape My sight,
And sin without control?
But I will bring your crimes to light,
With anguish in your soul."

8 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
Before His wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath His sword,
There's no deliverer there.

50—PART III. L. M. WATTS.

HYPOCRISY WARNED.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, His churches warns;
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hope in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.

2 Vile wretches dare rehearse His name
With lips of falsehood and deceit;
A friend or brother they defame,
And soothe and flatter those they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
They take His covenant on their tongue,
But break His laws, abuse His grace.

4 To heaven they lift their hands unclean,
Defiled with lust, defiled with blood:
By night they practise every sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.

5 And, while His judgments long delay,
They grow secure, and sin the more:
They think He sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

6 O dreadful hour! when God draws near,
And sets their crimes before their eyes:
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliverer dare to rise.

50—PART IV. 10s. and 11s. WATTS.

THE LAST JUDGEMENT.

1 THE God of glory sends His summons forth.
Calls the south nations and awakes the north;
From east to west the sovereign orders spread.
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead.
The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

2 No more shall atheists mock His long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!
Behold the judge descends! His guards are nigh;
Tempests and fire attend Him down the sky.
When God appears, all nature shall adore Him:
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before Him;

3 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise:
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend.
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend.
Then join the saints; wake every cheerful passion,
When Christ returns, He comes for your salvation.

51—PART I. L. M. WATTS.

A PENITENT PLEADING FOR PARDON.

1 SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 My crimes are great, but do n't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace:
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound;
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

3 Oh! wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean:
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace:
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

51—PART II. L. M. WATTS.

ORIGINAL AND ACTUAL SIN CONFESSED.

1 LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death:
Thy law demands a perfect heart;
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true:
Oh! make me wise betimes, to see
My danger and my remedy.

4 Behold! I fall before Thy face;
My only refuge is Thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest;
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 Jesus, my God, Thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone:
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease:
Lord, let me hear Thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

51—Part III. L. M. Watts.

THE PENITENT RESTORED.

1 O THOU that hearest when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Avert from them Thy angry look,
And blot their memory from Thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banished from Thy sight:
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near Thy throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

7 Then will I teach the world Thy ways:
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

8 Oh! may Thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

52—Part I. L. M. Barlow.

THE DESTRUCTION OF PERSECUTORS.

1 WHY should the haughty tyrant boast,
His vengeful arm, his warlike host?
While blood defiles his cruel hand,
And desolation wastes the land.

2 He joys to hear the captive's cry,
The widow's groan, the orphan's sigh;
And when the weary sword would spare,
His falsehood spreads the fatal snare.

3 He triumphs in the deeds of wrong,
And arms with rage his impious tongue;
With pride proclaims his dreadful power,
And bids the trembling world adore.

4 But God is good, and with a frown,
Casts to the dust his honours down:
The righteous, freed, their hopes recall,
And hail the proud oppressor's fall.

5 How low the persecutor lies,
Who dared th' eternal power despise;
And vainly strove, with impious joy,
The church and nation to destroy!

6 We praise the Lord, who heard our cries,
And sent salvation from the skies:
The saints who saw our mournful days,
Shall join our grateful songs of praise.

52—Part II. L. M. Dwight.

THE LORD'S PEOPLE IN HIS HOUSE.

1 A WORD in season, spoke with power,
I've often heard within these walls;
But none surpassing, what this hour
Attends the precious gospel calls.

2 When Christ unveils His lovely face,
And grace for grace is largely given;
A glory shines which makes this place
The house of God, the gate of heaven.

3 Here, in Thy courts, let me be seen,
Growing in faith, and hope, and love;
Like olives fair, and fresh, and green,
And ripening for the world above.

4 Here will I view Thy glory, Lord,
And songs for all Thy goodness raise:
Here will I wait to hear Thy word,
And join with saints who sing Thy praise.

53—Part I. L. M.

PRACTICAL ATHEISM.

1 "THERE is a God," all nature cries:
The heavens and earth this truth confess;
Yet this, the atheist fool denies,
And dares his impious thoughts express.

2 The Lord, from His celestial tower,
Looked down, the sons of men to view;
To see if any owned His power,
If any truth and justice knew.

3 But all He saw were gone aside,
All, in their hearts, were atheists grown;
None took religion for their guide,
Not one did God his sovereign own.

4 O wretched state! how fallen are men!
How guilty, helpless, lost, and dead!
They 're all concluded under sin,
Their hope is gone, their peace is fled.

5 To such, the Lord His gospel sends;
For these, a Saviour He appoints;
To them His grace with power extends;
And changes atheists into saints.

53—Part II. C. M. Watts.

FOES OF ZION.

1 ARE all the foes of Zion fools,
Who thus devour her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

2 They shall be seized with sad surprise:
For God's avenging arm
Scatters the bones of them that rise
To do His children harm.

3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
  Of armies in array:
When God has first dispersed their host,
  They fall an easy prey.

4 Oh! for a word from Zion's King,
  Her captives to restore!
Jacob with all his tribes shall sing,
  And Judah weep no more.

54 S. P. M. DWIGHT.

A PRAYER FOR DELIVERANCE.

1 MY God, preserve my soul;
  Oh! make my spirit whole;
To save me let Thy strength appear;
  Strangers my steps surround;
  Their pride and rage confound,
And bring Thy great salvation near.

2 Those who against me rise,
  Are aliens from the skies:
They hate Thy church and kingdom, Lord!
  They mock Thy fearful name,
  They glory in their shame,
Nor heed the wonders of Thy word.

3 But O Thou King divine!
  My chosen friends are Thine,
The men, that still my soul sustain:
  Wilt Thou my foes subdue,
  And form their hearts anew,
And snatch them from eternal pain?

4 Escaped from every woe,
  Oh! grant me, here below,
To praise Thy name with those I love:
  And, when beyond the skies,
  Our souls unbodied rise,
Unite us in the realms above.

55 PART I. C. M. WATTS.

GOD OUR REFUGE.

1 O GOD, my Refuge, hear my cries,
  Behold my flowing tears:
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
  And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is levelled at my life;
  My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
  To shake my hope in God.

3 With inward pain my heart-strings sound;
  I groan with every breath:
Horror and fear beset me round,
  Among the shades of death.

4 Oh! were I like a feathered dove,
  Soon would I stretch my wings;
And fly, and make a long remove
  From all these restless things.

5 Let me to some wild desert go,
  And find a peaceful home;
Where storms of malice never blow,
  Temptations never come.

6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
To 'scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

55—Part II. S. M. Watts.

DAILY DEVOTION.

1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address His throne,
When morning brings the light:
I seek His blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God!
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath Thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel;
They neither fear or trust Thy name,
Nor learn to do Thy will.

5 But I with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord:
I'll cast my burdens on His arm,
And rest upon His word.

6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of His love:
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly power can move.

56—Part I. C. M. Watts.

TRUST IN GOD.

1 O THOU whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease;
Behold! how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.

2 The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is Thy word.

3 In God, most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults:
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

5 Shall they escape without Thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
Oh! cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know Thy hand!

56—Part II. C. M. Watts.

GOD'S CARE OF HIS PEOPLE.

1 GOD counts the sorrows of His saints,
Their groans affect His ears:
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.

2 When to Thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee;
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

3 In Thee, most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

4 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, "How faithful is Thy word!
How righteous all Thy ways!"

5 Thou hast secured my soul from death;
Oh! set Thy prisoner free:
That heart and hand, and life and breath
May be employed for Thee.

57 L. M. WATTS.

GOD EXALTED.

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath Thy spreading wings
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform:
He sends His angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heavens where angels dwell:
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
Let land to land Thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to Thy name:
Awake, my tongue to sound His praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth His mercy reigns,
  And reaches to the utmost sky:
His truth to endless years remains,
  When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God!
  Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
  And land to land Thy wonders tell.

8 L. P. M. WATTS.

WARNING TO MAGISTRATES.

1 JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
  When vile oppression wastes the land?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
  While gold and greatness bribe your hand?

2 Forgot ye then, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
  High in the heavens His justice reigns:
Yet you invade the rights of God.
And send your bold decrees abroad.
  To bind the conscience in your chains.

3 A poisoned arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
  And death attends where'er it wounds;
You hear no counsels, cries nor tears:
So the deaf adder stops her ears
  Against the power of charming sounds.

4 Break out their teeth, eternal God!
Those teeth of lions, dyed in blood;
  And crush the serpents in the dust:
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
  So let their names and hopes be lost.

5 The Almighty thunders from the sky,
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of snow dissolve and run;
Or snails that perish in their slime,
Or births that come before their time,
Vain births, that never see the sun.

6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord,
Safety and joy to saints afford:
And all who hear shall join and say,
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,
A God who hears His children cry,
And will their sufferings well repay."

59 S. M. BARLOW.

PRAYER AGAINST INVADING FOES.

1 FROM foes that round us rise,
O God of heaven, defend;
Who brave the vengeance of the skies,
And with Thy saints contend.

2 Behold! from distant shores
And desert wilds they come,
Combine for blood their barbarous force,
And through our cities roam.

3 Beneath the silent shade,
Their secret plots they lay;
Our peaceful walls by night invade,
And waste the fields by day.

4 And will the God of grace,
Regardless of our pain,
Permit secure that impious race
To riot in their reign?

5 In vain their secret guile,
  Or open force, they prove:
His eye can pierce the deepest veil;
  His hand their strength remove.

6 Yet save them, Lord, from death,
  Lest we forget their doom;
But drive them with Thine angry breath,
  Through distant lands to roam.

7 Then shall our grateful voice
  Proclaim our guardian God;
The nations round the earth rejoice,
  And sound Thy praise abroad.

60 C. M. WATTS.

ON A DAY OF HUMILIATION IN WAR.

1 LORD, Thou hast scourged our guilty land;
  Behold, Thy people mourn!
Shall vengeance ever guide Thy hand?
  Shall mercy ne'er return?

2 Beneath the terrors of Thine eye,
  Earth's haughty towers decay;
Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,
  And mortals melt away.

3 Our Zion trembles at Thy stroke,
  And dreads Thy lifted hand!
Oh! heal the nation Thou hast broke,
  And save the sinking land.

4 Exalt the banner in the field,
  For those that fear Thy name;
From barbarous hosts Thy people shield,
  And put our foes to shame.

5 Attend our armies to the fight,
  And be their guardian God:
In vain shall numerous powers unite,
  Against Thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops, beneath Thy guiding hand,
Shall gain a glad renown:
'T is God who makes the feeble stand,
And treads the mighty down.

61—Part I. S. M. Watts.

GOD OUR REFUGE AND ROCK.

1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies;
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh! lead me to the rock,
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of Thy wings,
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within Thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide:
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The Refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear Thy name:
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

61—Part II. L. M.

JESUS OUR KING.

1 MY soul of Thy protection sure,
Against her foes shall rest secure;
For Thou, O God, hast heard my vows
And brought me joyful to Thy house.

2 With all Thy saints I'll strive to sing
The glories of my heavenly King;
Whom Thou in mercy didst ordain,
Should o'er Thy chosen people reign.

3 Jesus shall live for ever blessed,
And give His people peace and rest;
His years shall last, and God will own
His righteous sceptre, and His throne.

4 Oh! let Thy truth prepare the way;
In mercy, Lord, extend His sway:
Thus we'll devote our future days,
To pay our vows and sing Thy praise.

62 L. M. WATTS.

TRUST IN GOD ALONE.

1 MY spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is His throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on His salvation waits.

2 Trust Him, ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before His face:
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glittering dust;
Why will ye grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke?

5 Once hath His awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All power is His eternal due;
He must be feared and trusted too."

6 For sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

63—Part I. C. M. Watts.

LORD'S DAY MORNING.

1 EARLY, my God, without delay
I haste to seek Thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without Thy cheering grace.

2 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power,
Through all Thy temples shine:
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move;
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.

4 Thus till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

63—Part II. L. M. Watts.

DELIGHT IN GOD AND HIS WORSHIP.

1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest,
The glories that compose Thy name,
Stand all engaged to make me blessed.

2 Thou great and good, Thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am Thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, Thy servant, bought with blood.

3 With early feet I love t' appear
  Among Thy saints, and seek Thy face;
Oft have I seen Thy glory there,
  And felt the power of sovereign grace.

4 Not fruits nor wines that tempt our taste,
  Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely blessed,
  Or raise my cheerful passions so.

5 My life itself, without Thy love,
  No taste of pleasure could afford;
'T would but a tiresome burden prove,
  If I were banished from the Lord.

6 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
  When busy cares afflict my head;
One thought of Thee gives new delight,
  And adds refreshment to my bed.

7 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
  While I have breath to pray, or praise
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
  And bless the remnant of my days.

63—Part III S. M. Watts.

SEEKING GOD.

1 MY God, permit my tongue
  This joy to call Thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
  To taste Thy love divine.

2 My thirsty fainting soul
  Thy mercy does implore;
Not travellers in desert lands
  Can pant for water more.

3 Within Thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place;
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel Thy quickening grace.

4 Since Thou hast been my help,
To Thee my spirit flies;
And on Thy watchful providence,
My cheerful hope relies.

5 The shadow of Thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And He supports my steps.

64 L. M. BARLOW.

SEEKING DELIVERANCE FROM ENEMIES.

1 GREAT God attend to my complaint,
Nor let my drooping spirit faint;
When foes in secret spread the snare,
Let my salvation be Thy care.

2 Shield me without, and guard within,
From vile temptations and from sin;
May envy, lust, and pride depart,
And heavenly grace expand my heart.

3 Thy justice and Thy power display,
And scatter far Thy foes away;
While listening nations learn Thy word,
And saints, triumphant, bless the Lord.

4 Then shall Thy church exalt her voice,
And all that love Thy name rejoice;
By faith approach Thine awful throne,
And plead the merits of Thy Son.

65 — PART I. C. M. WATTS.

A PRAYER-HEARING GOD.

1 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for Thee;
There shall our vows be paid:
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;
All flesh shall seek Thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pardoning grace is Thine;
And Thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.

3 Blessed are the men whom Thou wilt choose
To bring them near Thy face;
Give them a dwelling in Thy house,
To feast upon Thy grace.

4 In answering what Thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine;
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfill Thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant islands fly to Thee,
And make Thy name their trust,

6 They dread Thy glittering tokens Lord,
When signs in heaven appear;
But they shall learn Thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

65—Part II. C. M. Watts.

GOD'S GOODNESS IN THE SEASONS.

1 'T IS by Thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power:
The sea grows calm at Thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and months and hours,
Heaven, earth and air are Thine;
When clouds distill in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.

4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

65—Part III. H. M. Dwight.

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD IN THE SEASONS.

1 HOW pleasing is Thy voice,
O Lord, our heavenly King,
That bids the frosts retire,
And wakes the level spring!

The rains return, | And plains and hills
The ice distills; | Forget to mourn.

2 The lofty mountains stand,
Established by Thine arm:
Thy voice the ocean stills,
The tumult, and the storm;
Through earth and skies, | Thy tokens dread,
With terror spread, | All lands surprise.

3 The morn, with glory crowned,
Thy hand arrays in smiles;
Thou bidst the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills.
Soft suns ascend; | And beauty glows
The mild wind blows; | To earth's far end.

4 Thou makest the pasture green;
Thou callest the flocks abroad;
The springing corn proclaims
The footsteps of our God.
Both bird and beast | And happy share
Partake Thy care, | The general feast.

5 Thy showers make soft the fields;
On every side, behold!
The ripening harvest waves
Their loads of richest gold.
The labourers sing | And, blessed, rejoice
With cheerful voice, | In God their King.

6 The thunder is His voice;
His arrows, blazing fires;
He glows in yonder sun,
And smiles in starry choirs.
The balmy breeze | His beauty blooms
His breath perfumes; | In flowers and trees.

7 With life He clothes the spring;
The earth with summer warms;
He spreads th' autumnal feast,
And rides in wintry storms.

His gifts divine,
Through all appear,
And round the year
His glories shine.

66—Part I. C. M. Watts.

THE GOD OF PROVIDENCE.

1 SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honours, and your joys.

2 Say to the Power that shakes the sky,
"How terrible art Thou!
Sinners before Thy presence fly,
Or at Thy feet they bow."

3 He rules by His resistless might;
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?

4 Oh! bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints, fulfil His praise:
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

5 Lord, Thou hast proved our suffering souls,
To make our graces shine:
So silver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.

6 Through watery deeps, and fiery ways
We march at Thy command,
Led, to possess the promised place,
By Thine unerring hand.

66—Part II. C. M. Watts.

PRAISE TO GOD FOR HEARING PRAYER.

1 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty Power,
Who heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make His mercies known:
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders He has done.

3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought His heavenly aid;
He saved my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay covered in my heart,
While prayer employed my tongue,
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.

5 But God, his name be ever blessed!
Hath set my spirit free;
Nor turned from Him my poor request,
Nor turned His heart from me.

67 C. M. Watts.

THE NATION'S PROSPERITY AND CHURCH'S INCREASE.

1 SHINE on our land, Jehovah, shine,
With beams of heavenly grace!
Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,
And show Thy smiling face.

2 Here fix Thy throne exalted high,
And, here, our glory stand;
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround Thy favourite land.

3 When shall Thy name from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad:
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
Let thankful tongues exalt His praise,
And thankful hearts rejoice.

5 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
Who sits enthroned above,
Wisely commands the worlds He made,
In justice and in love.

6 Earth shall confess her Maker's hand,
And yield a full increase:
Our God will crown His chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.

7 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favours here;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

68—Part I. L. M. Watts.

MAJESTY AND COMPASSION OF GOD.

1 LET God arise in all His might,
And put the troops of hell to flight;
As smoke, that sought to cloud the skies
Before the rising tempest flies.

2 He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name Jehovah sounds on high;
Sing to His name, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before His face.

3 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to His aid in sharp distress:
In Him, the poor and helpless find
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.

4 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And prisoners see the light again;
But rebels, that dispute His will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness stil.

5 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown Him, ye nations, in your song:
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honours shall enrich your verse.

6 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are His mercies known,
Israel is His peculiar throne.

7 Proclaim Him king, pronounce Him blessed;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

68—Part II. L. M. Watts.

CHRIST'S ASCENSION AND GIFT OF THE SPIRIT.

1 LORD, when Thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky:
Those heavenly guards around Thee wait,
Like chariots that attend Thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there:
While He pronounced His dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

4 Raised by His Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

68—Part III. L. M. Watts.

COMMON AND SPECIAL MERCIES.

1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours His blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to His care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong,
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of His love:
But the wide difference that remains,
Is endless joy, and endless pains.

5 The Lord, that bruised the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread:
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

6 But His right hand His saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas;
And bring them to His courts above:
There shall they taste His special love.

69—Part I. L. M. Watts.

CHRIST'S PASSION.

1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold! the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm His holy soul.

2 In long complaints He spends His breath,
While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their cursed design.

3 Yet, gracious God, Thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove:
Those dreadful sufferings of Thy Son,
Atoned for sins which we had done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord,
The honours of Thy law restored:
His sorrows made Thy justice known,
And paid for follies, not His own.

5 Oh! for His sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live!
The Lord will hear us in His name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

69—Part II. L. M. Watts.

THE SUFFERINGS AND ZEAL OF CHRIST.

1 'T WAS for my sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustained that heavy load
Of base reproach, and sore disgrace;
And shame defiled His sacred face.

2 The Jews, His brethren and His kin,
Abused the man that checked their sin;
While He fulfilled Thy holy laws,
They hate Him, but without a cause.

3 "My Father's house," said He, "was made
A place for worship, not for trade:"
Then scattering all their gold and brass,
He scourged the merchants from the place.

4 Zeal for the temple of His God
Consumed His life, exposed His blood;
Reproaches, at Thy glory thrown,
He felt, and mourned them as His own.

5 His friends forsook, His followers fled,
While foes and arms surround His head;
They curse Him with a slanderous tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.

6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge His lips with blasphemies;
They nail Him to the shameful tree:
There hung my Lord, who died for me.

7 Wretches, with hearts as hard as stones,
Insult His piety and groans;
Gall was the food they gave Him there,
And mocked His thirst with vinegar.

8 But God beheld; and from His throne
Marked out the men that hate His Son:
The hand that raised Him from the dead,
Shall pour due vengeance on their head.

69—Part III. C. M. Watts.

* THE OBEDIENCE AND DEATH OF CHRIST.

1 FATHER, I sing Thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name:
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

2 His deep distress has raised us high:
His duty and His zeal
Fulfilled the law, which mortals broke,
And finished all Thy will.

3 His dying groans, His living songs
Shall better please my God,
Than harp's or trumpet's solemn sound,
Than goat's or bullock's blood.

4 This shall His humble followers see,
And set their hearts at rest:
They by His death draw near to Thee,
And live for ever blessed.

5 Let heaven and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise;
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance the praise.

6 Zion is Thine, most holy God:
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory, purchased by His blood,
For Thine own Israel waits.

70 L. M. DWIGHT.

A PRAYER FOR THE PRESENCE OF CHRIST.

1 O THOU, whose hands the kingdom sway;
Whom earth, and hell, and heaven obey:
To help Thy chosen sons, appear
And show Thy power and glory here!

2 While stupid wretches, sunk in sleep,
Slide onward to the fiery deep,
To sense, and sin, and madness given,
Believe no hell, and wish no heaven;

3 While fools deride, while foes oppress,
And Zion mourns in deep distress;
Her friends withdraw, her foes grow bold;
Truth fails, and love is waxen cold.

4 Oh! haste, with every gift inspired,
With glory, truth, and grace attired,
Thou Star of heaven's eternal morn;
Thou Sun, whom beams divine adorn!

5 Assert the honour of Thy name;
O'erwhelm Thy foes with fear and shame;
Then, send Thy Spirit from above,
And change their enmity to love.

6 Saints shall be glad before Thy face,
And grow in faith, in truth, and grace:
Thy church shall blossom in Thy sight,
Yield fruits of peace and pure delight.

7 Oh! hither, then, Thy footsteps bend;
Swift as a roe, from hills descend;
Mild as the Sabbath's cheerful ray,
Till life unfolds eternal day!

71—Part I. C. M. Watts.

THE AGED SAINT'S REFLECTION AND HOPE.

1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon Thy truth;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

2 My flesh was fashioned by Thy power,
With all these limbs of mine;
And, from my mother's painful hour,
I've been entirely Thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year;
Behold! my days that yet remain,
I trust them to Thy care.

4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let Thy glory shine,
Whene'er Thy servant dies.

5 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read Thy love in every page,
In every line, Thy praise.

71—Part II. C. M. Watts.

CHRIST OUR STRENGTH AND RIGHTEOUSNESS.

1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end.
The numbers of Thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore!
And, since I knew Thy graces first,
I speak Thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march with courage in Thy strength,
To see my Father, God.

4 When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.

6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God;
His death has brought my foes to shame,
He saved me by His blood.

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song,
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

71—Part III. C. M. Watts.

THE AGED CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER AND SONG.

1 GOD of my childhood, and my youth,
The Guide of all my days,
I have declared Thy heavenly truth,
And told Thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God, my strength, depart?

3 Let me Thy power and truth proclaim
To the surviving age:
And leave a savour of Thy name,
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove:
Oh! may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world Thy love!

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high;
Unsearchable Thy deeds:
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard Thy threatenings roar,
And oft endured the grief;
But when Thy hand has pressed me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known
Thy sovereign power to save:
At Thy command I venture down,
Securely to the grave.

8 When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be Thy care:
These withering limbs with Thee I trust
To raise them strong and fair.

72—Part I. L. M. Watts.

THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,
Extend His power, exalt His throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes His hands,
All heaven submits to His commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power He vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His worship and His fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall He send His influence down:
His grace on fainting souls distills,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at His first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in His days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise:
Peace, like a river, from His throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

72—Part II. L. M. Watts.

THE SAME.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises circle round His head:
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.

5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud AMEN.

72—PART III. C. M. TATE AND BRADY.

THE GLORY OF CHRIST.

1 THE memory of Christ's glorious name
Through endless years shall run;
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
And lasting as the sun.

2 In Him the nations of the world,
Shall be completely blessed;
And His imputed righteousness,
By every tongue confessed.

3 Then blessed be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Israel fears;
Who only, wondrous in His works,
Beyond compare appears.

4 Let earth be with His glory filled:
For ever bless His name;
Whilst to His praise, the listening world,
Their glad assent proclaim.

73—Part I. S. M. Watts.

THE MYSTERY OF PROVIDENCE UNFOLDED.

1 SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain:
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine;
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,
In robes of honour shine.

3 Pampered with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair;
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.

4 Free from the plagues and pains,
That pious souls endure;
Through all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.

5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God:
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.

6 But I with flowing tears
Indulged my doubts to rise!
"Is there a God that sees or hears
The things below the skies?"

7 The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard suspense;
Till to Thy house my feet were brought
To learn Thy justice thence.

8 Thy word with light and power
Did my mistake amend;
I viewed the sinners' life before,
But here I learned their end.

9 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go;
And, oh! that dreadful fiery deep,
That waits their fall below?

10 Lord, at Thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are Thine.

73—Part II. C. M. Watts.

GOD OUR PORTION HERE AND HEREAFTER.

1 GOD, my Supporter, and my Hope,
My Help for ever near;
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet,
Through this dark wilderness;
Thy hand conduct me near Thy seat,
To dwell before Thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;
And while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but Thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of every saint.

5 Behold! the sinners, that remove
Far from Thy presence, die:
Not all the idol gods they love,
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to Thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound Thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

74—Part I. C. M. Watts.

THE CHURCH PLEADING UNDER PERSECUTION.

1 WILL God forever cast us off?
His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of His love,
His little chosen flock?

2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood;
Nor let Thy Zion be forgot,
Where once Thy glory stood.

3 Lift up Thy feet, and march in haste;
Aloud our ruin calls:
See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within Thy walls.

4 Where once Thy churches prayed and sang,
Thy foes profanely roar;
Over Thy gates their ensigns hang,
Sad tokens of their power.

5 How are the seats of worship broke!
They tear the buildings down:
And he, that deals the heaviest stroke,
Procures the chief renown.

6 With flames they threaten to destroy
Thy children in their nest:
"Come, let us burn at once," they cry,
"The temple and the priest."

7 And still to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted signs of power and grace,
Thy power and grace are gone.

8 No prophet speaks to calm our woes.
The best, the wisest, mourn:
And not a friend nor promise shows
The time of Thy return.

74—Part II. C. M. Watts.

GOD'S POWER AND COVENANT INVOKED.

1 HOW long, eternal God, how long,
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?

2 Is not the world of nature Thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst Thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

3 Hath not Thy power formed every coast,
And set the earth its bounds;
With summer's heat and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?

4 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred power blaspheme?
Will not Thy hand that formed them first,
Avenge Thine injured name?

5 Think on the covenant Thou hast made,
And all Thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade,
And vex Thy mourning dove.

6 Our foes would triumph in our blood
And make our hope their jest:
Plead Thy own cause, almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

75 L. M. BARLOW.

PRAISE FOR NATIONAL DELIVERANCE.

1 TO Thee, most high and holy God,
To Thee our thankful hearts we raise;
Thy works declare Thy name abroad,
Thy wondrous works demand our praise.

2 To slavery doomed, Thy chosen sons
Beheld their foes triumphant rise;
And, sore oppressed by earthly thrones,
They sought the sovereign of the skies.

3 'T was then, great God, with equal power
Arose Thy vengeance and Thy grace,
To scourge their legions from the shore,
And save the remnant of Thy race.

4 Thy hand, that formed the restless main,
And reared the mountain's awful head,
Bade raging seas their course restrain,
And desert wilds receive their dead.

5 Such wonders never come by chance,
Nor could the wind such blessings blow:
'T is God the Judge doth one advance,
'T is God that lays another low.

6 Let haughty tyrants sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their impious thoughts aside,
And own the empire God hath made.

76 C. M. WATTS.

THE CHURCH'S SECURITY IN GOD.

1 IN Judah, God of old was known;
His name in Israel great:
In Salem stood His Holy throne,
And Zion was His seat.

2 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else,
Than mighty hills of prey?
The hill, on which Jehovah dwells,
More glorious is than they.

3 'T was Zion's King, who stopped the breath
Of captains, and their hosts:
The men of might slept fast in death
And vain were all their boasts.

4 At Thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell;
Who knows the terrors of Thy rod?
Thy vengeance who can tell?

5 When God in His own sovereign ways
Comes down to save th' oppressed;
The wrath of man shall work His praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.

6 Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring,
Ye princes, fear His frown;
His terror shakes the proudest king
And cuts an army down.

7 The thunder of His sharp rebuke,
Our haughty foes shall feel:
The God of Jacob ne'er forsook,
But dwells in Zion still.

77—Part I. C. M. Watts.

MELANCHOLY REBUKED.

1 TO God I cried with mournful voice,
I sought His gracious ear:
In the sad hour when troubles rose,
And filled my heart with fear.

2 Gloomy my days, and dark my nights;
My soul refused relief:
I thought on God, the just and wise,
But thoughts increased my grief.

3 Still I complained, and, still oppressed,
My heart began to break;
My God, Thy wrath forbade my rest,
And kept my eyes awake.

4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,
Till I could speak no more;
Then I within myself withdrew,
And called Thy judgments o'er.

5 I called back years and ancient times,
When I beheld Thy face;
My spirit searched for secret crimes,
That might withhold Thy grace.

6 I called Thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoyed before;
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His face appear no more?

7 Will He for ever cast me off?
And will His promise fail?
Hath He forgot His tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

8 But we forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark, despairing frame;
Remembering what Thy hand hath wrought,
Thy hand is still the same.

9 I'll think again of all Thy ways,
And talk Thy wonders o'er,
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When flesh could hope no more.

10 Grace dwells with justice on the throne:
And men, that love Thy Word,
Have in Thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

77—Part II. C. M. Watts.

ISRAEL LED TO CANAAN.

1 "HOW awful is Thy chastening rod!"
May Thy own children say,
"The great, the wise, the dreadful God,
How holy is His way!"

2 I'll meditate His works of old,
The King that reigns above:
I'll hear His ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust His love.

3 Long did the house of Jacob lie
With Egypt's yoke oppressed:
Long He delayed to hear their cry,
Nor gave His people rest.

4 Israel, His people and His sheep,
Must follow where He calls;
He bids them venture through the deep
And makes the waves their walls.

5 The waters saw Thee, mighty God,
The waters saw Thee come,
Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
To make Thine armies room.

6 Strange was Thy journey through the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown:
Terrors attend the wondrous way,
That brings Thy mercies down.

7 He gave them water from the rock;
And safe by Moses' hand,
Through a dry desert led His flock,
Home to the promised land.

78—Part I. C. M. Watts.

CHILDREN INSTRUCTED BY PROVIDENCE.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make His glories known;
His works of power and grace:
And we'll convey His wonders down
Through every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget His works,
But practise His commands.

78—Part II. C. M. Watts.

SIN AND CHASTISEMENT OF ISRAEL.

1 OH! what a stiff, rebellious house,
Was Jacob's ancient race!
False to their own most solemn vows
And to their Maker's grace.

2 They broke the covenant of His love,
And did His laws despise;
Forgot the works He wrought to prove
His power before their eyes.

3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light,
From His avenging hand:
What dreadful tokens of His might,
Spread o'er the stubborn land!

4 They saw Him cleave the mighty sea;
And marched in safety through,
With watery walls to guard their way,
Till they had 'scaped the foe.

5 A wondrous pillar marked the road,
Composed of shade and light;
By day it proved a sheltering cloud,
A leading fire by night.

6 He from the rock their thirst supplied;
The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle.

7 Yet they provoked the Lord most high,
And dared distrust His hand:
"Can He with bread our host supply,
Amidst this desert land?"

8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caused His wrath to flame:
His terrors ever stand prepared
To vindicate His name.

78—Part III. C. M. Watts.

CHASTISEMENT AND SALVATION.

1 WHEN Israel sinned, the Lord reproved,
And filled their hearts with dread;
Yet He forgave the tribes He loved,
And sent them heavenly bread.

2 He fed them with a liberal hand,
And made His treasures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down.

3 The manna, like a morning shower,
Lay thick around their feet:
The corn of heaven, so light, so pure,
As though 't were angels' meat.

4 But they in murmuring language said,
"Manna is all our feast:
We loathe this light, this airy bread;
We must have flesh to taste."

5 "Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,"
The Lord in wrath replied;
And sent them quails, like sand or dust,
Heaped up from side to side.

6 He gave them all their own desire;
And, greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burned with secret fire,
And smote the rebels dead.

7 When some were slain, the rest returned,
And sought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they feared and mourned,
But soon forgot their fears.

8 Oft He chastised and still forgave:
Till, by His gracious hand,
The nation He resolved to save,
Possessed the promised land.

79 L. M. BARLOW.

THE CHURCH PLEADING UNDER PERSECUTION.

1 BEHOLD! O God what cruel foes,
Thy peaceful heritage invade:
Thy holy temple stands defiled;
In dust Thy sacred walls are laid.

2 Wide o'er the valleys, drenched in blood,
Thy people fallen in death remain:
The fowls of heaven their flesh devour;
And savage beasts divide the slain.

3 Th' insulting foes with impious rage,
Reproach Thy children to their face:
"Where is your God of boasted power,
And where the promise of His grace?"

4 Deep from the prison's horrid gloom,
Oh! hear the mournful captive sigh;
And let Thy sovereign power reprieve
The trembling souls condemned to die.

5 Let those who dared t' insult Thy reign,
Return dismayed with endless shame;
While heathens, who Thy grace despise,
Shall from Thy vengeance learn Thy name.

6 So shall Thy children, freed from death,
Eternal songs of honour raise;
And every future age shall tell
Thy sovereign power, and pardoning grace.

80—Part I. L. M. Watts.

THE PRAYER OF THE CHURCH UNDER DESERTION.

1 GREAT Shepherd of Thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, Thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep:

2 Thy church is in the desert now;
Shine from on high, and guide us through:
Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore,
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And want in vain Thy kind return?
How long shall Thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed,
Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore,
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

80—Part II. L. M. Watts.

SEEKING A REVIVAL.

1 LORD, Thou hast planted with Thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands;
Thy power defended it around,
And heavenly dews enriched the ground.

2 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit;
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree!

3 Why is its beauty thus defaced?
Why hast Thou laid its fences waste?
Strangers and foes against it join,
And every beast devours Thy vine.

4 Return, almighty God, return;
Nor let Thy bleeding vineyard mourn:
Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore;
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

80—Part III. L. M. Watts.

CHRIST THE DEFENDER OF HIS CHURCH.

1 LORD, when Thy vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too;
Attacked in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair branch of promise rose.

2 Fair Branch, ordained of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;
Himself a noble Vine, and we
The lesser branches of the Tree.

3 'Tis Thy own Son; and He shall stand
Girt with Thy strength, at Thy right hand,
Th' eternal Son, enthroned and blessed,
To give His suffering people rest.

4 Oh! for His sake attend our cry,
Shine on Thy churches, lest they die:
Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore;
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

81 S. M. WATTS.

CHRISTIAN FIDELITY URGED.

1 SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise;
God is our strength, our Saviour God;
Let Israel hear His voice.

2 "From vile idolatry
Preserve my worship clean;
I am the Lord, who set thee free
From slavery and sin.

3 Stretch thy desires abroad,
And I'll supply them well;
But if ye will refuse your God,
If Israel will rebel,

4 I'll leave them," saith the Lord,
"To their own lusts a prey,
And let them run the dangerous road,
'Tis their own chosen way

5 Yet oh! that all My saints
Would hearken to my voice!
Soon would I ease their sore complaints,
And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 While I destroyed their foes,
I'd richly feed My flock,
And they should taste the stream that flows
From their eternal Rock."

82 L. M. WATTS.

MAGISTRATES WARNED.

1 AMONG th' assemblies of the great,
A greater Ruler takes His seat;
The God of heaven, as Judge, surveys
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.

2 Why will ye then frame wicked laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the saints no more?

3 They know not Lord, nor will they know
Dark are the ways in which they go;
Their name of earthly gods is vain;
For they shall fall, and die like men.

4 Arise, O Lord, and let Thy Son
Possess His universal throne,
And rule the nations with His rod:
He is our Judge, and He our God.

83 S. M. WATTS.

A PRAYER AGAINST PERSECUTORS.

1 AND will the God of grace
Perpetual silence keep?
The God of justice hold His peace,
And let His vengeance sleep?

2 Behold what cursed snares
The men of mischief spread!
The men, that hate Thy saints and Thee,
Lift up their threatening head.

3 Against Thy hidden ones
Their counsels they employ,
And malice, with her watchful eye,
Pursues them to destroy.

4 "Come, let us join," they cry,
"To root them from the ground;
Till not the name of saints remain,
Nor memory shall be found."

5 Awake, almighty God!
And call Thy wrath to mind:
Give them like forests to the fire,
Or stubble to the wind.

6 Convince their madness, Lord,
And make them seek Thy name:
Or else their stubborn rage confound,
That they may die in shame.

7 Then shall the nations know
That glorious dreadful word:
Jehovah is Thy name alone,
And Thou the Sovereign Lord.

84—Part I. L. M. Watts.

THE PLEASURE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of Thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in Thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys, aud Thee!

3 The sparrow chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest;
But will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which His children want!

4 Blessed are the saints who sit on high,
Around Thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

5 Blessed are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of Thy grace:
There they behold Thy gentler rays,
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.

6 Blessed are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate:
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before Thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

84—Part II. L. M. Watts.

GRACE AND GLORY.

1 GREAT God attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from Thy presence springs:
To spend one day, with Thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy house, O God of grace;
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.

3 God is our sun, He makes our day;
God is our shield, He guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too:
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, Thy sovereign sway,
The glorious hosts of heaven obey;
And devils at Thy presence flee;
Blessed is the man that trusts in Thee!

84—Part III. H. M. Watts.

LONGING FOR THE HOUSE OF GOD.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair,
The dwellings of Thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To Thine abode, | With warm desires,
My heart aspires, | To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints | To rise and dwell
With equal zeal, | Among Thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise Thee still; | That love the way
And happy they, | To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears;

Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat, | Shall thither bring
When God our King | Our willing feet!

5 To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy,
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts, | To keep the door,
I covet more | Than shine in courts.

6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence;
With gifts His hands are filled;
We draw our blessings thence:
He shall bestow | Peculiar grace,
On Jacob's race, | And glory too.

7 The Lord His people loves;
His hand no good withholds
From those His heart approves,
From pure and pious souls.
Thrice happy he, | Whose spirit trusts,
O God of hosts, | Alone in Thee!

85—Part I. L. M. Watts.

THE SPIRIT ACKNOWLEDGED AND DESIRED.

1 LORD, Thou hast called Thy grace to mind,
Thou hast reversed our heavy doom:
So God forgave when Israel sinned,
And brought His wandering captives home.

2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made Thy fiercest wrath abate:
Now let our hearts be turned to Thee;
And Thy salvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let Thy saints in Thee rejoice:
Make known Thy truth, fulfil Thy word;
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

4 We wait to hear what God will say;
He 'll speak, and give His people peace:
But let them run no more astray,
Lest His returning wrath increase.

85—PART II. L. M. WATTS.

SALVATION BY CHRIST.

1 SALVATION is for ever nigh,
The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven:
By His obedience so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honour shall abound;
Religion dwell on earth again;
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God:
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark His steps, and keep the road.

86—Part I. C. M. Watts.

MAJESTY AND GRACE OF GOD.

1 AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath power divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like Thine.

2 The nations Thou hast made, shall bring
Their offerings round Thy throne:
For Thou alone dost wondrous things;
For Thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet,
Teach me Thy heavenly ways;
And my poor scattered thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.

4 Great is Thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall those sweet wonders tell;
How by Thy grace my sinking soul
Rose from the deeps of hell.

86—Part II. L. M. Livingston.

PLEADING FOR EVIDENCE OF AN INTEREST IN CHRIST.

1 JESUS, my God, my all in all,
Display Thy power, unveil Thy face;
Wilt Thou not hear when sinners call?
Is not Thy reign, a reign of grace?

2 A thousand times my tongue hath said,
"Bought with a price, I'm not my own;"
A thousand times my soul hath fled,
And sought relief before Thy throne.

3 But now I grope, as in the night,
I can't believe, and dare not trust:
My path is hedged, I see no light,
My hopes are prostrate in the dust.

4 With fears that all experience past
  Hath been delusive, false and vain,
I dread, lest falling short at last,
  I never shall the prize obtain.

5 When to the cross I wish to fly,
  And see the blood of sprinkling flow;
To Sinai's mount, not Calvary,
  A legal spirit bids me go.

6 Striving to stretch my withered arms,
  I fain would give myself away;
But sins and guilt excite alarms,
  And check a near approach to Thee.

7 Oh! if already I've believed,
  If Christ and I indeed be one:
Then prove thyself my Help and Shield,
  Or, let the work be now begun.

8 Show me a token, Lord, for good,
  And let me know that I am Thine;
Dispel my doubts, disperse the cloud,
  And on my soul benignant shine.

9 Now, let Thy Spirit from above,
  Bear witness to my troubled heart;
Now shed abroad my Father's love,
  And filial confidence impart.

10 Then shall my foes, who hate me, see
  That God is faithful to His saints;
That He hath heard and helped me,
  And changed to praise my sad complaints.

87 L. M. WATTS.

THE CHURCH, THE BIRTH PLACE OF THE SAINTS.

1 GOD in His earthly temples lays
Foundations for His heavenly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well;
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house,
That pays its night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, the Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The Hill, where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up His last account
Of natives in His holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear,
As one new born and nourished there.

88—PART I. L. M. DWIGHT.

LIFE THE ONLY ACCEPTED TIME.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given;
But soon, ah soon! th' approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blessed the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh! haste away,
While yet a pardoning God He's found.

3 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies."

88 —PART II. S. M. DWIGHT.

SICKNESS SANCTIFIED.

1 STRETCHED on the bed of grief,
In silence long I lay;
For sore disease and wasting pain
Had worn my strength away.

2 How mourned my sinking soul
The Sabbath's hours divine;
The day of grace, that precious day,
Consumed in sense and sin!

3 The work, the mighty work
Of life, so long delayed;
Repentance, yet to be begun,
Upon a dying bed!

4 Then to the Lord I prayed,
And raised a bitter cry:
"Hear me, O God, and save my soul,
Lest I for ever die."

5 He heard my humble cry;
He saved my soul from death:
To him I'll give my heart and hands,
And consecrate my breath.

6 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 't is called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

88—Part III. L. M. Dwight.

RESURRECTION AND IMMORTALITY.

1 SHALL man, O God of light and life,
For ever moulder in the grave?
Can'st Thou forget Thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and Thy power to save?

2 Cease, cease, ye vain desponding fears:
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heaven with praise and wonder rang.

3 Him, the first fruits, His chosen sons
Shall follow from the vanquished grave;
He mounts His throne, the King of kings,
His church to quicken, and to save.

4 Faith sees the bright eternal doors
Unfold, to make His children way;
They shall be clothed with endless life,
And shine in everlasting day.

5 The trump shall sound; the dust awake;
From the cold tomb the slumberers spring:
Through heaven with joy their myriads rise,
And hail their Saviour and their King.

88—Part IV. L. M.

A BELIEVER WALKING IN DARKNESS.

1 LORD, in a day of power divine,
Thy grace prevailed, and made me Thine:
To Thee, my soul, when young, I gave,
And trusted in Thy power to save.

2 But where remain my joy and peace,
Which, then I thought, would never cease?
If I am Thine, how can it be,
That comforts should for ever flee?

3 Involved in glooms of darkest night,
And banished from Thy blissful sight,
I seek Thy face on every side;
But still the glooms of night abide.

4 Up from my youth, deprived of joy,
Afflictions all my peace destroy;
Thy terrors oft distract my soul,
And sorrows rise beyond control.

5 Oh! turn Thine hand, command relief,
Restore my peace, assuage my grief;
And let, of future rest, an heir
One drop of consolation share.

89—Part I. L. M. Watts.

THE COVENANT MADE WITH CHRIST.

1 FOR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord;
Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heaven, established by His hand.

2 Thus to His Son He sware and said:
"With Thee My covenant first was made;
In Thee shall dying sinners live;
Glory and grace are Thine to give.

3 Be Thou my Prophet, Thou My Priest:
Thy children shall be ever blessed;
Thou art My chosen King; Thy throne
Shall stand eternal, like My own."

4 Now let the church rejoice, and sing,
Jesus her Saviour, and her King:
Angels His heavenly wonders show,
And saints declare His works below.

89—PART II. C. M. WATTS.

THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD.

1 MY never ceasing songs shall show
The mercies of the Lord:
And make succeeding ages know,
How faithful is His word.

2 The sacred truths His lips pronounce,
Shall firm as heaven endure;
And if He speaks a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish Throne!
But there 's a nobler covenant sealed
To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of His grace,
Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, Thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To Thy unchanging love.

89—PART III. C. M. WATTS

THE POWER AND MAJESTY OF GOD.

1 WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands adoring hear,
And tremble at His word.

2 How terrible Thy glories be!
How bright Thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with Thee?
Or truth compared with Thine?

3 The northern pole and southern, rest
On Thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day from east to west,
Move round at Thy command.

4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep:
Thou makest the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are Thine,
And the dark world of hell;
How did Thine arm in vengeance shine
When Egypt durst rebel!

6 Justice and judgment are Thy throne,
Yet wondrous is Thy grace;
While truth and mercy joined in one,
Invite us near Thy face.

89—PART IV. C. M. WATTS.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF KNOWING THE GOSPEL.

1 BLESSED are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel! thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

89—Part V. C. M. Watts.

CHRIST'S MEDIATORIAL KINGDOM.

1 HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made His mercy known;
"Sinners, behold, your help is laid
On My almighty Son.

2 High shall He reign on David's throne,
My people's better King;
My arm shall beat His rivals down,
And still new subjects bring.

3 My truth shall guard Him in His way,
With mercy by His side;
While in My name through earth and sea,
He shall in triumph ride.

4 My covenant stands for ever fast,
My promises are strong;
Firm as the heavens His throne shall last,
His seed endure as long."

89—Part VI. C. M. Watts.

THE COVENANT UNCHANGEABLE.

1 YET (saith the Lord) if David's race,
The children of My Son,
Should break My laws, abuse My grace,
And tempt Mine anger down;

2 Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
And make their folly smart;
But I'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from My truth depart.

3 My covenant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep My grace in mind;
And what eternal love hath spoke,
Eternal truth shall bind.

4 Once have I sworn (I need no more
And pledged My holiness,
To seal My sacred promise sure
To David and his race.

5 The sun shall see his offspring rise,
And spread from sea to sea,
Long as he travels round the skies
To give the nations day.

6 Sure as the moon that rules the night,
His kingdom shall endure;
Till the fixed laws of shade and light
Shall be observed no more.

89—Part VII. L. M. Watts.

MORTALITY AND HOPE.

1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state!
How frail our life; how short the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath.
Safe from disease, secure from death?

2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
"Must death for ever rage and reign?
Or hast Thou made mankind in vain?

3 Where is Thy promise to the just?
Are not Thy servants turned to dust?"
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
Wipes the reproach of saints away:
And clears the honour of Thy word:
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

90—Part I. L. M. Watts.

MAN MORTAL AND GOD ETERNAL.

1 THROUGH every age, eternal God!
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was Thy Throne, ere heaven was made,
Or earth Thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long had'st Thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long Thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
"Return, ye sinners to your dust."

4 A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in Thine acccount;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away: our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

6 Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the term! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan, than live.

7 But oh! how oft Thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread:
We fear the power that strikes us dead.

8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span;
Till faith, and love, and piety,
Fit us to die, and dwell with Thee.

90—PART II. C. M. WATTS.

MAN FRAIL, AND GOD OUR REFUGE.

1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

4 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

90—PART III. C. M. WATTS.

DEATH THE EFFECT OF SIN: BREVITY OF LIFE.

1 LORD, if Thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grow severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust:
By one offence to Thee,
Adam and all his sons have lost
Their immortality.

3 Life, like a vain amusement, flies,
A fable or a song:
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few, whose days amount
To three score years and ten;
And all, beyond that short account,
Is sorrow, toil and pain.

5 Almighty God, reveal Thy love,
And not Thy wrath alone:
Oh! let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of Thy throne!

90—Part IV. C. M. Watts.

BREATHING AFTER HEAVEN.

1 RETURN, O God of love, return;
Earth is a tiresome place:
How long shall we, Thy children, mourn
Our absence from Thy face?

2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease;
And, in proportion to our tears,
So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to Thy servants show,
Make Thy own work complete;
Then shall our souls Thy glory know,
And own Thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before Thy throne,
In all Thy beauty, Lord;
And, the poor service, we have done,
Meet a divine reward.

91—Part I. L. M. Watts.

SAFETY IN DISEASES AND DANGERS.

1 HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath His shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God, Thy power,
Shall be my fortress and my tower:
I, that am formed of feeble dust,
Make Thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare,
Satan, the tempter, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 Just as a hen protects her brood
From birds of prey that seek their blood,
Under her feathers; so the Lord
Makes His own arm His people's guard.

5 If burning beams of moon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life: His wings are spread,
To shield them with an healthful shade.

6 If vapours with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe: the poisoned air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

7 What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand died;
Thy God His chosen people saves
Among the dead, amid the graves.

8 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike His saints among the rest,
Their very pains and death are blessed.

9 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire:
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring Thy children, Lord, to Thee.

91—PART II. C. M. WATTS.

A PROMISE OF DIVINE PROTECTION.

1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Exposed to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try, and trust His care.

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'T will raise His saints on high.

3 He 'll give His angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall,
And dash against the stones:
Are they not servants at His call,
And sent t' attend His sons?

5 Adders and lions ye shall tread;
The tempter's wiles defeat:
For He that broke the serpent's head,
Puts him beneath your feet.

6 "Because on me they set their love,
I'll save them;" saith the Lord,
"I'll bear their joyful souls above
Destruction and the sword.

7 My grace shall answer when they call;
In trouble I'll be nigh:
My power shall help them when they fall,
And raise them when they die.

8 Those that on earth My name have known,
I'll honour them in heaven;
There My salvation shall be shown,
And endless life be given."

92—Part I. L. M. Watts.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing:
To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize my breast:
Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high,
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die:
Like grass they flourish, till Thy breath
Blasts them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more:
My inward foes shall all be slain;
Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below:
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

92—Part II. L. M. Watts.

THE CHURCH, THE GARDEN OF GOD.

1 LORD, 't is a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by Thy hand,
Let me within Thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

2 There grow Thy saints in faith and love,
Blessed with Thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
Nature decays, but grace must thrive;
Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they show
The Lord is holy, just and true;
None, that attend His gates, shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

93 L. M. WATTS.

ETERNITY AND DOMINION OF GOD.

1 JEHOVAH reigns: He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world, created by His hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid;
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods that aim their rage so high!
At Thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall Thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure:
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of Thy grace.

94.—PART I. C. M. WATTS.

SINNERS THREATENED: SAINTS CHASTISED.

1 O GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim Thy wrath aloud;
Let sovereign power redress our wrongs,
Let justice smite the proud.

2 They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears:"
When will the fools be wise!
Can He be deaf, who formed their ears?
Or blind, who made their eyes?

3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel His power;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
In some surprising hour.

4 But if Thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentler rod;
Thy providences and Thy book
Shall make them know their God.

5 Blessed is the man Thy hands chastise,
And to his duty draw:
Thy chastenings make Thy children wise,
When they forget Thy law.

6 But God will ne'er cast off His saints,
Nor His own promise break;
He pardons His inheritance
For their Redeemer's sake.

94.—Part II. C. M. Watts.

GOD OUR SUPPORT AND COMFORT.

1 WHO will arise and plead my right,
Against my numerous foes;
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose?

2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustained my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt;
My soul among the dead.

3 "Alas! my sliding feet!" I cried,
Thy promise was my prop:
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.

4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll;
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

5 Powers of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God, my refuge, rules the skies;
He will defend my cause.

6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff:
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

95—Part I. C. M. Watts.

PREPARATION FOR PRAYER.

1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in His strength rejoice:
When His salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach His awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing:
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compared with Him.

4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in His spacious hand;
He fixed the seas, what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

5 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before His face;
Oh! may the creatures of His power
Be children of His grace!

6 Now is the time: He bends His ear,
And waits for your request:
Come, lest He rouse His wrath, and swear
"Ye shall not see my rest."

95 —PART II. S. M. WATTS.

A CALL TO DELAYING SINNERS.

1 COME, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all His own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are His work, and not our own,
He formed us by His word.

4 To day attend His voice,
Nor dare provoke His rod;
Come, like the people of His choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
The language of His grace;
And hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race:

6 The Lord in vengeance dressed,
Will lift His hand and swear
"Ye that despise My promised rest,
Shall have no portion there."

95—Part III. L. M. Watts.

WARNING AGAINST DELAY.

1 COME, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed our nature with His word:
He is our Shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, His pastures keep.

2 Come, let us hear His voice to-day,
The counsels of His love obey;
Nor let our hardened hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

3 Seize the kind promise, while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promised rest;
Obey, and be for ever blessed.

96—Part I. C. M. Watts.

THE FIRST AND SECOND COMING OF CHRIST

1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His rich display of grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son:
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds His throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day;
Joy through the earth be seen:
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green:

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea:
Ye mountains sink; ye valleys rise;
Prepare the Lord His way.

5 Behold He comes! He comes to bless
The nations as their God:
To show the world His righteousness,
And send His truth abroad.

6 But when His voice shall raise the dead,
And bid the world draw near;
How will the guilty nations dread,
To see their Judge appear!

96—Part II. L. P. M. Watts.

UNIVERSAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF GOD.

1 THE heathen know Thy glory, Lord;
The wondering nations read Thy word;
In these far climes Jehovah's known:
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

2 He framed the globe, He built the sky;
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there:
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!

3 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel His saving power,
And barbarous nations fear His name:
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of His holiness,
And in His courts His grace proclaim.

97—Part I. L. M. Watts.

CHRIST COMING TO JUDGMENT.

1 HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise Him in evangelic strains:
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are His counsels and unknown;
But grace and truth support His throne:
Though gloomy clouds His way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo, He comes!
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs!
Before Him burns devouring fire;
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption 's nigh.

97—Part II. L. M. Watts.

CHRIST ADORED BY ANGELS.

1 THE Lord is come; the heavens proclaim
His birth; the nations learn His name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship, where the Saviour lies:
Angels and kings before Him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.

3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers counfound:
Let Judah shout, let Zion sing,
And earth confess her sovereign King.

97—Part III. L. M. Watts.

GRACE AND GLORY.

1 TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky:
Though clouds and darkness veil His feet,
His dwelling is the mercy seat.

2 O ye that love His holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame!
He guards the souls of all His friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord:
None but the soul that feels His grace,
Can triumph in His holiness.

98—Part I. C. M. Watts.

PRAISE FOR THE GOSPEL.

1 TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honours be addressed:
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blessed.

2 He spake the word to Abraham first;
His truth fulfils the grace:
The Gentiles make His name their trust,
And learn His righteousness.

3 Let the whole earth His love proclaim,
With all her different tongues;
And spread the honours of His name,
In melody and songs.

98—Part II. C. M. Watts.

THE MESSIAH'S COMING AND KINGDOM.

1 JOY to the world; the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes, to make His blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

99—Part I. S. M. Watts.

THE KINGDOM AND MAJESTY OF CHRIST.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at His throne;
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord:
Bright cherubs His attendants stand,
And swift fulfil His word.

3 In Zion is His throne;
His honours are divine;
His church shall make His wonders known,
For there His glories shine.

4 How holy is His name!
  How terrible His praise!
Justice, and truth and judgment join,
  In all His works of grace.

99—Part II. S. M. Watts.

THE MAJESTY AND GRACE OF GOD.

1 EXALT the Lord our God,
  And worship at His feet;
His ways are wisdom, power and truth,
  And mercy is His seat.

2 When Israel was His church,
  When Aaron was His priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
  He gave His people rest.

3 Oft He forgave their sins,
  Nor would destroy their race;
And oft He made His vengeance known,
  When they abused His grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God;
  His grace is still the same:
Still He's a God of holiness,
  And jealous for His name.

100—Part I. L. M. Watts.

PRAISE TO OUR CREATOR.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
  Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
  He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
  Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stayed,
  He brought us to His fold again.

3 We are His people, we His care;
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs:
High as the heaven, our voices raise:
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love:
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

100—Part II. H. M. Dwight.

PRAISE TO OUR PRESERVER.

1 SING to the Lord most high;
Let every land adore:
With grateful voice make known
His goodness and His power.
Let cheerful songs | And let His praise
Declare His ways, | Inspire your tongues.

2 Enter His courts with joy;
With fear address the Lord:
He formed us with His hand,
And quickened by His word.
With wide command, | O'er every sea,
He spreads His sway, | And every land.

3 His hands provide our food,
And every blessing give:
We feed upon His care,
And in His pastures live.
With cheerful songs, | And let His praise
Declare His ways, | Inspire your tongues.

4 Good is the Lord our God,
His truth and mercy sure;
While earth and heaven shall last,
His promises endure.

With bounteous hand, | O'er every sea,
He spreads His sway, | And every land.

101—Part I. L. M. Watts.

THE MAGISTRATE'S PSALM.

1 MERCY and judgment are my song:
And since they both to Thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To Thee my songs and vows I'll bring

2 If I am raised to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsels from Thy word:
Thy justice and Thy heavenly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside:
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke Thy jealousy.

4 I'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honour, wealth and trust:
The men that work Thy holy will,
Shall be my friends and favourites still.

5 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flattering or malicious lies;
And while the innocent I guard,
The bold offender sha' n't be spared.

6 The impious crew, that factious band,
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all that break the public rest,
Where I have power, shall be suppressed.

101—Part II. C. M. Watts.

FOR THE HEAD OF A FAMILY.

1 OF justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows:
Thy grace and justice, heavenly King,
Teach me to rule my house.

2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
And make Thy servant wise:
I'll suffer nothing near me there,
That shall offend Thine eyes.

3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong,
By falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,
I'll thrust them from my doors.

4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy;
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.

5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit
I'll not endure a night;
The liar's tongue I'll ever hate,
And banish from my sight.

6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So shall my house be ever found,
A dwelling fit for Thee.

102—Part I. C. M. Watts.

A PRAYER OF THE AFFLICTED.

1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide Thy face,
But answer, lest I die:
Hast Thou not built a throne of grace
To hear when sinners cry?

2 My days are wasted like the smoke
Dissolving in the air;
My strength is dried, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.

3 My spirits flag like withering grass
Burned with excessive heat:
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

4 As on some lonely building's top,
The sparrow tells her moan;
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone.

5 My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl;
There the sad raven finds her place,
And there the screaming owl.

6 Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.

7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast;
My daily bread like ashes grows
Unpleasant to my taste.

8 Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel Thy frown;
Lord, 't was Thy hand advanced me high;
Thy hand hath cast me down.

9 My looks like withered leaves appear;
And life's declining light
Grows faint, as evening shadows are,
That vanish into night.

10 But Thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God!
Ages to come shall know Thy name,
And spread Thy works abroad.

11 Thou wilt arise and show Thy face;
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond the appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

12 He hears His saints, He knows their cry;
And by mysterious ways
Redeems the prisoners doomed to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

102—Part II. C. M. Watts.

PRAYER HEARD AND THE CHURCH REVIVED.

1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice:
Behold the promised hour!
Her God hath heard her mourning voice
And comes t' exalt His power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there:
Nations shall bow before His name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sovereign on His throne,
With pity in His eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemned to death;
And when His saints complain,
It sha' n't be said, that praying breath
Was ever spent in vain.

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record;
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

102—Part III. L. M. Watts.

SAINTS DIE, BUT THE CHURCH LIVES.

1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amid the race;
Disease and death, at His command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon:
Thy years are one eternal day;
And must Thy children die so soon?

3 Yet in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage;
"Our Father and our Saviour live:
Christ is the same through every age."

4 'T was He, this earth's foundation laid;
Heaven is the building of His hand:
This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
And all be changed at His command.

5 The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments, shall be laid aside;
But still Thy throne stands firm and high;
Thy church for ever must abide.

6 Before Thy face, Thy church shall live,
And on Thy throne Thy children reign:
This dying world shall they survive,
And the dead saints be raised again.

103—Part I. S. M. Watts.

PRAISE FOR SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORLA MERCIES.

1 OH! bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name,
Whose favours are divine.

2 Oh! bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let His mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'T is He forgives thy sins;
'T is He relieves thy pain;
'T is He that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He, that redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good,
  He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
  And justice for th' oppressed.

6 His wondrous works and ways
  He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace,
  By His beloved Son.

103—Part II. S. M. Watts.

MERCY IN THE MIDST OF JUDGMENT.

1 MY soul, repeat His praise,
  Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
  So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide:
  And when His strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
  And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
  Above the ground we tread;
So far the riches of His grace
  Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins:
  And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
  Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord.
  To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
  He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,
  Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
  Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,
  Or like the morning flower:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
  It withers in an hour.

8 But Thy compassions, Lord,
  To endless years endure:
And children's children ever find
  Thy words of promise sure.

103—Part III. S. M. Watts.

ANGELIC PRAISE.

1 THE Lord, the sovereign King,
  Hath fixed His throne on high:
O'er all the heavenly world He rules,
  And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels great in might,
  And swift to do His will;
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
  Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts who wait
  The orders of their King,
And guard His churches when they pray,
  Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all His wondrous works,
  Through His vast kingdom, show
Their Maker's glory; thou, my soul,
  Shalt sing His praises too.

104—Part I. L. M. Watts.

THE GLORY OF GOD IN CREATION.

1 MY soul, thy great Creator praise;
When clothed in His celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, His glory wears.

2 The heavens are for His curtains spread,
Th' unfathomed deep He makes His bed:
Clouds are His chariots, when He flies
On winged storms across the skies.

3 Angels, whom His own breath inspires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
And swift as thought, their armies move,
To bear His vengeance, or His love.

4 The world's foundations by His hand
Are poised, and shall for ever stand:
He binds the ocean in His chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

5 When earth was covered with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thundered, and the ocean fled,
Confined to its appointed bed.

6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet thence conveyed by secret veins,
They spring from hills, and drench the plains.

7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the valleys as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in His praise.

104—Part II. L. M. Watts.

GOD SENDS THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

1 GOD, from His cloudy cistern, pours
On the parched earth enriching showers;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

2 He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies;
With herbs for man, of various power,
To nourish nature, or to cure.

3 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a shining juice:
Our hearts are cheered with generous wine;
With inward joy our faces shine.

4 Oh! bless His name, ye nations, fed
With nature's chief supporter, bread:
While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

104—Part III. L. M. Watts.

GOD'S HAND IN AIR AND EARTH AND SEA.

1 BEHOLD! the stately cedar stands,
Raised in the forests by His hands;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.

2 To craggy hills ascends the goat;
And at the airy mountain's foot,
The feeble creatures make their cell;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

3 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face;
And when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

4 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring, ask their meat from God;
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.

5 Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repose:
Sleep is Thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil, and wasting grief.

6 How strange Thy works! how great Thy skill!
All lands Thy boundless riches fill:
Thy wisdom round the world we see;
The spacious earth is full of Thee.

7 Nor less Thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wondrous motions swift or slow,
Still wandering in the paths below.

8 There ships divide their watery way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
There dwells the huge Leviathan,
And foams and sports in spite of man.

104—Part IV. L. M. Watts.

LIFE AND DEATH ARE IN GOD'S HAND.

1 VAST are Thy works, almighty Lord!
All nature rests upon Thy word:
And the whole race of creatures stand,
Waiting their portion from Thy hand.

2 While each receives his different food,
His cheerful looks pronounce it good:
Eagles and bears, and whales, and worms
Rejoice, and praise in different forms.

3 But when Thy face is hid, they mourn,
And dying, to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign;
Life, breath, and spirit, all are Thine.

4 Yet Thou can'st breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beast and men:
A word of Thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

5 Thy works, the wonders of Thy might,
Are honoured with Thine own delight:
How awful are Thy glorious ways!
Lord, Thou art dreadful in Thy praise.

6 The earth stands trembling at Thy stroke,
And at Thy touch the mountains smoke:
Yet humble souls may see Thy face,
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

7 In Thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet:
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

8 While haughty sinners die accursed,
Their glory buried with their dust,
I, to my God, my heavenly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

105—Part I. C. M. Watts.

THE COVENANT WITH ABRAHAM.

1 GIVE thanks to God, invoke His name,
And tell the world His grace;
Sound through the earth His deeds of fame,
That all may seek His face.

2 His covenant, which He kept in mind
For numerous ages past,
To numerous ages yet behind,
In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to Abraham and his seed,
And made the blessing sure:
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find His truth endure.

4 "Thy seed shall make the nations blessed,"
Said the Almighty voice;
"And Canaan's land, shall be their rest,
The type of heavenly joys."

5 How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A little, feeble band.

6 Like pilgrims, through the countries round,
Securely they removed;
And haughty kings, that on them frowned,
Severely He reproved.

7 "Touch Mine anointed, and My arm
Shall soon revenge the wrong:
The man that does My prophets harm,
Shall know their God is strong."

8 Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear:
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

105—Part II. C. M. Watts.

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

1 WHEN Pharaoh dared to vex the saints
And thus provoked their God;
Moses was sent to their complaints,
Armed with His dreadful rod.

2 He called for darkness; darkness came,
Like an o'erwhelming flood;
He made each lake and every stream.
A lake, a stream of blood.

3 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Through the whole country spread;
And frogs, in croaking armies rise
About the monarch's bed.

4 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,
The tenfold vengeance flew:
Locusts in swarms devoured their trees,
And hail their cattle slew.

5 Then, by an angel's midnight stroke,
The flower of Egypt died;
The strength of every house was broke,
Their glory and their pride.

6 Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear:
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

105—Part III. C. M. Watts.

ISRAEL LED TO CANAAN.

1 THUS were the tribes from bondage freed,
And left the hated ground:
Egyptian spoils supplied their need,
Nor was one feeble found.

2 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And marked their journeys right;
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

3 They thirst, and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow;
And, following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.

4 O wondrous stream! O blessed type
Of ever flowing grace!
So Christ our Rock maintains our life,
Through all the wilderness.

5 Thus guarded by th' Almighty's hand,
The chosen tribes possessed
Canaan, the rich, the promised land;
And there enjoyed their rest.

6 Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear:
Israel must live through every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

106—Part I. L. M. Watts.

PRAISE FOR GOD'S GREATNESS AND MERCY.

1 TO God the great, the ever blessed,
Let songs of honour be addressed;
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give Him the thanks His love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of Thy ways?
Who shall fulfil Thy boundless praise?
Blessed are the souls that fear Thee still,
And pay their duty to Thy will.

3 Remember what Thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, Thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of Thy grace.

4 Oh! may I see Thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Joined to Thy saints, and near to Thee.

106—Part II. S. M. Watts.

INCONSTANCY OF SAINTS: CONSTANCY OF GOD.

1 GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!

2 They saw Thy wonders wrought,
And then Thy praise they sung;
But soon Thy works of power forgot,
And murmured with their tongue.

3 Now they believed His word,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now with their lusts provoked the Lord,
And He reduced them low.

4 Yet when they mourned their faults,
He hearkened to their groans;
Brought His own covenant to His thoughts,
And called them still His sons.

5 Their names were in His book;
He saved them from their foes:
Oft He chastised, but ne'er forsook
The people that He chose.

6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
  Who loved their ancient race;
And Christians join the solemn word,
  Amen, to all their praise.

107—Part I. L. M. Watts.

ISRAEL LED TO CANAAN, AND CHRISTIANS TO HEAVEN.

1 GIVE thanks to God; He reigns above;
Kind are His thoughts, His name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord,
The wonders of His grace record;
Israel, the nation whom He chose,
And rescued from their mighty foes.

3 In their distress to God they cried,
God was their Saviour and their guide;
He led their march far wandering round:
'T was the right path to Canaan's ground.

4 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dangerous and a tiresome place.

5 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps least we stray;
He guards us with a powerful hand,
And brings us to the heavenly land.

6 Oh! let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great His works! how kind His ways!
Let every tongue pronounce His praise.

107—Part II. L. M. Watts.

GOD'S DEALINGS WITH MEN.

1 FROM age to age exalt His name;
God and His grace are still the same:
He fills the hungry souls with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.

2 But if their hearts rebel and rise
Against the God that rules the skies;
If they reject His heavenly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord;

3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliverer shall be found:
Laden with grief they waste their breath
In darkness, and the shades of death.

4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries;
He makes the dawning light arise;
And scatters all that dismal shade,
That hung so heavy round their head.

5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling prisoners through;
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the labouring soul relief.

6 Oh! may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
How great His works, how kind His ways!
Let every tongue pronounce His praise.

107—Part III. L. M. Watts.

INTEMPERANCE PUNISHED AND PARDONED.

1 VAIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment:
What pains, what loathsome maladies
From luxury and lust arise!

2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste,
Till all his active powers are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.

3 The glutton groans, and loathes to eat;
His soul abhors delicious meat:
Nature with heavy loads oppressed,
Would yield to death to be released.

4 Behold the frightened sinners fly
To God for help with earnest cry!
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And saves them from approaching death.

5 No medicines could effect the cure,
So quick, so easy, or so sure:
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends His sovereign word and heals.

6 Oh! may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
And let their thankful offerings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

107—Part IV. C. M. Watts.

THE MARINER'S PSALM.

1 THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
Thy wonders in the deeps,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who trade in floating ships.

2 At Thy command the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves;
The men astonished mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

3 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with fluttering breath;
And hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.

4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears their loud request;
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

5 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allayed:
Now to their eyes the port appears;
There let their vows be paid.

6 'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know,
That waves are under His command,
And all the winds that blow.

7 Oh! that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see Thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

107—Part V. L. M. Watts.

NATIONS BLESSED AND PUNISHED.

1 WHEN God, provoked with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns the fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

2 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the withered mountains green;
Send showery blessings from the skies;
And harvests in the desert rise.

3 Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they;
He bids th' oppressed and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

4 They sow the fields, the trees they plant;
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want:
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks;
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

5 Thus they are blessed; but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in:
A savage crew invades their lands;
Their people die by barbarous hands;

6 Their captive sons, exposed to scorn,
Wander unpitied and forlorn:
The country lies unfenced, untilled,
And desolation spreads the field.

7 Yet if the humbled nation mourns,
Again His dreadful hand He turns;
Again He makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.

8 The righteous with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of Providence;
And tongues of atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that saints adore.

9 How few with pious care record
These wondrous dealings of the Lord!
But wise observers still shall find,
The Lord is holy, just and kind.

108—Part I. L. M. Dwight.

GOD'S CARE OF HIS CHURCH.

1 AGAIN, my tongue, thy silence break,
My heart, and all my powers, awake;
My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Awake, and sing Jehovah's name.

2 O'er heaven exalted is His throne;
In every world His glory shown:
The church He loves, His hand shall save
From death, and sorrow, and the grave.

3 Ye kingdoms, hear His awful voice!
"In Zion shall My heart rejoice;
This hand shall all her foes dismay,
And make their scattered strength a prey.

4 Mine are the sons of Zion, Mine
Their glory, grace, and truth divine;
My sceptre shines in Judah's hands,
And still My strength in Ephraim stands.

5 My foes to ruin shall be given,
The shame of earth, the scorn of heaven;
Their eyes shall see My church prevail;
Their strength shall shrink, their courage fail."

6 O Thou, beneath whose sovereign sway,
Nations and worlds in dust decay,
Though Thy sweet smile has been withdrawn,
Thine aid denied, Thy presence gone;

7 Yet wilt Thou still with love return;
With duty teach our hearts to burn:
Our dying graces, Lord, revive,
And bid Thy fainting children live.

8 Save us from sin, and fear, and woe,
From every snare, and every foe,
And help us boldly to contend,
Falsehood resist, and truth defend.

108—Part II. C. M. Barlow.

A MORNING SONG OF PRAISE.

1 AWAKE my soul, with fervent praise,
Awake my heart to sing;
Join all my powers the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

2 Among the people of His care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And high His name resound.

3 Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry train;
Diffuse Thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world Thy reign.

4 The church is Thine; Thou wilt maintain
Her cause in every age:
Built on a rock, her foes in vain
Against her rights engage.

5 Then let Thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng Thy courts above;
While sinners hear Thy pardoning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

109 C. M. Watts.

LOVE TO ENEMIES, FROM THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

1 GOD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
Though sinners speak against Thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found;
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compassed Him around.

3 Their miseries, His compassion move,
Their peace, He still pursued;
They render hatred for His love,
And evil for His good.

4 Their malice raged without a cause;
Yet with His dying breath,
He prayed for murderers on His cross,
And blessed His foes in death.

5 Lord, shall Thy bright example shine
In vain before my eyes?
Give me a soul akin to Thine,
To love mine enemies.

6 The Lord shall on my side engage;
And in my Saviour's name,
I shall defeat their pride and rage,
Who slander and condemn.

110—PART I. L. M. WATTS.

THE SUCCESS OF THE GOSPEL.

1 THUS the eternal Father spake
To Christ the Son: "Ascend and sit
At My right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at Thy feet.

2 From Zion shall Thy word proceed;
Thy word, the sceptre in Thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to Thy command.

3 That day shall show Thy power is great;
When saints shall flock with willing minds,
And sinners crowd Thy temple gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines."

4 O blessed power! O glorious day!
What a large victory shall ensue!
And converts, who Thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

110—Part II. C. M. Watts.

CHRIST'S KINGDOM AND PRIESTHOOD.

1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend Thy throne
And near Thy Father sit:
In Zion shall Thy power be known,
And make Thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall Thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own Thy sovereign grace.

3 God hath pronounced a firm decree,
Nor changes what He swore:
"Eternal shall Thy priesthood be,
When Aaron is no more.

4 Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,
That king of high degree;
That holy man, who Abraham blessed,
Was but a type of Thee."

5 Jesus our Priest for ever lives,
To plead for us above;
Jesus our King for ever gives
The blessings of His love.

6 God shall exalt His glorious head,
His lofty throne maintain;
And strike the powers and princes dead,
Who dare oppose His reign.

110—Part III. L. M. Watts.

THE TRIUMPH OF JESUS OUR PRIEST.

1 JESUS the Priest ascends the throne;
While counsels of eternal peace
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with honour and success.

2 Through the whole earth His reign shall spread,
And crush the powers that dare rebel:
Then shall He judge the rising dead,
And send the guilty world to hell.

3 Though while He treads His glorious way,
He drinks the cup of tears and blood;
The sufferings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance Him near to God.

111—Part I. C. M. Watts.

WISDOM OF GOD IN HIS WORKS.

1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God:
He hath my heart, and He my tongue,
To spread His name abroad.

2 How great the works His hand hath wrought,
How glorious in our sight!
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal Mind!
His counsels never change the scheme,
That His first thoughts designed.

4 When He redeemed His chosen sons,
He fixed His covenant sure:
The orders that His lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read Thy name?

6 To fear Thy power, to trust Thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race,
Who best obeys Thy will.

111—Part II. C. M. Watts.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD IN GRACE.

1 GREAT is the Lord, His works of might
Demand our noblest songs:
Let His assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives His children food;
And ever mindful of His word,
He makes His promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal His covenant sure:
Holy and reverend is His name;
His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with His fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating every sin.

112 C. M. WATTS.

LIBERALITY REWARDED.

1 HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows His commands;
Who lends the poor, without reward,
Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;
So God shall answer his request
With blessings on his seed.

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
His well established mind:
His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
And leaves his tears behind.

4 In times of general distress
Some beams of light shall shine,
To show the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine,

5 His works of piety and love
Remain before the Lord:
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

113 L. M. WATTS.

THE SOVEREIGNTY AND GOODNESS OF GOD.

1 YE servants of th' almighty King,
In every age His praises sing:
Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
The nations shall His praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
Stands His high throne of majesty:
Nor time, nor place, His power restrain,
Nor bound His universal reign.

3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold His love! He stoops to view
What saints above, and angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust and cottages obscure,
His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honour of His sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.

6 A word of His creating voice,
Can make the barren house rejoice;
Though Sarah's ninety years were past,
The promised seed is born at last.

7 With joy the mother views her son,
And tells the wonders God has done:
Faith may grow strong, when sense despairs,
Though nature fails, the promise bears.

114 L. M. WATTS.

MIRACLES ATTENDING ISRAEL'S JOURNEY.

1 WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land;
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was His throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way;
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains shook, like frighted sheep;
Like lambs, the little hillocks leap;
Nor Sinai, on her base, could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

4 What power could make the deep divide!
Or Jordan, backward roll his tide!
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

5 Let every mountain, every flood,
Retire and know th' approaching God;
The King of Israel: see Him here;
Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
The rocks to standing pools He turns;
Flints spring with fountains at His word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

115 L. M. WATTS.

IDOLATRY REPROVED.

1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust,
Not to ourselves is glory due;
'Tis Thine, great God, the only just,
The only gracious, wise, and true.

2 Shine forth in all Thy dreadful name;
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us; and, to raise our shame,
Say, "Where's the God you've served so long?"

3 The God we serve, maintains His throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies:
Through all the earth His will is done;
He knows our groans, He hears our cries.

4 But the vain idols they adore,
  Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
At best a mass of glittering ore,
  A silver saint, or golden god.

5 With eyes and ears they carve the head;
  Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind:
To them in vain are offerings made,
  And vows are scattered in the wind.

6 Their feet were never made to move,
  Nor hands to save when mortals pray:
Mortals, that pay them fear or love,
  Seem to be blind and deaf as they.

7 O Israel! make the Lord thy hope,
  Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
  And bless the people and the priest.

8 The dead no more can speak Thy praise;
  They dwell in silence and the grave;
But we shall live to sing Thy grace,
  And tell the world Thy power to save.

116—Part I. C. M. Watts.

RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

1 I LOVE the Lord; He heard my cries
  And pitied every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
  I'll hasten to His throne.

2 I love the Lord, He bowed His ear,
  And chased my griefs away:
Oh! let my heart no more despair,
  While I have breath to pray.

3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead;
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
Perplexed my wakeful head.

4 "My God," I cried, "Thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave,
Thy power is all my trust."

5 The Lord beheld me sore distressed,
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known His love.

6 My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears:
Now to His praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

116—Part II. C. M. Watts.

PERSONAL CONSECRATION.

1 WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all His kindness shown?
My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy Throne.

2 Among the saints that fill Thine house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows,
My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy Thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear Thy servants in Thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all Thy servants are!
How great Thy grace to me!
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.

5 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with Thy love.

6 Here in Thy courts I leave my vow,
And Thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

117 L. M. WATTS.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

118—PART I. C. M. WATTS.

SECURITY OF THE SAINTS.

1 THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid;
Whate'er the sons of earth may do,
Since heaven affords its aid.

2 'Tis safer Lord, to hope in Thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

3 'T is through the Lord my heart is strong,
In Him my lips rejoice;
While His salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice!

4 Like angry bees, they girt me round;
When God appears, they fly:
So burning thorns, with crackling sound,
Make a fierce blaze, and die.

5 Joy to the saints, and peace belongs;
The Lord protects their days:
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To His almighty grace.

118—Part II. C. M. Watts.

PRAISE FOR RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

1 LORD, Thou hast heard Thy servant cry,
And rescued from the grave;
Now shall he live: for none can die,
If God resolve to save.

2 Thy praise more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand that hath chastised him sore,
Defends him still from death.

3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there;
The house where all the righteous go,
Thy mercy to declare.

4 Among th' assemblies of Thy saints
Our thankful voice we raise;
There we have told Thee our complaints,
And there we speak Thy praise.

118—Part III. C. M. Watts.

CHRIST THE FOUNDATION OF HIS CHURCH.

1 BEHOLD the sure foundation Stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And His eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
How glorious is Thy name!
Saints trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain:
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood;
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis Thy own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

118—Part IV. C. M. Watts.

AN HOSANNA FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day He rose, and left the dead;
And Satan's empire fell:
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

4 Blessed be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God, His Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens in which He reigns,
Shall give Him nobler praise.

118—PART V. S. M. WATTS.

CHRIST THE LIVING STONE.

1 SEE what a living Stone
The builders did refuse!
Yet God hath built His church thereon,
In spite of envious Jews.

2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject Thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner stone.

3 The work, O Lord, is Thine,
And wondrous in our eyes:
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

4 This is the glorious day,
That our Redeemer made:
Let us rejoice, and sing and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood;
Bless Him, ye saints; He comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

6 We bless Thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on Thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

119—Part I. C. M. Watts.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF SAINTS AND MISERY OF SINNERS.

1 BLESSED are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from Thy law depart,
But fly from every sin.

2 Blessed are the men that keep Thy word,
And practice Thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve Him with their hands.

3 Great is their peace who love Thy law,
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame;
When all Thy statutes I obey
And honour all Thy name.

5 But haughty sinners God will hate;
The proud shall die accursed:
The sons of falsehood and deceit
Are trodden to the dust.

6 Vile as the dross the wicked are;
And those that leave Thy ways
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste Thy grace.

119—Part II. C. M. Watts.

HABITUAL DEVOTION.

1 TO Thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate Thy name by night,
And keep Thy law by day.

2 My spirit faints to see Thy grace,
Thy promise bears me up;
And, while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to Thee;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call Thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

119—Part III. C. M. Watts.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God:
Soon as I know Thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey Thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice:
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of Thy grace,
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If once I wander from Thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to Thy commands
And trust Thy pardoning grace.

5 Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
Oh! save Thy servant, Lord!
Thou art my shield, my hiding place,
My hope is in Thy word.

6 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine,
Thy statutes to fulfil:
And thus, till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform Thy will.

119—PART IV. C. M. WATTS.

SCRIPTURE THE BEST GUIDE.

1 HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it penetrates the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts of God.

3 'T is, like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 The men that keep Thy law with care,
And meditate Thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
  I hate the sinner's road:
I hate my own vain thoughts, that rise;
  But love Thy law, my God.

6 The starry heavens Thy rule obey,
  The earth maintains her place;
And these Thy servants, night and day,
  Thy skill and power express.

7 But still Thy law and gospel, Lord,
  Give lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than Thy word,
  Nor stars so nobly shine.

8 Thy word is everlasting truth;
  How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
  And well support our age.

119—Part V. C. M. Watts.

DELIGHT IN SCRIPTURE.

1 OH! how I love Thy holy law!
  'T is daily my delight:
And thence my meditations draw
  Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day,
  To meditate Thy word:
My soul with longing melts away,
  To hear Thy gospel, Lord

3 How doth Thy word my heart engage!
  How well employ my tongue!
And, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
  Yield me a heavenly song!

4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'T is my perpetual feast;
Not honey, dropping from the comb,
So much allures the taste.

5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall Thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope;
And there I write Thy praise.

119—Part VI. C. M. Watts.

HOLINESS AND COMFORT FROM THE WORD.

1 LORD, I esteem Thy judgments right,
And all Thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With every flattering lust.

2 Thy precepts often I survey;
I keep Thy laws in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
"How sweet Thy comforts be!"
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to Thee.

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of Thine;
Not mighty men, that share the spoil,
Have joys compared to mine.

119—Part VII. C. M. Watts.

THE PERFECTION OF SCRIPTURE.

1 LET all the heathen writers join,
To form one perfect book;
Great God! if once compared with Thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave,
Could show one sin forgiven;
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But Thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below:
How short the powers of nature fall!
And can no further go.

4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But Thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to every thought.

5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.

6 Our faith and love, and every grace,
Fall far below Thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

119—Part VIII. C. M. Watts.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SCRIPTURE.

1 LORD, I have made Thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of Thy love,
And keep Thy laws in sight;
While through Thy promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blessed;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

119—Part IX. C. M. Watts.

SEEKING DIVINE INSTRUCTION.

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good Thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read Thy word,
And see Thy wonders there.

2 My heart was fashioned by Thy hand,
My service is Thy due:
Oh! make Thy servant understand
The duties he must do!

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not Thy path be hid;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

4 When I confessed my wandering ways,
Thou heard'st my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of Thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

5 If God to me His statutes show,
And heavenly truth impart;
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn Thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

7 In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget Thy law,
Nor let that blessed gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.

8 When I have learned my Father's will,
I'll teach the world His ways;
My thankful lips, inspired with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce His praise.

119—Part X. C. M. Watts.

PLEADING THE PROMISES.

1 BEHOLD Thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to Thy fear;
Remember and confirm Thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

2 Hast Thou not sent salvation down,
And promised quickening grace?
Doth not my heart address Thy throne?
And yet Thy love delays.

3 Mine eyes for Thy salvation fail;
Oh! bear Thy servant up!
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Which dare reproach my hope.

4 Did'st Thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let Thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

119—Part XI. C. M. Watts.

BREATHING AFTER HOLINESS.

1 OH! that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still!
Oh! that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!

2 Oh! send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise,
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere:
Let sin have no dominion, Lord;
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot Thy way,
Restore Thy wandering sheep.

6 Make me to walk in Thy commands,
'T is a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

119—Part XII. C. M. Watts.

SEEKING DELIVERANCE.

1 MY God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause:
Though I have sinned against Thy grace,
I can't forget Thy laws.

2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,
Which I so justly fear:
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

3 Be Thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make Thy waiting servant see
The shinings of Thy face.

4 Mine eyes with expectation fail;
My heart within me cries,
"When will the Lord His truth fulfil,
And make my comforts rise?"

5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show Thy grace the same;
As Thou art ever wont t' afford
To those that love Thy name.

119—Part XIII. C. M. Watts.

HOLY FEAR AND TENDERNESS OF CONSCIENCE.

1 With my whole heart I've sought Thy face:
Then let me never stray
From Thy commands, O God of grace;
Nor tread the sinner's way.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress Thy word.

4 While sinners do Thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe:
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves Thy righteous law.

5 My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threatenings of Thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For Thy salvation still;
While Thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey Thy will.

119—Part XIV. C. M. Watts.

BENEFIT OF AFFLICTIONS.

1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And Thy deliverance send:
My soul for Thy salvation faints;
When will my troubles end?

2 Yet I have found it good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn Thy law,
And live upon my God.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy,
When new distress begins;
I read Thy word, I run Thy ways,
And hate my former sins.

4 Had not Thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys had fled,
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

5 I know Thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe:
The sharpest sufferings, I endure,
Flow from Thy faithful care.

6 Before I knew Thy chastening rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep Thy word,
Nor wander from Thy way.

119—Part XV. C. M. Watts.

CHRISTIAN PERSEVERANCE.

1 OH! that Thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

2 To meditate Thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget Thy word;
Thy word is all my joy.

3 How would I run in Thy commands,
Should'st Thou my heart discharge
From sin, and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and Thy name;
I'll speak Thy word, though kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

5 Let bands of persecutors rise,
To rob me of my right;
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill:
I love my God, I love His ways,
And must obey His will.

119—Part XVI. C. M. Watts.

PRAYER FOR QUICKENING GRACE.

1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine:
From vain desires and every lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of Thy grace
To speed me in Thy way;
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need Thy quickening powers;
Thy word, that I have rested on,
Shall cheer my heaviest hours.

4 Are not Thy mercies sovereign still,
And Thou a faithful God?
Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

5 Does not my heart Thy precepts love,
And long to see Thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enlivening grace!

6 Then shall I love Thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget Thy word;
When I have felt its quickening power,
To draw me near the Lord.

119—Part XVII. L. M. Watts.

CONSTANCY UNDER TRIALS.

1 WHEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
All my support is from Thy word:
My soul dissolves with heaviness;
Uphold me with Thy strengthening grace.

2 The proud have framed their scoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes;
And tempt my soul to snares and sin;
Yet Thy commands I ne'er decline.

3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love Thy laws;
But I will trust and fear Thy name,
Till pride and malice die with shame.

119—Part XVIII. L. M. Watts.

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTIONS.

1 FATHER, I bless Thy gentle hand;
How kind was Thy chastising rod,
That forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God!

2 Foolish and vain I went astray,
Ere I had felt Thy scourges, Lord;
I left my guide, and lost my way;
But now I love and keep Thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell:
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn His statutes well.

4 The law that issues from Thy mouth,
Shall raise my cheerful passions more,
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit formed my soul within:
Teach me to know Thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord,
At my salvation shall rejoice:
For I have hopéd in Thy word,
And made Thy grace my only choice.

119—Part XIX. L. M.

PERSEVERANCE IN PRAYER.

1 KEEP me from fainting in my prayers,
When to Thy footstool, Lord, I come;
My soul with God would leave her cares,
And hope for mercy from the Throne.

2 Kindle a flame of love and zeal,
While wrestling for the grace I need;
Bring me by faith within the vail,
And help me ardently to plead.

3 Known to the Lord are all my sighs;
I will not yield to unbelief;
But persevere with fervent cries,
Until He hear and grant relief.

119—Part XX. C. M.

PLEADING THE PROMISES.

1 REMEMBER all my sorrows, Lord,
And do as Thou hast said;
Send help according to Thy word,
And give the promised aid.

2 Repeated mercies in a train
Demand my gratitude;
And these my faith and hope sustain,
That more will be bestowed.

3 Renew Thy work of grace, then, Lord,
Nor let my soul complain,
That, while I rest upon Thy word,
My hopes are still in vain.

119—Part XXI. L. M.

CHRISTIAN SINCERITY.

1 SEARCHER and Saviour of my soul,
My Sun, my Shield, my sovereign Judge,
All things are naked to Thy view,
My heart, my thoughts, my words, my ways.

2 Sinners of state with power arrayed,
Who fear not God, nor man regard,
Have persecuted without cause;
But all their hatred I defy.

3 Still to Thy word my soul repairs;
Thence I my highest comforts draw:
Though foes may fight and devils rage,
If God be for me, all is well.

4 Sustain me then with promised grace,
Revive my heart, increase my faith:
I hate to lie, I love the truth;
Oh! make me be what I profess.

5 Seven times a day my prayers ascend
With mingled praises to the Throne:
'T is good to seek my Father's face,
And plead in my Redeemer's name.

6 Strong peace have they, who love Thy law;
Firm on a rock their hopes are built;
Their faith looks up to nobler scenes,
And nothing can detain them here.

7 Seal to my soul Thy pardoning love,
Let strength be equal to my day;
Then will I run with great delight,
And eager press, to seize the prize.

8 Supremely wise, and good, and great;
Oh! search my heart, and try my ways;
Thy word I love, Thy judgments fear,
And tremble, while I pray and praise.

119—PART XXII. C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

1 THE least, the feeblest of the sheep,
To Christ, the Father gave;
He loves the flock, the charge He 'll keep;
His arm is strong to save.

2 They 're prone to wander out of sight,
And apt to run astray;
And when once lost, unable quite,
To find again the way.

3 That hand, which heaven and earth upholds,
Can keep them free from harms;
The Shepherd brings them to their folds,
And bears them in His arms.

4 To Thee my Shepherd and my Rock,
A grateful song I 'll raise;
Oh! let the meanest of the flock
Attempt to speak Thy praise.

5 Thou art my guard; my all I owe
To Thine amazing love:
My standing in Thy fold below,
And hopes of bliss above.

6 Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
Dispensed in various ways,
Confirm Thy faithfulness and care,
And claim adoring praise.

7 Then, guided, Shepherd, by Thy love,
My feet shall keep Thy way;
Soon shall I reach Thy fold above,
And go no more astray.

120 C. M. WATTS.

COMPLAINT AGAINST STRIFE, AND DESIRE FOR PEACE.

1 THOU God of love, Thou ever blessed,
Pity my suffering state:
When wilt Thou set my soul at rest,
From lips that love deceit?

2 Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife;
Whose never ceasing brawlings waste
My golden hours of life.

3 Oh! might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide, lonesome, wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!

4 Peace is the blessing that I seek:
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.

5 New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong:
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!

6 Should burning arrows smite thee through,
Strict justice would approve;
But I would rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

121—Part I. C. M. Tate and Brady.

DIVINE PROTECTION.

1 TO Zion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Zion's hill, and Zion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.

2 Thou, then, my soul, in safety rest;
Thy guardian will not sleep:
His watchful care, that Israel guards,
Will thee in safety keep.

3 Sheltered beneath th' Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.

121—PART II. H. M. WATTS.

GOD OUR PRESERVER.

1 UPWARD I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the power, | His grace is nigh
To which I fly; | In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
Nor fall in fatal snares;
Since God, my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes, | Shall Israel keep,
That never sleep, | When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun, | To guard my head
And Thou my shade, | By night, or noon.

4 Hast Thou not given Thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord,
To keep my mortal breath.
I'll go and come, | Till from on high
Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.

122 C. M. WATTS.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friend, devoutly say:
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road:
The church adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show His milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds His throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while His awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blessed.

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains:
There my best friends, my kindred dwell;
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

123 C. M. WATTS.

PLEADING WITH SUBMISSION.

1 O Thou whose grace and justice reign
Enthroned above the skies;
To Thee our hearts would tell their pain,
To Thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their master's hand,
And fear the angry stroke;
Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look:

3 So for our sins we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
Till Thou remove Thy rod.

4 Those, that in wealth and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride;
And Thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In Thy compassion lies:
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

124 L. M. WATTS.

THANKSGIVING FOR DELIVERANCE.

1 HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Had not the Lord maintained our side,
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide,

2 The swelling tide had stopped our breath,
So fiercely did the waters roll;
We had been swallowed deep in death:
Proud waters had o'erwhelmed our soul.

3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escaped the fatal stroke;
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare:
Who saved us from the murdering sword,
And made our lives and souls His care.

5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who formed the earth, and built the skies;
He, that upholds that wondrous frame,
Guards His own church with watchful eyes.

125 S. M. WATTS.

THE TRIALS AND SAFETY OF BELIEVERS.

1 FIRM and unmoved are they
That rest their souls on God:
Fixed as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground,
So God and His almighty love
Embrace His saints around.

3 What, though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with those,
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope and love, and every grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint:
The God of Israel will support
His children, lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must receive our portion there,
Where bolder sinners dwell.

126—Part I. L. M. Watts.

PRAISE FOR UNEXPECTED MERCIES.

1 WHEN God restored our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme;
A grace beyond our hopes so great,
The joy appeared but fancy's dream.

2 The scoffer owns Thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to Thy name;
While we with pleasure shout Thy praise,
With cheerful notes Thy love proclaim.

3 When we review our dismal fears,
'T was hard to think they 'd vanish so;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

126—Part II. C. M. Watts.

THE JOY OF CONVERSION.

1 WHEN God revealed His gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did Thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cried,
And owned the power divine;
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory Thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come:
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

6 Though seed lie buried long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope:
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

127 L. M. WATTS.

PROSPERITY FROM GOD.

1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city do not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What, though you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done;
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread!

3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blessed;
He can make rich, yet give us rest:
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God, our sovereign, make them so.

4 Happy the man to whom He sends
Obedient children, faithful friends!
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are seasoned with His love!

128 C. M. WATTS.

A CHRISTIAN BLESSED IN HIS FAMILY.

1 O HAPPY man, whose soul is filled
With faith and reverend awe;
Whose lips to God their honours yield,
Whose life adorns the law.

2 A careful Providence shall stand,
And ever guard thy head;
And on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.

3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children round thy board,
Each, like a plant of honour, shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil,
For months and years to come;
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send the blessings home.

5 This is the man, whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase;
Shall see the sinking church arise,
And leave the world in peace.

129 C. M. WATTS.

PERSECUTORS PUNISHED.

1 UP from my youth, may Israel say,
Have I been nursed in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.

2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assailed my riper age,
But not destroyed my life.

3 Their cruel plough had torn my flesh
With furrows long and deep;
Hourly they vexed my wounds afresh,
Nor let my sorrows sleep.

4 How was their insolence surprised,
To hear His thunders roll!
And all the foes of Zion seized
With horror to the soul.

5 Thus shall the men that hate the saints,
Be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.

6 What, though they flourish tall and fair!
They have no root beneath;
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despised in death.

7 So corn, that on the house top stands,
No hope of harvest gives;
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves:

8 It springs and withers on the place:
No traveller bestows
A word of blessing on the grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.

130 C. M. WATTS.

PARDONING GRACE.

1 OUT of the depths of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek Thy grace,
My groans to move Thine ear.

2 Great God! should Thy severer eye,
And Thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with my God,
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with His blood,
To draw us near to Thee.

4 I wait for Thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by Thy word,
Stands watching at Thy gate.

5 Just as the guards, that keep the night,
Long for the morning skies;
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes;

6 So waits my soul to see Thy grace,
And, more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of Thy face,
And finds a brighter day.

7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust;
Let Israel seek His face:
The Lord is good, as well as just,
And plenteous in His grace.

8 There's full redemption at His throne
For sinners long enslaved:
The great Redeemer is His Son;
And Israel shall be saved.

131 C. M. WATTS.

HUMILITY AND SUBMISSION.

1 IS there ambition in my heart!
Search gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to Thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with Thy will,
And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

132—PART I. L. M. WATTS.

THE CHURCH, THE DWELLING PLACE OF GOD.

1 WHERE shall we go, to seek and find
A habitation for our God;
A dwelling for th' eternal Mind,
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for His ancient rest;
And Zion is His dwelling still;
His church is with His presence blessed.

3 Here will I fix My gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord;
Here shall My power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend My word.

4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners that wait before My door,
With sweet provision shall be fed.

5 Girded with truth, and clothed with grace,
My priests, My ministers shall shine;
Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
Made an appearance so divine.

6 The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joy, shall shout and sing:
The Son of David here shall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.

7 Jesus shall see a numerous seed
Born here, t' uphold His glorious name;
His crown shall flourish on His head,
While all His foes are clothed with shame.

132—Part II. C. M. Watts.

PRIVILEGES OF THE CHURCH.

1 ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest:
Lo! Thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blessed.

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy word:
All, that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.

3 Clothe all Thy ministers with grace,
Let truth their tongues employ;
That in the Saviour's righteousness
Thy saints may shout for joy.

4 Here, mighty God! accept our vows,
Here let Thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of Thy house,
And fill Thy poor with bread.

5 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine;
Justice and truth His court maintain,
With love and power divine.

132—Part III. C. M. Watts: Tate.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

1 THE Lord in Zion placed His throne,
His ark was settled there:
To Zion the whole nation came,
To worship thrice a year.

2 But we have no such lengths to walk,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er Thy saints assemble now,
There is a house for God.

3 Blessed Zion still, in God's esteem,
All other seats excels:
Wherever He records His name,
'T is Zion; there He dwells.

4 "Her store," says He, "I will increase;
Her poor with plenty bless;
Her saints shall shout for joy; her priests
My saving health confess.

5 There David's power shall long remain
In his established line;
There David's Son and Lord shall reign,
And with fresh lustre shine.

6 The faces of His vanquished foes
Confusion shall o'erspread;
Whilst, with confirmed success, His crown
Shall flourish on His head."

133—Part I. C. M. Watts.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

1 LO! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree;
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bonds of piety.

2 When streams of love from Christ, the spring,
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole:

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,
On Aaron's revered head;
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill;
Where God His mildest glory shows,
And makes His grace distil.

133—Part II. S. M. Watts.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

1 BLESSED are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.

2 Blessed is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet:
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blessed above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

134 C. M. Watts.

DAILY AND NIGHTLY DEVOTION.

1 YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend His holy place;
Bow to the glories of His power.
And bless His wondrous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,
And raise your souls on high;
Send your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts,
With rays of quickening grace;
The God that spread the heavens abroad
And rules the swelling seas.

135—Part I. L. M. Watts.

THE CHURCH IS GOD'S HOUSE AND CARE.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt His name,
While in His earthly courts ye wait,
Ye saints that to His house belong,
Or stand attending at His gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good;
To praise His name is sweet employ:
Israel He chose of old, and still
His church is His peculiar joy.

3 The Lord Himself will judge His saints;
He treats His servants as His frieinds:
And when He hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that He sends.

4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
He gives His suffering servants rest,
And will be known th' almighty God.

5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste His love;
People and priests exalt His name:
Among His saints He ever dwells;
His church is His Jerusalem.

135—Part II. L. M. Watts.

GRANDEUR OF GOD.

1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high,
Above all powers and every throne;
Whate'er He pleased in earth or sea,
Or heaven or hell, His hand hath done.

2 At His command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar;
He pours the rain; He brings the wind,
And tempest from His airy store.

3 'Twas He those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, through thy stubborn land!
When all thy first born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by His avenging hand.

4 What mighty nations, mighty kings
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel, whom His hand redeemed,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave.

5 His power the same, the same His grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell:
And heaven He gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate angels fell.

135—Part III. C. M. Watts.

PRAISE DUE TO GOD ALONE.

1 AWAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord! and works unknown
Are His divine employ;
But still His saints are near His throne,
His treasure and His joy.

3 Heaven, earth and sea confess His hand;
He bids the vapours rise:
Lightning and storms, at His command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.

4 All power, that gods or kings have claimed,
Is found with Him alone;
But heathen gods should ne'er be named
Where our Jehovah's known.

5 O Zion, trust the living God,
Serve Him with faith and fear;
He makes thy courts His blessed abode,
And claims His honours there.

136—Part I. H. M. Watts.

THE WONDERS OF CREATION, PROVIDENCE AND GRACE.

1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord;
The sovereign King of kings;
And be His grace adored.
His power and grace | And let His name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is His hand!
What wonders hath He done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides Thy word.

3 His wisdom framed the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
His power and grace | And let His name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

4 He smote the first born sons,
The flower of Egypt, dead;
And thence His chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides Thy word.

5 His power and lifted rod
Cleft the Red Sea in two;
And for His people made
A wondrous passage through.
His power and grace | And let His name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

6 But cruel Pharaoh there,
With all his host He drowned,
And brought His Israel safe
Through a long desert ground.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides Thy word.

7 The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath His dreadful hand;
While His own servants took
Possession of their land.
His power and grace | And let His name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

8 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin;
And pitied the sad state
The ruined world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides Thy word.

9 He sent His only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace | And let His name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

10 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God, the heavenly king;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides Thy word.

136—Part II. L. M. Watts.

THANKS FOR CREATION AND REDEMPTION.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all His ways:
Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown.

2 He built the earth, He spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night.

3 The Jews He freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promised land:
He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
And felt His pity work within.

4 He sent His Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song.

5 Through this vain world He guides our feet,
And leads us to His heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

137—Part I. L. M. Dwight.

ISRAEL IN CAPTIVITY.

1 BY Babel's stream the captives sate,
And wept for Zion's hapless fate:
Useless, their harps on willows hung,
While foes required a sacred song.

2 With taunting voice, and scornful eye,
"Sing us a song of heaven," they cry:
"While foes deride our God and King,
How can we tune our harps or sing?

3 If Zion's woes our hearts forget
Or cease to mourn for Israel's fate,
Let useful skill our hands forsake;
Our hearts with hopeless sorrow break.

4 Thou, ruined Salem, to our eyes,
Each day, in sad remembrance, rise!
Should we e'er cease to feel thy wrongs,
Lost be our joys, and mute our tongues!

5 Remember, Lord, proud Edom's sons,
Who cried, exulting at our groans,
While Salem trembled at her base,
"Rase them: her deep foundations rase."

6 While thus they sung, the mourners viewed
Their foes by Cyrus' arm subdued,
And saw his glory rise, who spread
Their streets and fields with hosts of dead.

7 Pleased, they foresaw the blessed decree,
That set their tribes from bondage free,
Renewed the temple, and restored
The sacred worship of the Lord.

137—Part II. L. M. Dwight.

CHURCH IN DISTRESS, SEEKING GOD.

1 LORD, in these dark and dismal days,
We mourn the hidings of Thy face;
Proud enemies our path surround,
To level Zion with the ground.

2 Her sons, her worship, they deride,
And hiss Thy word with tongues of pride;
And cry, t' insult our humble prayer,
"Where is your God, ye Christians, where?"

3 Errors, and sins, and follies grow;
Thy saints bow down in deepest woe:
Their love decays, their zeal is o'er;
And thousands walk with Christ no more.

4 To happier days our bosoms turn;
Those days but teach us how to mourn:
The God, who bade His mercy flow,
In wrath withdraws His blessing now.

5 The blessing from Thy truth's withdrawn;
Its quickening, saving influence gone:
Unwarned, unwakened, sinners hear,
Nor see their awful danger near.

6 In dews unseen, or scanty showers,
Thy Spirit sheds His healing powers:
The thirsty ground is parched beneath,
And all is barrenness and death.

7 Yet still Thy name be ever blessed,
On Thee our hope shall safely rest:
Zion her Saviour soon shall see,
Arrayed to set His Israel free.

8 Jesus, with vengeance armed, shall come
To crush His foes, and seal their doom;
The mystic Babel whelm in dust,
Her pomp, her idols, power and trust.

9 Then shall Thy saints exult, and sing
The matchless glories of their King;
Nations before His altar bend,
And peace from realm to realm extend.

137—Part III. S. M. Dwight.

LOVE FOR THE CHURCH.

1 I LOVE Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of Thine abode;
The church our blessed Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless Thy sons,
My voice or hands deny,
These hands less useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

7 Jesus, Thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

8 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

138 L. M. WATTS.

RESTORING AND PRESERVING GRACE.

1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song:
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 Angels, that make Thy church their care,
Shall witness my devotion there;
While holy zeal directs mine eyes
To Thy fair temple in the skies.

3 I'll sing Thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of Thy word:
Not all Thy works and names below,
So much Thy power and glory show.

4 To God I cried when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

5 The God of heaven maintains His state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great;
But from His throne descends, to see
The sons of humble poverty.

6 Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand:
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins:
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

139—Part I. L. M. Tate: Watts.

THE ALL SEEING GOD.

1 THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down:
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways;
Thou knowest what 't is my lips would vent;
My yet unuttered words' intent.

3 Within Thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find Thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Oh! could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting Thee,
Where, Lord, could I Thy influence shun?
Or whither from Thy presence run?

5 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'T is there Thou dwellest enthroned in light:
If down to hell's infernal plains,
'T is there almighty vengeance reigns.

6 If I the morning wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest Thy fugitive.

7 Or should I try to shun Thy sight
Beneath the sable wings of night;
One glance from Thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

8 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from Thy all searching eyes;
Through midnight shades thou find'st Thy way,
As in the blazing noon of day.

9 Oh! may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin; for God is there.

139—Part II. C. M. Watts.

THE WISDOM OF GOD IN THE FORMATION OF MAN.

1 WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey;
Lord, 't is Thy work; I own, Thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and reins possessed,
Where unborn nature grew:
Thy wisdom all my features traced,
And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye with nicest care surveyed
The growth of every part;
Till the whole scheme, Thy thoughts had laid,
Was copied by Thine art.

4 Heaven, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
Show me Thy wondrous skill;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.

5 Thine awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims Thy praise;
Lord, to Thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

139—Part III. C. M. Watts.

THE MERCIES OF GOD.

1 LORD, when I count Thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of Thy skill;
And hourly blessings from Thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
Oh! may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with Thee.

139—Part IV. L. M. Watts.

THE SEARCHER OF HEARTS INVOKED!

1 MY God, what inward grief I feel,
When impious men transgress Thy will;
I mourn to hear their lips profane,
Take Thy tremendous name in vain.

2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose Thy laws and Thee,
I count them enemies to me.

3 Lord, search my soul, try every thought,
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of Thine eyes.

4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
Oh! turn my feet whene'er I stray!
And lead me in Thy perfect way.

140 S. M. Dwight.

A COMPLAINT AGAINST PERSONAL ENEMIES.

1 MY God, while impious men,
With malice in their heart,
My peace destroy, my life defame,
Thy guardian grace impart.

2 With poison in their lips,
And with a serpent's tongue,
They sting my fainting soul to death,
And make my name their song.

3 Ceaseless they lie in wait
My footsteps to betray;
They hide their snare, they set their gin,
Beside my peaceful way.

4 Oh! hear my humble cry!
Their fondest hope destroy;
Their arts confound, their plots disclose,
And blast their envious joy.

5 On their own heads shall fall
The mischiefs they devise;
Thy hand shall take them in their net,
Their slanders, and their lies.

6 As coals the wood consume,
As pits receive their slain;
So shall the men of malice sink,
And never rise again.

7 The Lord, who hates the proud,
Shall scorch the slanderous tongue;
Shall hunt the wicked from the earth,
And well requite their wrong,

8 Thou wilt sustain the poor,
And bid th' afflicted sing;
Before Thee, shall Thy children dwell,
Their Father, and their King.

141 L. M. WATTS.

WATCHFULNESS AND BROTHERLY LOVE.

1 MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in Thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path, where sinners lead.

3 Oh! may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

142 C. M. WATTS.

GOD THE HOPE OF THE HELPLESS.

1 TO God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief;
In long complaints before His throne
I poured out all my grief.

2 My soul was overwhelmed with woes,
My heart began to break:
My God, who all my burdens knows,
Knows every way I take.

3 On every side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone;
While friends and strangers passed me by,
Neglected or unknown.

4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
And called Thy mercy near;
Thou art my portion when I die:
Be Thou my refuge here.

5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low;
Now let Thine ear attend,
And make my foes, who vex me, know,
I've an almighty Friend.

6 From my sad prison set me free;
Then shall I praise Thy name:
And holy men shall join with me,
Thy kindness to proclaim.

143 L. M. WATTS.

MOURNING UNDER AFFLICTIONS.

1 MY righteous Judge, my gracious God!
Hear, when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from Thy throne:
Oh! make Thy truth and mercy known!

2 Let judgment not against me pass;
Behold Thy servant pleads Thy grace:
Should justice call us to Thy bar,
No living man is guiltless there.

3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me!
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.

4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within;
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of Thy grace.

5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst, like parched lands, for rain.

6 For Thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will Thy smiling face return!
Shall all my joys on earth remove?
And God for ever hide His love?

7 My God, Thy long delay to save,
Will sink Thy prisoner to the grave;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help before I die.

8 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears:
Oh! might I hear Thy morning voice,
How would my wearied powers rejoice!

9 In Thee I trust, to Thee I sing,
And raise my grieved soul on high;
For Thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.

10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
Which is the path, my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

11 Teach me to do Thy holy will,
And lead me to Thy heavenly hill;
Let the good Spirit of Thy love
Conduct me to Thy courts above.

12 Then shall my soul no more complain;
The tempter then shall rage in vain:
And flesh, that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

144—Part I. C. M. Watts.

VICTORY IN THE SPIRITUAL WARFARE.

1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends His Spirit with His word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul His care;
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine,
Does my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine;
And His shall be the praise.

144—Part II. C. M. Watts.

THE VANITY OF MAN.

1 LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first!
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hastening to the dust.

2 Oh! what is feeble dying man,
Or any of his race,
That God should make it His concern
To visit him with grace!

3 That God, who darts His lightning down,
Who shakes the worlds above;
While mountains tremble at His frown:
How wondrous is His love!

144—Part III. L. M. Watts.

THE HAPPY NATION.

1 HAPPY the city, where their sons
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters, bright as polished stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.

2 Happy the country, where the sheep,
Cattle, and corn, have large increase;
Where men securely work, or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break their peace.

3 Happy the nation thus endowed:
But more divinely blessed are those,
On whom the all sufficient God,
Himself with all His grace bestows.

145—Part I. L. M. Watts.

THE GREATNESS OF GOD.

1 MY God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for Thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I 'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, Thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the subborn foe.

4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak Thy majesty divine:
Let Zion in her courts proclaim
The sound and honour of Thy name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of Thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

6 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways;
Vast and immortal be Thy praise.

145—Part II. C. M. Watts.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

1 SWEET is the memory of Thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King:
Let age to age Thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth His bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes Thy creatures wait
On Thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are Thy compassions, Lord!
How slow Thine anger moves!
But soon He sends His pardoning word
To cheer the souls He loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints that taste Thy richer grace,
Delight to bless Thy name.

145—Part III. C. M. Watts.

THE MERCY OF GOD.

1 LET every tongue Thy mercy speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distressed
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou givest the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our sinking days,
And guides our giddy youth:
Holy and just are all His ways,
And all His words are truth.

4 He knows the pain His servants feel;
He hears His children cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

6 His stubborn foes, His sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain;
But none, that serve the Lord, shall say,
"They sought His aid in vain."

7 My lips shall dwell upon His praise,
And spread His fame abroad:
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.

146—Part I. L. M. Watts.

PRAISE FOR DIVINE GOODNESS AND TRUTH.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine;
Now while the flesh is my abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

3 Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Their breath departs, their pomp, and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.

4 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train
And none shall find His promise vain.

5 His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, He feeds the poor;
He sends the labouring conscience peace,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

7 He loves His saints, He knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise Him in everlasting strains.

146—Part II. L. P. M. Watts.

GOODNESS AND FAITHFULNESS OF GOD.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust!
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
Their breath departs, their pomp, and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour;
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; He made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, He feeds the poor;
And none shall find His promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow, and the fatherless;
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

5 He loves His saints, He knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell:
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise Him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

147—Part I. L. M. Watts.

PROVIDENCE AND GRACE.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: 't is good to raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise:
His nature and His works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to His name:
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom 's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Great is our Lord, and great His might,
And all His glories infinite;
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

5 The saints are lovely in His sight:
On them He looks with great delight:
He sees their hope, He knows their fear,
And views and loves His image there.

147—Part II. L. M. Watts.

SUMMER AND WINTER.

1 LET Zion praise the mighty God,
And make His honours known abroad;
For sweet the joy our songs to raise,
And glorious is the work of praise.

2 Our children live secure and blessed;
Our shores have peace, our cities rest;
He feeds our sons with finest wheat,
And adds His blessings to their meat.

3 The changing seasons He ordains,
The early and the latter rains;
His flakes of snow, like wool, He sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.

4 With hoary frost He strews the ground;
His hail descends with dreadful sound;
His icy bands the rivers hold,
And terror arms His wintry cold.

5 He bids the warmer breezes blow;
The ice dissolves, the waters flow;
But He hath nobler works and ways
To call His children to His praise.

6 Through all our coasts His laws are shown,
His gospel through the nation known:
He hath not thus revealed His word
To every land: Praise ye the Lord.

147—Part III. C. M. Watts.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

1 WITH songs and honours sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Around the heavens He spreads His cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends His showers of blessing down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the raven's cry;
But man, who tastes His finest wheat,
Should raise His honours high.

4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

5 His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6 When from His dreadful stores on high
He pours the rattling hail,
The wretch that dares His God defy,
Shall find his courage fail.

7 He sends His word, and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the southern gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word:
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

148—Part I. H. M. Watts.

PRAISE TO GOD FROM ALL CREATURES.

1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven and earth and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.

Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In worlds of light,
Begin the song.

2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rulest the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His power declare, | And clouds, that fly
Ye floods on high, | In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By His supreme command.
He spake the word, | From nothing came,
And all their frame | To praise the Lord.

4 He moved the mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each His word fulfils,
While time and nature last.
In different ways | His wondrous name,
His works proclaim | And speak His praise.

5 Let all the earth born race,
And monsters of the deep;
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep;
From sea and shore | And still display
Their tribute pay, | Their Maker's power.

6 Ye vapours, hail and snow,
Praise ye th' almighty Lord;
And stormy winds that blow,
To execute His word.
When lightnings shine, | Let earth adore
Or thunders roar, | His hand divine.

7 Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear;
Beasts wild and tame, | In various forms,
Birds, flies, and worms, | Exalt His name.

8 Ye kings, and judges, fear
The Lord, the sovereign King;
And, while you rule us here,
His heavenly honours sing:
Nor let the dream | Make you forget
Of power and state | His power supreme.

9 Virgins, and youth, engage
To sound His praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join:
Wide as He reigns, | By every tongue,
His name be sung | In endless strains.

10 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings His people near,
And makes them taste His love:
While earth and sky | His saints shall raise
Attempt His praise, | His honours high.

148—Part II. L. M. Watts.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

1 LOUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds, where creatures dwell;
Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 The Lord, how absolute He reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee;
Sing of His love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce His terrors be.

3 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
When nature all around you sings?
Oh! for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains and lofty kings!

4 Wide as His vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known;
Loud as His thunder shout His praise,
And sound it lofty as His throne.

5 Jehovah! 't is a glorious word!
Oh! may it dwell on every tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

140 C. M. WATTS.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE CHURCH.

1 ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amid the church with cheerful voice,
His later wonders show.

2 The Jews, the people of His grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn;
The meek, that lie despised in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints shall be joyful in their King,
Even on a dying bed;
And, like the souls in glory, sing:
For God shall raise the dead.

5 Then His high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hand shall wield the sword;
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.

6 When Christ the judgment seat ascends,
And bids the world appear;
Thrones are prepared for all His friends,
Who humbly loved Him here.

7 Then shall they rule, with iron rod,
Nations that dared rebel;
And join the sentence of their God,
On tyrants doomed to hell.

8 The royal sinner bound in chains,
New triumphs shall afford:
Such honour for the saints remains;
Praise ye, and love the Lord.

150—Part I. H. M. Dwight.

PRAISE ON EARTH AND IN HEAVEN.

1 IN Zion's sacred gates,
Let hymns of praise begin;
Where acts of faith and love
With ceaseless beauty shine:
In mercy there, | Before His throne,
While God is known, | With songs appear.

2 In heaven, His house on high,
Ye angels, lift your voice;
Let heavenly harps resound,
And happy saints rejoice:
The glories sing, | With pomp divine,
That ever shine, | Around your king.

3 His wondrous acts demand,
His wisdom and His grace,

The labours of our hands,
And transports of our praise:
Rehearse His name | Where'er His power
To every shore, | His works proclaim.

4 Let the trump's martial voice,
The timbrel's softer sound,
The organ's solemn peal,
United praise resound.
To swell the song | Let man employ
With highest joy, | His tuneful tongue.

150—Part II. L. M.

HALLELUJAH.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; all nature join
In work and worship so divine:
Let heaven and earth unite, and raise
High hallelujahs to His praise.

2 While realms of joy, and worlds around,
Their hallelujahs loud resound;
Let saints below, and saints above,
Exulting sing redeeming love.

3 As instruments well tuned and strung,
We'll praise the Lord with heart and tongue:
While life remains, we'll loud proclaim
High hallelujahs to His name.

4 Beyond the grave, in nobler strains,
When freed from sorrow, sin, and pains,
Eternally the church will raise
High hallelujahs to His praise.

5 Praise the Father, Hallelujah;
Praise ye the Son, Hallelujah;
Praise the Spirit, Hallelujah;
THESE THREE ARE ONE, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

HYMNS,

ADOPTED BY

THE GENERAL SYNOD,

AND,

BY THEIR AUTHORITY,

USED IN THE

REFORMED CHURCH IN AMERICA.

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HYMNS.

GENERAL PRAISE.

1 H. M. DODDRIDGE.

PRAISE.

1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
And lift thy hands on high;
Tell all the world thy joys,
And shout salvation nigh:
Cheerful in God, | While rays divine
Arise and shine, | Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all resplendent grace
He pours around thy head;
The nations round, | With lustre new,
Thy form shall view, | Divinely crowned.

3 In honour to His name,
Reflect that sacred light,
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue His praise, | In worlds above,
Till sovereign love, | Thy glory raise.

4 There, on His holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with His radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies:
While round His throne, | In nobler spheres,
Ten thousand stars | His influence own.

2 8s. and 6s. HASTINGS.

INCITEMENTS TO PRAISE.

1 GO, tune thy voice to sacred song;
Exert thy noblest powers;
Go, mingle with the choral throng,
The Saviour's praises to prolong.
Amid life's fleeting hours.

2 Oh! hast thou felt a Saviour's love,
That flame of heavenly birth?
Then let thy strains melodious prove,
With raptures soaring far above
The trifling toys of earth.

3 Hast found the pearl of price unknown,
That cost a Saviour's blood?
Heir of a bright celestial crown,
That sparkles near th' eternal throne,
Oh! sing the praise of God!

4 Sing of the Lamb that once was slain
That man might be forgiven;
Sing how He broke death's bars in twain,
Ascending high in bliss to reign,
The God of earth and heaven.

5 Begin on earth the notes of praise,
"Glory to God on high."
Sing through the remnant of thy days;
At death, the song of victory raise,
And soar beyond the sky.

3 C. P. M. OGILVIE.

CREATION CALLED TO PRAISE.

1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name:
Let heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Thou heaven of heavens, His vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God;
Ye thunders, speak His power;
Lo! on the lightning's fiery wing,
In triumph walks th' eternal King;
Th' astonished worlds adore.

3 Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies;
Praise Him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

4 Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing;
Ye feathered warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To Him who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipped your glittering wings with gold,
And tuned your voice to praise.

5 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
Let man, in God's own image made,
His breath in praise employ;
Spread wide his Maker's name around,
Till heaven shall echo back the sound
In songs of holy joy.

4 L. M. BLACKLOCK.

THE GLORY OF GOD.

1 COME, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But Oh! what tongue can speak His fame!
What mortal verse can reach the theme!

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He, glory like a garment, wears:
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around Him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of His name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, His glories sing;
And let His praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

5 C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

PERPETUAL PRAISE.

1 YES, I will bless Thee, O my God!
Through all my mortal days;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, Thy boundless praise.

2 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread Thy praise abroad.

3 Not death itself shall stop my song,
Though death will close my eyes;
My thoughts shall then to nobler heights,
And sweeter raptures rise.

4 There shall my lips in endless praise
Their grateful tribute pay;
The theme demands an angel's tongue
And an eternal day.

6 L. M. ADDISON.

CREATION PRAISING GOD.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What, though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball!
What, though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found!

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

7 8s., 7s. and 4s. KELLY.

DEVOUT WORSHIP.

1 IN Thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, Thy people, now draw near:
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let Thy servants hear,
Hear with meekness,
Hear Thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
Let us give them, Lord, to Thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
We would run, nor weary be,
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship, purer, sweeter,
All Thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Than they could conceive before;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, for evermore.

8 7s. HAMMOND.

A GENERAL BLESSING INVOKED.

1 LORD, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain!

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend,
In compassion, now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee, a God supremely kind:
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

9 7s. KELLY.

CHRIST'S PRESENCE INVOKED.

1 LORD, behold Thy people here
Come to learn what Thou wilt say;
Oh! in mercy now draw near;
Meet Thy people when they pray;
Thou art God, and Thou alone,
Lord, we worship at Thy throne.

2 Jesus, 't is on Thee we call,
Israel's Saviour, Israel's King;
Low before Thy feet we fall,
Thee, whom angels love, we sing;
Saviour, lead us in the way,
Only Thee would we obey.

3 Teach us what we do not know,
Lord, instruct us in Thy will;
What we learn, Oh! may we do!
To Thy voice obedient still;
Close to Thee may we abide,
Thee, our Saviour and our Guide.

10 C. P. M. KENT.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

1 "WHERE two or three together meet,
My love and mercy to repeat
And tell what I have done:
There will I be," saith God, "to bless,
And every burdened soul redress,
Who worships at My throne."

2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
Speak to each heart some cheering word,
To set the spirit free;
Impart a kind celestial shower,
And grant that we may spend an hour
In fellowship with Thee.

11 C. M. HOSKINS.

PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT.

1 IN Thy great name, O Lord, we come,
To worship at Thy feet;
Oh! pour Thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice:
Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek,
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,
And understand Thy word;
To feel Thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Here let Thy power and grace be felt,
Thy love and mercy known;
Our icy hearts, dear Jesus, melt,
And break this flinty stone.

5 Let sinners, Lord, Thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in Thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love
And to the Saviour flee.

6 This house with grace and glory fill,
This congregation bless;
Thy great salvation now reveal,
Thy glorious righteousness.

12 C. M. COTTERELL'S SEL.

CONFESSION, PRAYER, AND PRAISE.

1 LORD! when we bend before Thy throne,
And our CONFESSIONS pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our broken spirits pitying see,
True penitence impart:
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in PRAYER,
Oh! let our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly Thine.

4 Let faith each weak petition fill,
And lift it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
Which grants it, or denies.

5 When our united voices strive
Their cheerful hymns to raise,
Let love divine within us live,
And lift our souls in PRAISE.

13 C. M. PRATT'S COLL.

GOD'S PRESENCE SOUGHT.

1 AGAIN our earthly cares we leave,
And to Thy courts repair;
Again with joyful feet we come,
To meet our Saviour there.

2 Great Shepherd of Thy people, hear!
Thy presence now display;
We bow within Thy house of prayer;
Oh! give us hearts to pray.

3 The clouds which veil Thee from our sight,
In pity, Lord, remove;
Dispose our minds to hear aright
The message of Thy love.

4 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To bow before Thy face;
And make us, creatures of Thy power,
The children of Thy grace.

14 C. M. C. WESLEY.

A BLESSING SOUGHT.

1 COME, O thou all victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
And break these hearts of stone.

2 Speak with the voice which wakes the dead,
And bid the sleeper rise;
And let each guilty conscience dread
The death that never dies.

3 To each a sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Quicken and wash the troubled heart
In Thine atoning blood.

4 Our desperate state through sin declare,
And speak our sins forgiven;
By daily growth in grace prepare,
Then take us up to heaven.

15 7s. TOPLADY.

BEFORE HEARING.

1 SOURCE of light and power divine,
Deign upon Thy truth to shine;
Lord, behold Thy servant stands,
Lo! to Thee, he lifts his hands;
Satisfy his soul's desire,
Touch his lips with holy fire!
Source of light and power divine,
Deign upon Thy truth to shine.

2 Breathe Thy Spirit, so shall fall
Unction sweet upon us all;
Till by odours scattered round,
Christ himself be traced and found;
Then shall every raptured heart,
Rich in peace and joy, depart.
Source of light and power divine,
Deign upon Thy truth to shine.

16 L. M. KELLY.

THE DIVINE PRESENCE.

1 HOW sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on Thy people smile,
And come according to Thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with Thee:
Ah! Lord, behold us at Thy feet!
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

3 "Chief of ten thousand," now appear,
That we by faith may see Thy face;
Oh! speak, that we Thy voice may hear,
And let Thy presence fill this place.

4 Lord, let Thy people's views be clear,
And let their hearts be filled with love;
Oh! may their light to all appear,
And prove their doctrines from above.

17 L. M. FAWCETT.

COMMENCEMENT OF WORSHIP.

1 THY presence, gracious God, afford,
Prepare us to receive Thy word;
Now let Thy voice engage our ear,
And faith be mixed with what we hear.

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above,
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us Thy sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in true faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

THE SCRIPTURES.

18 C. M. STEELE.

MORE PRECIOUS THAN GOLD.

1 FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be Thy name adored
For these celestial lines!

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows
And yields a sweet repast;
Sublimer sweets, than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.

5 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound!

6 Oh! may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light!

7 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there!

19 C. M. WATTS.

THE PEARL OF PRICE.

1 THIS is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown:
And they are all divinely wise
Who make that pearl their own.

2 Here consecrated water flows,
To quench our thirst for sin:
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
No danger dwells therein.

3 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
Our guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

4 Oh! may Thy counsels, mighty God,
Our roving feet command;
Nor we forsake the happy road,
That leads to Thy right hand.

20 C. M. FAWCETT.

THE LAMP OF LIFE.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

21 L. M. BEDDOME.

GOD'S DELIGHTFUL WORD.

1 MORE joy than earth can e'er afford,
Is found in God's delightful word;
Be it my study, night and day,
My guide through all the lonely way.

2 Clothed with a majesty divine,
Its doctrines and its precepts shine;
Infinite wisdom, truth and grace,
Appear in all its promises.

3 'T is here the Lord as in a glass,
Displays the glories of His face,
Stoops from His high, imperial throne,
And makes His great salvation known.

4 Then be His word to all addressed,
Able to make us wise and blessed,
Till the whole earth shall own His name,
And all His boundless love proclaim.

22 L. M. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

THY WORD IS TRUTH.

1 THY Word, O Lord, is light and food,
The law of truth, and source of good:
There Thou hast pointed out my way
To pardon and perpetual day.

2 May I receive it, Lord, as Thine,
Receive it as Thy word divine,
With firm assent, with listening ear,
With bending heart, and filial fear.

3 Make me to know its saving might,
Its quickening power, its cheering light:
May it my stubborn heart subdue,
And still my sinful soul renew!

4 Oh! let it richly dwell within,
To keep me from the snares of sin,
And guide me still to choose my way,
That I no more may go astray.

23 C. M. S. STENNETT.

THE RICHES OF GOD'S WORD.

1 LET worldly men from shore to shore
Their favourite good pursue;
Thy word, O Lord, we value more,
Than India or Peru.

2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy
Are open to our sight;
The purest gold without alloy,
And gems divinely bright.

3 The counsels of redeeming grace
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face
Our raptured eyes behold.

4 Our numerous griefs are here redressed
And all our wants supplied:
Nought we can ask to make us blessed
Is in this book denied.

5 For these inestimable gains
That so enrich the mind,
Oh! may we search with eager pains,
Assured that we shall find.

24 L. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

A SAVIOUR SEEN IN THE SCRIPTURES.

1 NOW let my soul, eternal King,
To Thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee, with humble homage, bow,
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings Thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
But, in Thy blessed word, I trace,
Diviner wonders of Thy grace.

3 There, what delightful truths I read!
There I behold the Saviour bleed;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart and checks my fear.

4 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my labouring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, Oh! let my song,
Through endless years Thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes Thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

25 L. M. WATTS.

GOD EXALTED ABOVE ALL PRAISE.

1 ETERNAL Power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of our God;
Immensely far beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds.

2 The lowest step above Thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tallest angel tries
To reach the height with wondering eyes.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

4 Earth, from afar, has heard Thy fame,
And worms have learned to lisp Thy name,
But Oh! the glories of Thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5 God is in heaven, but man below;
Raised be our thoughts; our words be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

26 H. M. WATTS.

THE PERFECTION OF GOD.

1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high;
The garments He assumes,
Are light and majesty.
His glories shine, with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard His holy law;
And where His love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 Through all His perfect works
Surprising wisdom shines;
Confounds the powers of hell,
And breaks their cursed designs;
Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, His sovereign will.

4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend?
And will He write His name,
My Father and my Friend?
I love His name, I love His word;
Join all my powers, and praise the Lord.

27 L. M. AMBROSE.

FROM THE TE DEUM.

1 ALMIGHTY God, we praise and own
Thee our Creator, King alone;
All things were made to honour Thee,
O Father of eternity!

2 To Thee all angels loudly cry,
The heavens and all the powers on high,
Cherubs and seraphim proclaim,
And cry, Thrice holy to Thy name!

3 Lord God of hosts, Thy presence bright
Fills heaven and earth with beauteous light;
Th' apostles' happy company,
And ancient prophets, all praise Thee.

4 The crowned martyrs' noble host,
The holy church in every coast,
Their Maker for their Father own,
Now reconciled in Christ His Son.

28 L. M. WATTS.

GOD INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

1 CAN creatures, to perfection, find
Th' eternal, uncreated Mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search His nature out?

2 'T is high as heaven, 't is deep as hell,
And what can mortals know, or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

3 God is a King of power unknown,
Firm are the orders of His throne;
If He resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask Him why, or what He does?

4 He wounds the heart, and He makes whole;
He calms the tempest of the soul;
When He shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

5 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at His reproof.

6 These are a portion of His ways;
But who shall dare describe His face?
Who can endure His light, or stand
To hear the thunders of His hand?

29 C. M. BEDDOME.

INFINITELY GREAT.

1 THY greatness, Lord, what thought can reach?
What mortal tongue can tell?
Thy throne is fixed, Thy power extends,
O'er heaven, and earth, and hell.

2 Who can evade, or who resist,
The vengeance of a God?
Thy fearful wrath, when once provoked,
Spreads terror all abroad.

3 The wide dominion and the power,
The sovereignty is Thine:
'T is Thine the universe to rule,
With majesty divine.

4 To Thee, by all the hosts of heaven,
And all of human race,
Be everlasting honours given,
And universal praise.

30 C. M. WATTS.

ALL SEEING.

1 IN all my vast concerns with Thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of Thine eye.

2 Thine all surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
While yet unformed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within Thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 So let Thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

31 C. M. KIRKE WHITE.

ALMIGHTY.

1 THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey His will;
He speaks, and in His heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land,
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts His awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Ye winds of night, your force combine;
Without His high behest,
Ye shall not, in the lofty pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 He lives, He reigns in every land,
From winter's polar snows
To where across the burning sand,
The blasting meteor goes.

6 Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend:
Ye monarchs, wait His nod,
And bid the choral song ascend,
To celebrate your God!

32 L. M. BUTCHER.

INVISIBLE.

1 WITH deepest reverence at Thy throne,
Jehovah, peerless and unknown,
Our feeble spirits strive, in vain,
A glimpse of Thee, great God, to gain.

2 Who, by the closest search, can find
Thy mighty, uncreated mind?
Nor men, nor angels can explore
Thy heights of love, Thy depths of power.

3 We know Thee not; but this we know,
Thou reign'st above, thou reign'st below:
And though Thine essence is unknown,
To all the world Thy power is shown.

4 That power we trace on every side;
Oh! may Thy wisdom be our guide!
And while we live and when we die,
May Thine almighty love be nigh.

33 H. M. HASTINGS.

EVER LIVING.

1 THE Lord Jehovah lives,
And blessed be my Rock;
Though earth her bosom heaves,
And mountains feel the shock;
Though oceans rage and torrents roar,
He is the same for evermore.

2 The Lord Jehovah lives,
The dying sinner's Friend:
How purely He forgives
The follies that offend.
He wipes the penitential tear,
Bids faith and hope, the spirit cheer.

3 The Lord Jehovah lives,
To hear and answer prayer,
Whoe'er in Him believes
And trusts His guardian care,
A Father's tender love shall know,
Whence living streams of comfort flow

4 The Lord Jehovah lives,
Salvation to secure:
The title that He gives
Will be for ever sure:
'Tis drawn in characters of blood,
'Tis issued from the throne of God.

34 C. M. WATTS.

GOD KNOWN BY HIS WORKS.

1 I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 There 's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from Thy throne.

5 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

6 Creatures, as numerous as they be,
Are subject to Thy care;
There 's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

35 L. M. OPIE.

VOICE OF CREATION.

1 THERE seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every opening flower,
Which tells, O Lord, "the wondrous tale"
Of Thy indulgence, love, and power.

2 The birds that rise on quivering wing,
Appear to hymn their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring,
To Thee one general chorus raise.

3 And shall my voice, great God, alone,
Be mute midst nature's loud acclaim?
No, let my heart with answering tone,
Breathe forth in praise Thy holy name.

4 And nature's debt is small to mine,
Thou badest her being, bounded be,
But, matchless proof of love divine!
Thou gavest immortal life to me.

5 The Saviour left His heavenly throne,
A ransom for my soul to give;
Man's suffering state He made His own,
And deigned to die that I might live.

6 But thanks and praise for love so great,
No mortal tongue can e'er express,
Then let me, bowed before Thy feet,
In silence love Thee, Lord, and bless.

36 C. P. M. MORE.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

1 MY God Thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze,
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from Thine eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'T is love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

3 But in the gospel it appears
In sweeter, fairer characters,
And charms the ravished breast;
There love immortal leaves the sky,
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye
And give the weary rest.

4 Then let the love that makes me blessed
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To Thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

37 C. M. BURDER.

GOD IS LOVE.

1 COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above:
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that God is love.

2 This precious truth His word declares,
And all His mercies prove;
Jesus, the gift of gifts, appears
To show, that God is love.

3 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
Thunders His dreadful name;
But Zion sings, in melting notes,
The honours of the Lamb.

4 In all His doctrines and commands,
His counsels and designs,
In every work His hands have framed,
His love supremely shines.

5 Angels and men the news proclaim,
Through earth and heaven above,
The joyful and transporting news,
That God, the Lord, is love.

38 C. M. GIBBONS.

GOODNESS OF GOD.

1 THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore,
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.

2 Sun, moon, and stars, Thy love attest,
In every golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love brings back the day.

3 Thy bounty every season crowns,
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vines,
With strengthening grain, the fields.

4 But chiefly Thy compassion, Lord,
Is in the gospel seen;
There like a sun Thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

5 Pardon, acceptance, peace, and joy,
Through Jesus' name are given;
He on the cross was lifted high,
That we might reign in heaven.

39 L. M.

THE JUSTICE OF GOD.

1 ETERNAL King! the greatest, best,
For ever glorious, ever blessed;
The great I AM, Jehovah, Lord,
By seraphim and saint adored.

2 Justice the firm foundation lays,
Of all Thy laws, Thy works, and ways:
Obedient souls will ever find
A God that 's faithful, loving, kind.

3 But he who sins, becomes accursed,
Or God would be no longer just:
Cursed is the man, who dares withdraw
Obedience from Thy holy law.

4 Where then, great God, or how shall we
Approach Thy dreadful majesty!
Thy sacred law we oft have broke,
And stand obnoxious to Thy stroke.

5 But, O Thou holy, just and true!
Though justice must have all its due,
Thou canst be just, yet justify
The soul, that doth on Christ rely.

6 O boundless wisdom, love and power!
Thy matchless mercy we adore,
That found out this amazing plan,
To save Thy ruined creature, man.

7 We plead the sufferings of Thy Son,
We plead His righteousness alone;
He bore the curse, whence Thou art just
In pardoning those, who were accursed.

40 L. M. TUCKER.

JUSTICE AND MERCY UNITED.

1 INFINITE grace! and can it be
That heaven's supreme should stoop so low!
A wretch to visit, vile like me;
One who has been His bitterest foe!

2 Can holiness and wisdom join,
With truth, with justice, and with grace,
To make eternal blessings mine,
And sin, with all its guilt, erase?

3 O love! beyond conception great,
That formed the vast stupendous plan!
Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man!

4 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her rights maintains!
Astonished angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

5 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too;
In Christ harmoniously they meet:
He paid to justice all her due,
And now He fills the mercy seat.

6 Such are the wonders of our God,
And such th' amazing depths of grace:
To save, from wrath's vindictive rod,
The chosen sons of Adam's race.

7 With grateful songs, then let our souls
Surround our gracious Father's throne;
And all between the distant poles
His truth and mercy ever own.

41 L. M. MEDLEY.

LOVING-KINDNESS OF CHRIST.

1 AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, Oh! how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all:
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, Oh! how great!

3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, Oh! how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, Oh! how good!

5 Often I feel my sinful heart,
Prone from my Jesus to depart;
But, though I have Him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

7 Then let me mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

42 8s. HART.

OUR GOD FOR EVER.

1 THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as large as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end;

2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home,
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.

43 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

GOD OUR PEACE.

1 UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite,
In silence soft and sweet;
And thou, my soul, sit gently down
At thy great Sovereign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard,
Yet gladly I attend;
For lo! the everlasting God
Proclaims Himself my friend.

3 Harmonious accents to my soul,
The sounds of peace convey;
The tempest at His word subsides,
And winds and seas obey.

4 By all its joys, I charge my heart
To grieve His love no more;
But, charmed by melody divine,
To give its follies o'er.

THE TRINITY.

44 L. M. E. Scott.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

1 THERE is one God, and only one;
No rivals can His essence share:
He is Jehovah, He alone,
And with the Lord none can compare.

2 His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Express the Maker's vast designs:
They bear the impress of His name,
In every part His wisdom shines.

3 If in His works such wonders rise,
How much more wonderful is He,
Whose nature's filled with mysteries;
His being One, His person Three.

4 What finite power with ceaseless toil,
Can comprehend th' eternal Mind?
Or, who th' almighty Three and One,
By searching to perfection, find?

5 Angels and men in vain may raise
Harmonious, their adoring songs:
The labouring thoughts sink down oppressed,
And praises die upon their tongues.

6 Yet would I lift my trembling voice,
Th' eternal Three in One to sing;
And mingling faith, while I rejoice,
My humble, grateful tribute bring.

7 All glory to th' eternal Three,
The sacred undivided One:
To Father, Son, and Spirit be
Coëqual praise, and honour done.

45 L. M. HUMPHREY'S COLL.

THE TRIUNE GOD OF OUR SALVATION.

1 LONG ere the sun began his days,
Or moon shot forth her silver rays,
Salvation's scheme was fixed, 't was done
In covenant by the Three in One.

2 The Father spake, the Son replied,
The Spirit with them both complied;
Grace moved the cause for saving man,
And wisdom drew the noble plan.

3 The Father chose His only Son
To die for sins, that man had done;
Immanuel to the choice agreed,
And thus secured a numerous seed.

4 He sends His Spirit from above,
To call the objects of His love;
Not one shall perish or be lost:
He bought them dear; His blood they cost.

5 What high displays of sovereign grace!
What love to save a ruined race!
My soul, adore His lovely name,
By whom thy free salvation came.

46 C. M. WATTS.

PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

1 LET them neglect Thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew Thy grace;
But our loud songs shall still record
The wonders of Thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to Thee,
And send them to Thy throne;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

3 'Twas He, and we'll adore His name,
That formed us by a word;
'Tis He restores our ruined frame;
Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills and vales reflect the voice,
In one eternal round.

47 6s. and 4s. MADAN'S COLL.

INVOCATION OF THE TRINITY.

1 COME, Thou almighty King,
Help us Thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall!
Let Thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made:
Our souls on Thee be stayed:
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend!
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend!

4 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour!
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

5 To the great ONE in THREE,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty,
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

48 L. M. 6 l. HASTINGS.

ADORING THE TRINITY.

1 YES, I adore Thee, O my God,
Father supreme of earth and skies;
Up to the heavens Thy bright abode,
Let songs of praise and joy arise:
Thou art the High and Holy One,
Thy will through earth and heaven be done.

2 Yes, I adore Thee, O my God,
Son of the Father, wondrous King:
"Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood."
Sweet is the anthem we would sing;
O Prince of Peace, accept the strain,
For ever live, for ever reign.

3 Yes I adore Thee, O my God,
Blessed Comforter, supreme, divine;
Still lead me in the narrow road,
Bid heavenly light around me shine:
Spirit of Holiness, impart
Thy gifts to every trembling heart.

4 Yes, I adore Thee, O my God,
  Blessed Three in One, blessed One in Three!
Angels that fill Thy high abode,
  All praise and glory give to Thee;
Earth with her millions, shall confess
Thy boundless plenitude of grace.

49 S. M. D. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

PRAYER TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

1 OUR Father, who dost lead
  The children of Thy grace,
A new-born and believing seed,
  Through this wide wilderness:
Thy providential care
  In dangers past we own;
Still let Thine arm be ever near;
  Still let Thy love be shown.

2 O Saviour, Lamb of God!
  Our gracious dying Friend!
Reveal the virtue of Thy blood,
  On us Thy mercy send;
Thou art a Master kind,
  With voice and person sweet;
Bestow on us a loving mind,
  And keep us at Thy feet.

3 Thou, Holy Spirit, art
  Of truth the promised Seal:
Convincing power Thou dost impart,
  And Jesus' grace reveal:
Oh! breathe Thy quickening breath,
  And light and life afford;
Instruct us how to live by faith,
  And glorify the Lord.

50 H. M. WATTS.

PRAISE TO THE GODHEAD.

1 WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent His own | To die for sins
Eternal Son, | That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us, with His blood,
From everlasting wo;
And now He lives, | And sees the fruit
And now He reigns, | Of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give;
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live;
His work completes | And fills the soul
The great design, | With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honours done;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One;
Where reason fails, | There faith prevails
With all her powers, | And love adores.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

51 6s. and 4s. TOPLADY'S COLL.

WORTHY THE LAMB.

1 GLORY to God on high:
Let heaven and earth reply,
Praise ye His name!
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
And sing for evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

2 All they around the throne,
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name;
We, who have felt His blood,
Sealing our peace with God,
Sound His dear name abroad,
Worthy the Lamb.

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye His name:
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

4 What though we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising His name:
To him our songs we bring,
Hail Him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.

52 H. M. S. STENNETT.

PRAISE TO CHRIST.

1 COME, every pious heart
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest power exert
To celebrate His fame:
Tell all above, | The debt of love,
And all below, | To Him you owe,

2 He left His starry crown,
And laid His robes aside;
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died:
What He endured, | To save our souls,
Oh! who can tell? | From death and hell.

3 From the dark grave He rose,
The mansion of the dead;
And thence His mighty foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the sky, | And reigns on high,
The conqueror rode, | The Saviour God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe Thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve:
Our hearts, our all, | The gift, though small,
To Thee we give: | Do Thou receive.

53 8s. and 7s. NEWTON.

PRAISE FOR REDEEMING LOVE.

1 LET us love, and sing, and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name,
He has hushed the law's loud thunder,
He has quenched mount Sinai's flame:
He has washed us with His blood;
He has brought us nigh to God.

2 Let us LOVE the Lord who bought us,
Pitied us when enemies,
Called us by His grace, and taught us,
Gave us ears, and gave us eyes:
He has washed us with His blood,
He presents our souls to God.

3 Let us SING, though fierce temptations
Threaten hard to bear us down!
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conqueror's crown:
He who washed us in His blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.

4 Let us WONDER; grace and justice
Join, and point to mercy's store;
When, through grace, in Christ our trust is,
Justice smiles, and asks no more:
He who washed us with His blood,
Has secured our way to God.

5 Let us PRAISE, and join the chorus
Of the saints enthroned on high;
Here they trusted Him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky:
"Thou hast washed us with Thy blood,
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God."

6 Hark! the name of Jesus, sounded
Loud from golden harps above!
Lord, we blush, and are confounded,
Faint our praises, cold our love:
Wash our souls and songs with blood,
For by Thee we come to God.

54 C. M. STEELE.

THE GLORIES OF OUR KING.

1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before His throne.

2 Behold your Lord, your Master crowned
With glories all divine!
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

3 Infinite power, and boundless grace,
In Him unite their rays:
You, that have e'er beheld His face,
Can you forbear His praise?

4 When in His earthly courts we view
The glories of our King;
We long to love, as angels do,
And wish, like them, to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

6 O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, th' enraptured lay,
To celebrate Thy praise.

55 S. M. HAMMOND.

THE SONG OF MOSES AND THE LAMB.

1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above,
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing, on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on rejoicing, every day,
In Christ, the exalted King.

4 Soon shall your raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

56 C. M. WATTS.

GLORYING IN CHRIST.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend His cause;
Maintain the honour of His word,
The glory of His cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know His name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm, as His throne, His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name,
Before His Father's face;
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

57 L. M. WATTS.

GLORYING IN CHRIST.

1 THE wondering world inquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so:
"What are His charms," say they, "above
The objects of a mortal love?"

2 All-over glorious is my Lord,
He must be loved and yet adored;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love Him too.

3 The Love of Christ is strong as death,
He sealed it with His latest breath;
My love to Him, secured by grace,
No pains nor doubts can e'er deface.

4 What can destroy, what separate
A love so pure, so free, so great!
In heaven both faith and hope subside;
But love for ever will abide.

58 C. M. NEWTON.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds,
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 JESUS! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End;
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then, I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

59 L. M. DOBELL'S COLL.

CHRIST IS ALL AND IN ALL.

1 IN Christ I've all my soul's desire;
His Spirit does my heart inspire
With boundless wishes large and high:
And Christ will all my wants supply.

2 Christ is my Hope, my Strength and Guide;
For me He bled, and groaned, and died:
He is my Sun, to give me light,
He is my soul's supreme delight.

3 Christ is the source of all my bliss,
My Wisdom and my Righteousness,
My Saviour, Brother, and my Friend;
On Him alone I now depend.

4 Christ is my King to rule and bless,
And all my troubles to redress;
He 's my salvation and my All,
Whate'er on earth shall me befall.

5 Christ is my Strength and Portion too,
My soul in Him can all things do;
Through Him I 'll triumph o'er the grave,
And death and every foe outbrave.

60 C. M. TOPLADY.

ALL IN ALL.

1 COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with Thee.

2 The sense of Thy redeeming love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow, for Thee alone,
My All in All, I pray.

3 Less than Thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than Thyself I cannot crave,
And Thou canst give no more.

4 Loved of my God, for Him again
With love intense I 'd burn;
Chosen of Thee, ere time began,
I 'd choose Thee in return.

5 Whate'er consists not with Thy love,
Oh! teach me to resign;
I 'm rich to all th' intents of bliss
If Thou, O God, art mine.

61 C. M. WATTS.

GOD RECONCILED IN CHRIST.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God,
Who can resist Thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with Thy blood?

2 'T is by the merits of Thy death,
The Father smiles again;
'T is by Thy interceding breath,
The Spirit dwells with men.

3 Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast;
I love th' Incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

62 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

JESUS OUR VITAL HEAD.

1 JESUS, we sing Thy matchless grace,
That calls poor worms Thy own;
Gives us among Thy saints a place,
To make Thy glories known.

2 Allied to Thee, our vital Head,
We live, and grow, and thrive:
From Thee, divided, each is dead,
When most he seems alive.

3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord:
One body all in mutual love,
And Thou, our common Lord.

4 May faith from Thee each hour derive
Supplies with fresh delight;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.

5 Thou, the whole body wilt present
Before Thy Father's face;
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disgrace.

63 C. M. STEELE.

LOVE TO CHRIST DESIRED.

1 THOU lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore,
Unveil Thy beauties to my sight;
That I may love Thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in Thy sacred word
I read, in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sin and sorrow rise,
Thy love, with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting breath supplies.

4 But ah! too soon the pleasing scene
Is clouded o'er with pain;
My gloomy fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

3 Oh! may my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of Thy love!
But the full glories of Thy face
Are only known above.

64 C. M. BEDDOME.

FULNESS OF CHRIST.

1 OH! what a treasure all divine,
Is hid in Christ the Lord!
From Him what rays of glory shine,
What peace His paths afford!

2 In Him our light and life are found,
Though we were dead before;
And now He makes our joy abound,
Who all our sorrows bore.

3 When sore distressed, He to our aid,
On rapid pinions flies;
And to the wounds which sin has made,
A healing balm applies.

4 'T is from His fulness we receive,
And daily grace for grace;
That to His glory we may live,
And see Him face to face.

65 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

CHRIST PRECIOUS.

1 JESUS, I love Thy charming name,
'T is music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport, and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee most richly meet;
Not to mine eyes is life so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Oh! may Thy grace still cheer my heart
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honours of Thy name,
With my last labouring breath;
Then speechless, clasp Thee in my arms,
My joy in life and death.

66 C. M. C. WESLEY.

PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

1 OH! for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Let saints Thy love proclaim,
And spread through all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.

3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrow cease;
'Tis music to our ravished ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 It breaks the power of reigning sin,
And sets the prisoner free;
Thy blood can cleanse the foulest stain;
And can avail for me.

67 C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

PRECIOUSNESS OF JESUS.

1 BLESSED Jesus! when my soaring thoughts
O'er all Thy graces rove,
How is my soul with transport lost
In wonder, joy, and love!

2 Not softest strains can charm mine ears
Like Thy belovéd name;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
My heart with equal flame.

3 Where'er I look, my wondering eyes
Unnumbered blessings see;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
If once compared with Thee?

4 Hast Thou a rival in my breast?
Search, Lord, for Thou canst tell
If aught can raise my passions thus,
Or please my soul so well.

5 No, Thou art precious to my heart,
My portion and my joy;
For ever let Thy boundless grace
My sweetest thoughts employ.

6 When nature faints, around my bed
Let Thy bright glories shine;
And death shall all his terrors lose,
In raptures so divine.

68 C. P. M. MEDLEY.

EXCELLENCE OF CHRIST.

1 OH! could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh! could I sound the glories forth
That in my Saviour shine;
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes that are divine.

2 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days,
Make all His glories known.

3 Soon the delightful morn will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see His face;
There with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blessed eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

69 8s. and 7s. WILKES.

THE GRACE OF JESUS CHRIST.

1 JESUS CHRIST, methinks I love Thee,
But I fain would love Thee more;
'T was Thy grace at first did move Thee
To a soul extremely poor.
Thou wast rich beyond expression,
Rich in Godhead, rich in grace;
But to better my condition,
Thou my nature didst embrace.

2 Hungry, naked, and abuséd
By the men Thou camest to bless:
By Thy Father sorely bruiséd;
Groaning, bleeding with distress:
Thou wast poor beyond expression,
Bathed in Thine own precious blood;
All to better my condition,
All to make me rich in God.

3 Jesus Christ, methinks I love Thee;
But I fain would love Thee more;
'T was Thy grace at first did move Thee
To a soul extremely poor.

For Thy mercy thus enjoyéd,
If I had ten thousand tongues,
They should all be still employéd
In ten thousand grateful songs.

70 L. M. MEDLEY.

THE EXCELLENCIES OF CHRIST.

1 JOIN, all who love the Saviour's name,
To sing His everlasting fame;
Great God, prepare each heart and voice,
In Him for ever to rejoice.

2 Of Him what wondrous things are told!
In Him what glories I behold!
For Him I gladly all things leave;
To Him, my soul, for ever cleave!

3 In Him my treasure 's all contained;
By Him my feeble soul 's sustained;
From Him what favours I receive!
Through Him I shall for ever live.

4 With Him I daily love to walk:
Of Him my soul delights to talk;
On Him I cast my every care:
Like Him one day I shall appear.

5 Bless Him, my soul, from day to day;
Trust Him to lead thee on thy way;
Give Him thy poor, weak, sinful heart;
With Him oh! never, never part.

6 Take Him for strength and righteousness;
Make Him thy refuge in distress:
Love Him above all earthly joy:
And Him in every thing employ.

7 Praise Him in cheerful, grateful songs,
To Him your highest praise belongs!
Bless Him, who doth your heaven prepare;
And whom you 'll praise for ever there.

71 L. M. COLLYER

WORSHIPPING JESUS.

1 SOFT be the gently breathing notes,
That sing the Saviour's dying love;
Soft as the evening zephyr floats,
Soft as the tuneful lyres above.

2 Soft as the morning dews descend,
While the sweet lark exulting soars,
So soft to your almighty Friend,
Be every sigh your bosom pours.

3 Pure as the sun's enlivening ray,
That scatters life and joy abroad:
Pure as the lucid car of day
That wide proclaims its Maker, God.

4 True as the magnet to the pole,
So true let your contrition be,
So true let all your sorrows roll,
To Him who bled upon the tree.

SONSHIP OF CHRIST.

72 7s. RIPPON'S COLL.

GOD WITH US.

1 GOD with us! O glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame:
God and man in Christ unite;
O mysterious depth and height!

2 God with us! th' eternal Son
Took our souls, our flesh, and bone:
Now, ye saints His grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God with us! but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did He our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 God with us! O wondrous grace!
Let us see Him face to face;
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

73 L. M. WATTS.

THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH.

1 ERE the blue heavens were stretched abroad,
From everlasting was the Word:
With God He was; the Word was God.
And must divinely be adored.

2 By His own power all things were made;
By Him supported, all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at His command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars:
His generation who can tell,
Or count the number of His years!

4 But lo! He leaves those heavenly forms:
The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That He may converse hold with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

5 Mortals with joy beheld His face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son:
How full of truth, how full of grace,
When through His flesh the Godhead shone!

6 The angels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

74 L. M.

THE ETERNAL SON OF GOD.

1 O CHRIST, Thou glorious King, we own
Thee to be God's eternal Son:
The Father's fulness, life divine
Mysteriously are also Thine.

2 When rolling years brought on the day
Foretold and fixed for this display,
Our great deliverance to obtain,
Thou didst our nature not disdain.

3 At God's right hand, now, Lord, Thou 'rt placed,
And with Thy Father's glory graced,
True God and man, in person one;
A judge to pass our final doom.

4 From day to day, O Lord, do we
On high exalt and honour Thee:
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore.

75 L. M. WATTS.

EQUAL WITH THE FATHER.

1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!
Our spirits bow before Thy feet;
To Thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at Thine awful seat.

2 A thousands seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, among the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with Thee?

3 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery, to claim
A full equality with God.

4 Their glory shines with equal beams;
Their essence is for ever one;
Distinct in persons, and in names;
The Father God, and God the Son.

5 Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honours be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own the Lord.

76 C. M. S. STENNETT.

CHIEF AMONG TEN THOUSAND.

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with Him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is He, than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 To heaven, the place of His abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

6 Since from Thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine;
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be Thine.

77 7s. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

CHRIST UNCHANGEABLE.

1 WHAT a changing world is this!
Void of all substantial bliss;
All we see beneath the sun,
In successive changes run:
But our Jesus proves the same,
Endless blessings on His name!

2 Wisdom, holiness, and might,
Truth and justice are His right;
Boundless goodness, love supreme,
Flowed eternally from Him;
Jesus Christ is still the same,
Endless blessings on His name!

3 Abram's bold rebellious race,
Found Him full of truth and grace,
Priests and prophets all have told
What He did for saints of old;
Jesus Christ is still the same,
Endless blessings on His name!

4 Let us to His throne repair,
Wait with humble patience there;
He will soon our cries attend,
Love and save us to the end;
He will ever prove the same,
Endless blessings on His name!

78 L. M. MEDLEY.

IMMANUEL.

1 ALL hail, Thou great Immanuel!
Thy love, Thy glory, who can tell?
Angels, and all the heavenly host,
Are in the boundless prospect lost.

2 Mortals, with reverential songs,
Take His dear name upon your tongues;
With holy fear, attempt His praise,
In solemn, yet triumphant, lays.

3 Among a thousand forms of love,
In which He shines and smiles above;
This with peculiar joy we view,
He's David's root and offspring too.

4 There Jesus, in the glorious plan,
Shines, the great God, the wondrous Man!
As God, the Root of all our bliss,
As man, the Branch of righteousness.

5 All hail, Thou dear redeeming Lord!
All hail, Thou coëssential Word!
All hail, Thou Root and Branch divine!
All hail, and be the glory Thine!

NAMES AND OFFICES OF CHRIST.

79 7s. C. WESLEY

SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light;
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high, be near,
Daystar, in our hearts appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If it bring no ray from Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams we see.
Lord, Thine inward light impart,
Cheering each benighted heart.

3 Visit every soul of Thine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill with radiancy divine,
Scatter all our unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

80 C. M. WATTS.

THE OFFICES OF CHRIST.

1 WE bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, Thy Spirit, and Thy word,
Shall lead us in Thy ways.

2 We reverence our High Priest above,
Who offered up His blood,
And lives to carry on His love,
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King;
How sweet are His commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By His almighty hands.

4 Hosanna to His blesséd name,
Who saves by glorious ways;
Th' anointed Saviour has a claim
To our immortal praise.

81 H. M. WATTS.

PROPHET, PRIEST AND KING.

1 JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean, to speak His worth;
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name:
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offered His blood, and died:
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood did once atone;
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 My dear and mighty Lord,
My Conqueror, and my King;
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the power; behold! I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

5 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down:
My Saviour leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.

6 Should all the hosts of hell,
And powers of death unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms,
Of death and mischief, on:
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior power and guardian grace.

82 L. M. FAWCETT.

THE ATONING LAMB.

1 BEHOLD the sin-atoning Lamb,
With wonder, gratitude, and love!
To take away our guilt and shame,
See Him descending from above.

2 Our sins and grief on Him were laid;
He meekly bore the mighty load:
Our ransom-price He fully paid,
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood!

3 To save His guilty church, He dies;
Mourners, behold the bleeding Lamb!
To Him lift up your longing eyes,
And hope for mercy in His name.

4 Pardon and peace through Him abound;
He can the richest blessings give:
Salvation in His name is found;
He bids the dying sinner live.

5 Jesus, my Lord, I look to Thee;
Where else can helpless sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set me free
From all my wretchedness and woe.

83 C. M. WARDLAW'S COLL.

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD!

1 CONTEMPLATE, saints, the source divine,
Whence all your joys have flowed;
With gladsome hearts and grateful tongues,
Behold the Lamb of God!

2 If saved from wrath, and from the stroke
Of heaven's avenging rod,
Pouring His precious blood for you,
Behold the Lamb of God!

3 Freed from the pangs of conscious guilt,
And sin's afflicting load,
To Jesus' blood you owe your peace;
Behold the Lamb of God!

4 With holy mind, and heart renewed,
Run ye the narrow road;
His sprinkled blood has cleansed your souls;
Behold the Lamb of God!

5 Each heavenly blessing ye receive,
Through Jesus is bestowed,
In every good your souls possess,
Behold the Lamb of God!

6 Hope ye in heaven with God at last,
To find your blessed abode?
Still as the ground of all your hopes,
Behold the Lamb of God!

84 S. M. WATTS.

THE HEAVENLY LAMB.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the accurséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.

85 H. M. CENNICK.

OUR HIGH PRIEST.

1 A GOOD High Priest is come,
Supplying Aaron's place,
And taking up his room,
Dispensing life and grace:
The law by Aaron's priesthood came,
But grace and truth by Jesus' name.

2 My Lord a priest is made,
As sware the mighty God,
To Israel and his seed,
Ordained to offer blood;
For sinners who His mercy seek,
A Priest, as was Melchizedec.

3 He once temptations knew,
Of every sort and kind,
That He might succour show,
To every tempted mind:
He once for us was sacrificed,
And only once for us He died.

4 I other priests disclaim,
And laws and offerings too,
None but the bleeding Lamb
The mighty work can do:
He shall have all the praise: for He
Hath loved, and lived, and died for me.

86 C. M. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

A MERCIFUL HIGH PRIEST.

1 COME, let us join in songs of praise
To our ascended Priest;
He entered heaven with all our names
Engraven on His breast.

2 Below He washed our guilt away
By His atoning blood;
Now He appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

3 What though while here we oft must feel
Temptation's keenest dart?
Our tender High Priest feels it too,
And will appease the smart.

4 Clothed with our nature still, He knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Which He himself o'ercame.

5 Nor time, nor distance, e'er shall quench
The fervour of His love;
For us, He died in kindness here,
Nor is less kind above.

6 Oh! may we ne'er forget His grace,
Nor blush to bear His name;
Still may our hearts hold fast His faith,
Our lips His praise proclaim.

87 L. M. LOGAN.

A SYMPATHIZING HIGH PRIEST.

1 WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands;
A great High Priest our nature wears,
Our Friend and Advocate appears.

2 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

3 Our fellow sufferer yet retains
A fellow feeling of our pains,
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, His agonies, and cries.

4 In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

5 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aid of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

88 C. M. WATTS.

A COMPASSIONATE HIGH PRIEST.

1 WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bosom glows with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For He hath felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out His cries and tears:
And in His measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and His power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In every trying hour.

89 C. M. COWPER.

THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain, in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

90 L. M. DOBELL'S COLL.

THE GOOD OLD WAY.

1 THE righteousness, th' atoning blood
Of Jesus, is the way to God;
Oh! may we then no longer stray,
But come to Christ, the good old way.

2 The prophets and apostles too,
Pursued this path while here below;
We therefore will, without dismay,
Thus walk in Christ, the good old way.

3 With faith and love, and holy care,
In this dear way, I'll persevere;
And when I die, triumphant say,
This is the right, the good old way.

91 C. M. DOANE.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE.

1 THOU art the Way; to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee:
And he, who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, in Thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Grant us to know that Way,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Which leads to endless day.

92 L. M. STEELE.

PHYSICIAN OF SOULS.

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid,
The work exceeds all nature's power!

2 And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

3 There is a great Physician near,
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in His heavenly smiles, appear
Such ease as nature cannot give.

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow!
'T is only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain or heal thy woe.

93 L. M. STEELE.

THE ONLY NAME GIVEN.

1 JESUS, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;
Jesus, no other name but Thine,
Can save us from eternal woe.

2 In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewildered in a dubious road.

3 No other name will Heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living Way,
Ordained by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.

4 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

94 C. M. STEELE.

THE SAVIOUR.

1 THE Saviour! Oh! what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound;
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode!
While angels viewed, with wondering eyes,
And hailed th' incarnate God.

4 Oh! the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

5 On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath Thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

95 8s., 7s. and 4s. WILKS.

GENTLE JESUS.

1 GENTLE Jesus, how I love Thee!
Words cannot my love express;
Day and night how much I prove Thee
Full of mercy, full of grace;
Wretched sinners,
Thou dost take delight to bless.

2 Of Thy condescending goodness,
What examples do I find!
'Midst neglect, contempt and rudeness,
Meek and lowly was Thy mind;
Gentle Jesus,
Thou wast altogether kind.

3 Oh! how mild and condescending,
Are the methods Thou dost take!
Low beneath my burden bending,
Bleeding, dying for my sake:
Gentle Jesus,
Now some word of comfort speak.

4 Lo! I venture to approach Thee;
Though my sins are great indeed:
If by faith I may but touch Thee,
Virtue will from Thee proceed;
Gentle Jesus,
Thou alone art all I need.

96 L. M. BEDDOME

THE GIFT OF GOD.

1 JESUS, my love, my chief delight,
For Thee I long, for Thee I pray,
Amid the shadows of the night,
Amid the business of the day.

2 When shall I see Thy smiling face,
Which I, through faith, have often seen!
Arise, Thou Sun of Righteousness,
Dispel the clouds that intervene.

3 Thou art the glorious gift of God,
To sinners weary and distressed;
The first of all His gifts bestowed,
And certain pledge of all the rest.

4 Now I can say, this gift is mine,
I'll tread the world beneath my feet;
No more at pain or want repine,
Nor envy the rich sinner's state.

5 This precious jewel let me keep,
And lodge it deep within my heart;
At home, abroad, awake, asleep,
It never shall from thence depart.

97 C. M. DODDRIDGE

THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

1 SAVIOUR divine, we know Thy name,
And in that name we trust;
Thou art the Lord our Righteousness,
Thou art Thine Israel's boast.

2 The sins of e'en the best spent day,
Might p'unge us in despair;
Yet all the crimes of numerous years,
Shall our great Surety clear.

3 That spotless robe, which He hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around;
In His imputed righteousness,
No blemish shall be found.

4 Pardon, and peace, and lively hope
To sinners now are given;
And weeping saints shall change ere long,
Their wilderness for heaven.

5 With joy we taste that manna now,
Thy mercy scatters down;
We seal our humble vows to Thee,
And wait the promised crown.

98 L. M. BREWER.

A HIDING PLACE.

1 HAIL! sovereign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail! matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding place.

2 Against the God that rules the sky
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despised the offers of His grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.

3 Enwrapped in dark Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place.

4 But thus th' eternal counsel ran:
"Almighty Love! arrest the man;"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.

5 Vindictive justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried with frowning face:
"This mountain is no hiding place."

6 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
And mercy's angel soon appeared;
Who led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding place.

7 On Him almighty vengeance fell,
Which must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for His chosen race,
And now He is my hiding place.

8 A few more rolling suns at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast;
There I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my glorious hiding place. 357

99 L. M. STEELE.

OUR EXAMPLE.

1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife;
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

3 Oh! how benevolent and kind!
How mild, how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

4 To do His heavenly Father's will,
Was His employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through His life divinely bright.

5 Dispensing good where'er He came,
The labours of His life were love;
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By His example let us move.

100 7s. TOPLADY.

ROCK OF AGES.

1 ROCK of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,

Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

101 11s. and 8s. HASTINGS.

SHEPHERD.

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, His kindness I know,
My wants will be ever supplied:
He makes me repose where the green pastures grow,
And waters in gentleness glide.

2 My wandering affections, so often astray,
His kindness and care will reclaim,
To wisdom and holiness point out the way,
To the praise of His glorious name.

3 What though I walk through the dark valley of death,
No evil my spirit will fear;
My Shepherd is with me, His arm is beneath,
His love and His comfort are near.

4 The hand of His bounty my table supplies,
My cup of enjoyment o'erflows:
He keeps me in safety when troubles arise,
Nor yields to th' assaults of my foes.

5 His goodness and mercy around me are found,
His love shall for ever endure;
For ever I'll dwell in the house of the Lord;
His word of salvation is sure.

102 C. M. SWAINE.

UNCHANGEABLE FRIEND.

1 COME, let our hearts and voices join,
To praise the Saviour's name;
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love 's a constant flame.

2 When most we need His gracious hand,
This Friend is always near;
With heaven and earth at His command,
He waits to answer prayer.

3 His love no end nor measure knows,
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same, it flows
From one eternal source.

4 When frowns appear to veil His face,
And clouds surround His throne;
He hides the purpose of His grace
To make it better known.

5 And when our dearest comforts fall
Before His sovereign will,
He never takes away our all,
Himself, He gives us still.

103 8s. and 7s. NEWTON.

FRIEND OF SINNERS.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God:
This was boundless love indeed!
Jesus is a Friend in need!

3 When He lived on earth abaséd,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raiséd,
He rejoices in the same;
Still He calls them "Brethren—friends,"
And to all their wants attends.

4 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love Thee as we ought.

104 L. M. WILES.

HE IS OUR PEACE.

1 BLESSED be the Saviour's sacred name;
On embassies of peace He came;
And angels chanted at His birth,
"Good-will to men, and peace on earth."

2 "He is our peace;" for by His blood
Sinners are reconciled to God;
Sweet harmony is now restored,
And man beloved, and God adored.

3 "He is our peace;" in Him we find
A sweet serenity of mind;
This is to us His own bequest,
And makes the soul supremely blessed.

4 "He is our peace" 'tween man and man;
And by His harmonizing plan,
Barbarian, Scythian, bond and free,
In perfect fellowship agree.

5 Blessed be the bleeding Saviour's name;
On embassies of peace He came;
Let mortals to their latest breath
Sing of His reconciling death.

105 C. M. S. Stennett.

MEDIATOR.

1 WHAT wisdom, majesty and grace,
Through all the gospel shine;
'T is God that speaks, and we confess,
The doctrine most divine.

2 Down from His starry throne on high,
The almighty Saviour comes:
Lays His bright robes of glory by,
And feeble flesh assumes.

3 The mighty debt, the sinner owed,
Upon the cross He pays;
Then through the clouds ascends to God,
'Midst shouts of loftiest praise.

4 There He, our great High Priest, appears,
Before His Father's throne:
Offers His incense with our prayers,
And pours salvation down.

5 Great God, with reverence we adore
Thy justice and Thy grace;
And on Thy faithfulness and power,
Our firm dependence place.

106 L. M. STEELE.

THE DIVINE REDEEMER.

1 ENSLAVED by sin, and bound in chains,
Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,
And doomed to everlasting pains,
We wretched guilty captives lay.

2 Nor can our arm procure our peace;
Nor will the world's collected store
Suffice to purchase our release;
A thousand worlds were all too poor.

3 A Saviour, man, and mighty God,
A glorious ransom must procure;
Justice divine demands His blood;
And nothing less can life insure.

4 Jesus, the man, the mighty God,
This all-sufficient ransom paid:
The Mediator's precious blood
For wretched sinners has been shed.

5 Jesus the sacrifice became,
To rescue guilty souls from hell;
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb,
Beneath avenging justice fell.

6 Amazing justice! love divine!
Oh! may our grateful hearts adore
The matchless grace; nor yield to sin,
Nor wear its cruel fetters more!

107 S. M RYLAND.

INCARNATE SAVIOUR.

1 YE saints, proclaim abroad
The honours of your King:
To Jesus, your incarnate God,
Your songs of praises sing.

2 Not angels round the throne
Of majesty above,
Are half so much obliged as we,
To our Immanuel's love.

3 They never sunk so low,
  They are not raised so high;
They never knew such depths of woe,
  Such heights of majesty.

4 The Saviour did not join
  Their nature to His own;
For them He shed no blood divine,
  Nor breathed a single groan.

5 May we with angels vie,
  The Saviour to adore!
Our debts are greater far than theirs,
  Oh! be our praises more!

108 S. M. WATTS.

SENT TO SAVE.

1 RAISE your triumphant songs,
  To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds,
  Celestial grace has done.

2 Sing how eternal love
  Its chief Beloved chose;
And bade Him raise our wretched race
  From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears,
  No terror clothes His brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
  To fiercer flames below.

4 'T was mercy filled the throne,
  And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down,
  To rebels doomed to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease:
Bow to the sceptre of His love,
And take the offered peace.

6 Lord, we obey Thy call,
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation Thou hast brought,
And love and praise Thy name.

ADVENT OF CHRIST.

109 C. M. MEDLEY.

NATIVITY.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay:
Joy, love, and gratitude, combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapturous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift, through the vast expanse, it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'T was more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky,
Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

110 11s. and 10s. HEBER.

STAR OF THE EAST.

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His bed, with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining;
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favours secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

111 L. M. KIRKE WHITE.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem:
But one alone the Saviour speaks;
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem.

112 L. M. WATTS.

PREDICTED AND TYPIFIED.

1 BEHOLD the woman's promised seed!
Behold the great Messiah come!
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give Him the superior room!

2 Abra'm, the saint, rejoiced of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great fulfiller of his law.

3 The types bore witness to His name,
Obtained their chief design, and ceased:
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4 Predictions in abundance meet,
To join their blessings on His head;
Jesus, we worship at Thy feet,
And nations own the promised seed.

113 L. M. DE COETLOGON.

TO US A CHILD IS BORN.

1 TO us a child is born from heaven;
To us the Son of God is given;
Gentiles in Jesus' name shall trust,
And of His glories make their boast:

2 His name the Wonderful shall be;
His wonders heaven and earth shall see;
The Counsellor of truth and grace,
Who leads in paths of righteousness.

3 The mighty God, that glorious name,
His works and word join to proclaim:
The Everlasting Father, He;
And the whole church His family.

4 The Prince of Peace, on David's throne;
And nations, yet unborn, shall own
His sovereign and His gracious sway;
Glad of the honour to obey.

5 Justice and judgment He'll maintain,
To everlasting ages reign:
And His blessed empire shall increase,
Till time, with all its movements, cease.

6 Our faith in grateful triumph boasts
These wonders of the Lord of Hosts:
And trusts the love that formed the plan,
To perfect what that love began.

114 S. M. WATTS.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

1 BEHOLD! the grace appears,
The promise is fulfilled;
Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child.

2 To bring the glorious news,
A heavenly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

3 "Go, humble swains," said He,
"To David's city fly;
The promised infant, born to-day,
Doth in a manger lie.

4 With looks and heart serene,
Go visit Christ your King;"
And straight a flaming troop was seen;
The shepherds heard them sing:

5 "Glory to God on high!
And heavenly peace on earth,
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth!"

6 In worship so divine,
Let saints employ their tongues:
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs.

7 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth,
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth!"

115 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

HE CAME TO SAVE SINNERS.

1 HARK the glad sound! the Saviour's come!
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On Him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice,
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with His righteousness and grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

6 His gospel trumpets publish loud
The jubilee of the Lord;
His people are redeemed now,
Their heritage restored.

7 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved name.

116 C. M. WATTS.

THE SONG OF ZACHARIAS.

1 NOW be the God of Israel blessed,
Who makes His truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils His word,
And all the oaths He sware.

2 Now He bedews king David's root
With blessings from the skies:
He makes the branch of promise grow,
The promised horn arise.

3 John was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before His face;
The herald which our Saviour God
Sent to prepare His ways.

4 "Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,
"That takes our guilt away;
I saw the Spirit o'er His head,
On His baptizing day.

5 Be every vale exalted high,
Sink every mountain low:
The proud must stoop, and humble souls
Shall His salvation know.

6 The heathen realms, with Israel's land,
Shall join in sweet accord;
And all, that 's born of man, shall see
The glory of the Lord.

7 Behold the morning Star arise,
Ye that in darkness sit!
He marks the path that leads to peace,
And guides our doubtful feet."

117 C. M. STEELE.

PRAISE FOR THE ADVENT.

1 AWAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord:
Let every heart, and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 Sinners, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.

3 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms;
When Jesus left His throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.

4 Adoring angels tuned their songs
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture then, let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

5 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

118 C. M. HAWEIS.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

1 DARK was the night and cold the ground
On which the Lord was laid;
His sweat like drops of blood ran down,
In agony He prayed:

2 "Father, remove this bitter cup,
If such Thy sacred will;
If not, content to drink it up,
The pleasure I fulfil!"

3 Go to the garden, sinner; see
Those precious drops that flow:
The heavy load He bore for thee,
For thee He lies so low.

4 Then learn of Him the cross to bear,
Thy Father's will obey;
And when temptations press thee near,
Awake to watch and pray.

119 7s. HART.

GETHSEMANE.

1 MANY woes had Christ endured,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient, and to pains inured;
But the sorest trial yet,
Was to be sustained in thee,
Gloomy, sad Gethsemane.

2 Came at length the dreadful night,
Vengeance with its iron rod
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God
See, my soul, the Saviour see,
Prostrate in Gethsemane.

3 There my God bore all my guilt,
This through grace can be believed,
But the torments which He felt
Are too vast to be conceived;
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dark Gethsemane.

4 All my sins against my God,
All my sins against His laws,
All my sins against His blood,
All my sins against His cause,
Sins as boundless as the sea;
Hide me, O Gethsemane.

5 Here's my claim, and here alone,
None a Saviour more can need;
Deeds of righteousness I've none,
Not a work that I can plead;
Not a glimpse of hope for me,
Only in Gethsemane.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One almighty God of love:
Praised by all the heavenly host,
In Thy shining courts above;
We poor sinners, GRACIOUS THREE,
Praise Thee for Gethsemane.

120 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

SUBSTITUTION.

1 IMMORTAL God, on Thee we call,
The great Original of all;
Through Thee we are, to Thee we tend,
Our sure support, our glorious end.

2 We praise that wise mysterious grace,
That pitied our revolted race,
And Jesus, our great covenant head,
The Captain of salvation made.

3 Thy justice doomed that He must die,
Who for our sins would satisfy;
His death was therefore fixed of old,
And in Thy word of truth foretold.

4 A scene of wonders here we see,
Worthy Thy Son and worthy Thee;
And while the theme employs our tongues,
All heaven unites its sweetest songs.

121 8s. and 7s. KELLY.

ATONING BLOOD.

1 WITHOUT blood is no remission;
Thus the law proclaims from heaven;
Blood must flow; on this condition,
This alone, is sin forgiven:
Yes, a victim must be slain,
Else all hope of life is vain.

2 But the victim, who shall find it?
Such a one as sinners need?
To the altar who shall bind it?
Who shall make the victim bleed?
Questions these of anxious thought,
Till the word of God is brought.

3 God Himself provides the Victim,
Jesus is the Lamb of God;
Heaven, and earth, and hell afflict Him,
While He bears the sinner's load;
'Tis His blood, and that alone,
Can for human guilt atone.

4 Joyful truth! He bore transgression
In His body on the cross;
Through His blood, there 's full remission;
All for Him we count but loss;
Jesus for the sinner bleeds,
Nothing more the sinner needs.

122 L. M. BEDDOME: GIBBONS.

HE SUFFERED.

1 O LORD, when faith with fixed eyes,
Beholds Thy wondrous sacrifice,
Love rises to an ardent flame,
And we all other hope disclaim.

2 With cold affections who can see
The thorns, the scourge, the nails, the tree,
The flowing tears, the crimson sweat,
The bleeding hands, and head, and feet!

3 Jesus, what millions of our race
Have been the triumphs of Thy grace!
And millions more to Thee shall fly
And on Thy sacrifice rely.

4 The sorrow, shame, and death, were Thine,
And all the stores of wrath divine!
Ours are the pardon, life, and bliss:
What love can be compared to this?

123 L. M. WHITFIELD'S COLL.

HE WAS CRUCIFIED.

1 STRETCHED on the cross the Saviour dies,
Hark! His expiring groans arise!
See, from His hands, His feet, His side,
Runs down the sacred crimson tide!

2 Believers now, behold the man!
The Man of Grief condemned for you,
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

3 His sacred limbs they pierce, they tear,
With nails they fasten to the wood,
His sacred limbs! exposed and bare,
Or only covered with His blood.

4 See there! His temples crowned with thorns,
His bleeding hands extended wide,
His streaming feet transfixed and torn,
The fountain gushing from His side.

5 Thou dear, Thou suffering Son of God,
How doth Thy heart to sinners move
Sprinkle on us Thy precious blood,
Constrain us with Thy dying love!

124 8s. and 7s. ROBINSON.

BEFORE THE CROSS.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the Cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.

2 Here I'll sit, for ever, viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before His Cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in His languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Cross I gaze;
Love I much, I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief, my heart dividing,
With my tears His feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from His death.

6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more fully know.

125 L. M. PERRY.

'TIS CHRIST THAT DIED.

1 SINNERS rejoice, 't is Christ that died:
Behold, the blood flows from His side!
To wash your souls, and raise you high,
To dwell with God above the sky.

2 'T is Christ that died! O love divine!
Here mercy, truth, and justice shine;
God reconciled, and sinners bought
With Jesus' blood; how sweet the thought!

3 'T is Christ that died! a truth indeed,
On which my faith would ever feed:
Nor let the works that I perform
Be named, to swell a haughty worm.

4 'T is Christ that died! 't is Christ was slain,
To save my soul from endless pain;
'T is Christ that died, shall be my theme,
While I have breath to praise His name.

126 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

CHRIST UPON THE CROSS.

1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high;
Behold the Son of God's delight,
Expire in agony.

2 For whom was broke that heart?
For whom these sorrows borne?
Why did He feel that piercing smart,
And meet that bitter scorn?

3 For love of us He bled,
And all in torture died;
'T was love that bowed His fainting head,
And oped His gushing side.

4 I see, and I adore,
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong attractive power
To lift my soul above.

5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardour to confess
The energy divine.

6 In Thee, our hearts unite,
Nor share Thy griefs alone,
But from Thy cross pursue their flight
To Thy triumphant throne.

127 C. M. STEELE.

HE BORE THE PAINS OF HELL.

1 AND did the holy and the just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?

2 Yes, the Redeemer in His soul,
Sustained the pains of hell:
The wrath of God without control,
On Him our surety fell.

3 He took the dying sinner's place,
And suffered in his stead;
For man, O miracle of grace!
For man, the Saviour bled!

4 Dear Lord, what heavenly wonders dwell
In Thy atoning blood!
By this are sinners snatched from hell,
And rebels brought to God.

5 Jesus my soul, adoring, bends
To love so full, so free;
And may I hope that love extends
Its sacred power to me!

6 What glad return can I impart
For favours so divine!
Oh! take my all, this worthless heart,
And make it only Thine.

128 C. M. WATTS.

THE ONE OFFERING.

1 JESUS, in Thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more,
Than the rich gems and polished gold,
The sons of Aaron wore.

2 Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altars spilt;
But Thy one offering takes away
For ever all our guilt.

3 Once, in the circuit of a year,
With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears,
Before the golden throne.

4 But Christ, by His own powerful blood,
Ascends above the skies;
And, in the presence of our God,
Shows His own sacrifice.

129 L. M. S. Stennett.

IT IS FINISHED.

1 "'TIS finished!" so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed His dying head;
"'Tis finished!" yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 "'Tis finished!" all that Heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In Christ, the Saviour of mankind.

3 "'Tis finished!" this, His dying groan,
Shall sins of deepest hue atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this, His last expiring breath.

4 "'Tis finished!" Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled,
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

5 "'Tis finished!" let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round;
"'Tis finished!" let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

130 8s. and 7s. Bowring.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory!
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me,
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified:
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory;
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.

131 L. M. WATTS.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died;
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His Head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

132 7s. HASTINGS.

GO TO GOLGOTHA.

1 GO to Golgotha and weep
With the suffering Son of God,
And behold, with anguish deep,
Where the sacred Victim stood;
Like a lamb to slaughter led,
Every friend and helper fled.

2 Go to Golgotha, and see
All the heavens in sackcloth hung,
While rebuke and blasphemy
Issue foul from every tongue.
Hear that agonizing cry,
While the rending rocks reply.

3 Go to Golgotha, and tell
Why the scourge, the crown of thorn,
Why the powers of earth and hell
Join in deeds of hate and scorn;
Why such innocence in tears,
On the shameful cross appears.

4 Go to Golgotha, and learn
All the bitterness of sin;
In those scenes of wrath discern
What thine own desert hath been.
Thine the shame, reproach, and guilt;
'T was for thee that blood was spilt.

5 Go to Golgotha, and pray
That thy sins may be forgiven;
He on whom thy burdens lay,
Now is Advocate in heaven.
Lift thine eyes to His abode,
Trusting in the Son of God.

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

133 L. M.

THE RESURRECTION.

1 'T IS finished, the Redeemer cries;
When lowly bows His fainting head:
And soon th' expiring sacrifice
Sinks to the regions of the dead.

2 'T is done, the mighty work is done!
For men or angels much too great;
Which none but God's eternal Son,
Or would attempt, or could complete.

3 'T is done, old things are past away,
And a new state of things begun;
A kingdom which shall ne'er decay,
But shall outlast the circling sun.

4 A new account of time begins;
Now our dear Lord resumes His breath,
Charged with our sorrows and our sins;
Our lives to ransom by His death.

5 Once He was dead, but now He reigns,
He lives, He lives, He lives again:
Let 's tell our joys in pious strains,
And spread the glory of His name.

134 7s MADAN'S COLL.

I AM THE RESURRECTION.

1 "CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! he sets in blood no more. 384

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
Where, O death, is now thy sting!
Once He died our souls to save:
Where 's thy victory, boasting grave?

5 Hail, the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the RESURRECTION, Thou!

135 8s. and 6s. HASTINGS.

THE LORD IS RISEN.

1 HOW calm and beautiful the morn,
That gilds the sacred tomb,
Where once the Crucified was borne,
And veiled in midnight gloom!
Oh! weep no more the Saviour slain;
The Lord is risen, He lives again.

2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord,
"Behold the place, He is not here,"
The tomb is all unbarred:
The gates of death were closed in vain,
The Lord is risen, He lives again.

3 Now, cheerful to the house of prayer,
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will Himself be there,
Your Advocate and Friend:
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ, ye live again.

4 How tranquil now the rising day,
'T is Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears;
Oh! weep no more your comforts slain,
The Lord is risen, He lives again.

5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die!
Since He has risen that once was slain,
Ye die in Christ, to live again.

136 L. M. STEELE.

CHRIST'S INTERCESSION.

1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blessed assurance gives:
And now before His Father, God,
He pleads the merit of His blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles and all is peace.

3 Hence, then, ye black despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise,
And guilt recedes and terror dies.

4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
This hope repels each fiery dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.

5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend,
On Thee alone our hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

137 L. M. MEDLEY.

I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH.

1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives;
What comfort this sweet sentence gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead,
He lives, my ever-living head!

2 He lives triumphant from the grave,
He lives eternally to save;
He lives all glorious in the sky,
He lives exalted there on high.

3 He lives to bless me with His love,
He lives to plead for me above:
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

4 He lives to grant me fresh supply
He lives to guide me with His eye;
He lives to comfort me when faint,
He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

5 He lives to silence all my fears,
He lives to stop and wipe my tears;
He lives to calm my troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.

6 He lives, my kind, wise, heavenly Friend,
He lives and loves me to the end;
He lives, and, while He lives, I'll sing,
He lives, my Prophet, Priest, and King.

7 He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

8 He lives, all glory to His name!
He lives, my Jesus still the same;
Oh! the sweet joy this sentence gives,
I know that my Redeemer lives!

EXALTATION OF CHRIST.

133 C. M. PERRONET.

CORONATION OF CHRIST.

1 ALL hail, the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

3 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! Man Divine!
And crown Him, Lord of all.

4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

5 Sinners whose love can ne'er forget
The wormword and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

7 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at His feet may fall;
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him, Lord of all.

139 L. M. C. Wesley.

HE ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high:
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene:
He claims those mansions as His right,
Receive the King of glory in.

4 "Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord, that all His foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo! His triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

6 "Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord, of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all for ever blessed.

140 L. M. Medley.

FORERUNNER.

1 FAR, far beyond these lower skies,
Up to the glories all His own,
Where we by faith lift up our eyes,
There Jesus, our Forerunner, 's gone.

2 Amidst the shining host above,
Where His blessed smile new pleasure gives,
Where all is wonder, joy, and love;
There Jesus, our Forerunner, lives.

3 Before His heavenly Father's face,
For every saint He intercedes;
And with infallible success,
There Jesus, our Forerunner, pleads.

4 We shall, when we in heaven appear,
His praises sing, His wonders tell;
And with our great Forerunner there,
For ever and for ever dwell.

141 L. M. . DODDRIDGE.

THE GLORY OF CHRIST ENTHRONED.

1 WITH transport, Lord, our souls proclaim
Th' immortal honours of Thy name;
Although ascended to Thy throne,
Thou still art present with Thine own.

2 High on His Father's royal seat,
Our Jesus shone divinely great;
Ere Adam's clay with life was warmed,
Or Gabriel's nobler spirit formed.

3 Through all succeeding ages, He
The same hath been, the same shall be;
Immortal radiance gilds His head,
While stars and suns wax old, and fade.

4 The same His power, His flock to guard;
The same His bounty to reward:
The same His faithfulness and love,
To saints on earth and saints above.

5 Let nature change, and sink, and die;
Jesus shall raise His chosen high;
And fix them near His heavenly throne,
In glory changeless as His own.

142 H. M. C. WESLEY.

REJOICE, THE SAVIOUR REIGNS.

1 REJOICE, the Lord is King,
Th' ascended King adore;
Mortals, give thanks, and sing
And triumph evermore!
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice. .

2 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love:
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell,
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope;
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the Archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, REJOICE.

143 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

AT THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD.

1 JESUS the Lord our souls adore,
A painful sufferer now no more;
At the right hand of God He reigns
O'er earth, and heaven's extensive plains.

2 His race for ever is complete;
For ever undisturbed His seat;
Myriads of angels round Him fly,
And sing His well gained victory.

3 Yet 'midst the honours of His throne,
He joys not for Himself alone;
His meanest servants share their part,
Share in that royal tender heart.

4 Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptured sight
With sacred wonder and delight;
Jesus at God's right hand now see,
Entered within the veil for thee.

144 C. M. KELLY.

THE CROSS AND CROWN.

1 THE head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is His by sovereign right;
The King of kings, the Lord of lords,
He reigns in glory bright.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom He manifests His love,
And grants His name to know;

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with Him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore, is life and health,
Though shame and death to Him;
His people's hope, His people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

145 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

JESUS HATH THE KEY OF HEAVEN.

1 WITH what delight I raise my eyes,
And view the courts where Jesus dwells!
Jesus, who reigns above the skies,
And here below His grace reveals.

2 Of God's own house the sacred key
Is borne by that majestic hand:
Mansions and treasures there I see
Subjected all to His command.

3 He shuts, and worlds might strive in vain
The mighty obstacle to move;
He looses all their bars again,
And who shall shut the gates of love!

4 Fixed in omnipotence, He bears
The glories of His Father's name:
Sustains His people's weighty cares,
Through every changing age the same.

5 My little all I here suspend,
Where the whole weight of heaven is hung!
Secure I rest on such a friend,
And into raptures wake my tongue.

146 8s. and 7s. BAKEWELL.

OUR CONQUERING KING.

1 HAIL, Thou once despiséd Jesus,
Hail, Thou bleeding, conquering King;
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring!
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Thou didst bear our sin and shame,
Through Thy merit we find favour;
Life is givén through Thy name.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All Thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven,
Man is reconciled to God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side:
There for sinners Thou art pleading,
There Thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

147 L. M. WATTS.

LORD OF ANGELS.

1 GREAT God, to what a glorious height
Hast Thou advanced the Lord, Thy Son!
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of His throne.

2 Before His feet, their armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage His affairs of state,
In works of vengeance or of love.

3 Now they are sent to guide our feet,
Up to the gates of Thine abode
Through all the dangers that we meet,
In travelling o'er the heavenly road.

4 Lord, when we leave this mortal ground,
And Thou shalt bid us rise and come,
Send Thy belovéd angels down,
Safe to conduct our spirits home.

148 L. M. WATTS.

COMING TO JUDGE THE WORLD.

1 NOW to the Lord, that made us know
The wonders of His dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'T was He that cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in His richest blood;
'T is He that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
And every tongue His glory sing.

4 Behold! on flying clouds He comes,
And every eye shall see His face;
Though with our sins we pierced Him once,
He now displays His pardoning grace.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord! nor let Thy promise fail,
Nor let Thy chariots long delay.

149 8s., 7s. and 4s. OLIVERS.

SURELY I COME QUICKLY.

1 LO! He comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain!
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty:
Those, who set at naught and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away:
All who hate Him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day;
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!

4 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by men rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air!
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Answer Thine own bride and Spirit:
Hasten, Lord, and quickly come!
The new heaven and earth t' inherit,
Take Thy weeping exiles home:
All creation
Travails, groans, and bids Thee come!

6 Yea! amen! let all adore Thee,
High on Thine exalted throne!
Saviour, take the power and glory:
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own!
Oh! come quickly,
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come!

150 8s., 7s. and 4s. OLIVERS.

THE JUDGMENT WELCOMED.

1 LO! He cometh! countless trumpets
Blow to raise the sleeping dead:
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See their great exalted Head.
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome, Son of God!

2 Now His merit, by the harpers,
Through th' eternal deep resounds;
Now resplendent shine His nail-prints,
Every eye shall see His wounds;
They, who pierced Him,
Shall at His appearance wail.

3 Full of joyful expectation,
Saints, behold the Judge appear!
Truth and justice go before Him,
Now the joyful sentence hear:
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine

4 "Come, ye blesséd of My Father,
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows,
Endless praise be your employ;"
Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome to the skies.

5 Now at once they rise to glory,
Jesus brings them as their King,
There, with all the hosts of heaven,
They eternal anthems sing;
Hallelujah,
Boundless glory to the Lamb.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

151 C. M. COTTERILL.

EFFUSION OF THE SPIRIT.

1 LET songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down His Spirit from on high,
According to His word.

2 The Spirit, by His heavenly breath,
New life creates within,
He quickens sinners from their death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our hearts reveals;
Our bodies He His temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With Thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love,
Our hearts and tongues inspire!

152 C. M. BEDDOME.

WORK OF THE SPIRIT.

1 THE blesséd Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where He please;
How happy are the men who feel
The soul enlivening breeze.

2 He forms the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
And plants His grace within.

3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and grief remove,
And brings us near to God.

4 Lord, fill each dead, benighted soul,
With light, and life, and joy;
None can Thy mighty power control,
Thy glorious work destroy.

153 C. M. HAWEIS.

PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT.

1 GREAT Spirit, through whose mighty power
All creatures live and move,
On us Thy benediction shower,
Inspire our souls with love.

2 Hail, Source of light, arise snd shine,
Darkness and doubt dispel;
Give peace and joy, for we are Thine,
In us for ever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise,
Complete redemption bring;
New tongues impart, to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside;
Exulting, then, we'll show and own
Our Jesus glorified.

154 L. M. WATTS.

POWER OF THE HOLY GHOST.

1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace:
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

2 Enlightened by Thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
We learn the meaning of Thy word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Our wild imperious lusts subdue
And form our wretched hearts anew.

4 The troubled conscience knows Thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

155 L. M. STEELE.

INDWELLING OF THE HOLY GHOST.

1 DEAR Lord, and shall Thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling! glorious Guest!
Favour astonishing, divine!

2 When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can Thy Spirit then be here,
Great spring of comfort, life and light?

3 Sure the blessed Comforter is nigh;
'T is He sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

4 When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find His healing voice
The tempest of my fears control,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?

5 Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires;
Can it be less than power divine,
Which animates these strong desires?

6 What less than Thine almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust;
And bid me cleave to Thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust?

7 And when my cheerful hope can say,
"I love my God, and taste His grace;"
Lord, is it not Thy blissful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace

8 Let Thy kind Spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love;
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

156 S. M. C. WESLEY.

WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

1 SPIRIT of faith, come down
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Saviour known,
And witness with the blood.

2 'Tis Thine the blood t' apply,
And give us each to see,
That He who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.

3 No one can truly say,
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word.

4 Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in His blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God."

157 L. P. M. C. WESLEY.

THE EARNEST OF THE SPIRIT.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, all quickening fire,
Come, and in me delight to rest;
Grant the supplies that I require:
Oh! come, and consecrate my breast
The temple of my soul prepare,
And fix Thy sacred presence there.

2 My peace, my life, my comfort Thou,
My treasure and my all THOU art;
True witness of my sonship, now,
Engraving Christ upon my heart,
Seal of my sins in Him forgiven,
Earnest of love, and pledge of heaven,

3 My Comforter, mark out Thine heir,
Of heaven a larger earnest give;
With clearer light Thy witness bear,
More actively within me live;
Let all my powers Thy presence feel,
And deeper stamp Thyself the seal.

158 8s. and 7s. irr. TOPLADY.

THE HOLY SPIRIT INVOKED.

1 HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, Thou Source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe Thy life and spread Thy light;
Loving SPIRIT, God of peace,
Great Distributer of grace,
Rest upon this congregation!
Hear, Oh! hear our supplication.

2 From that height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower, descend;
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.

O thou Glory shining down
From the FATHER and the SON,
Grant us Thy illumination!
Rest on all this congregation.

3 Come, Thou best of all donations,
God can give, or we implore;
Having Thy sweet consolations,
We need wish for nothing more:
HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly DOVE,
Now descending from above,
Rest on all this congregation!
Make our hearts Thy habitation.

159 C. M. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

GRIEVING THE SPIRIT.

1 THE God of grace will never leave,
Or cast away His own;
And yet when we His Spirit grieve,
His comforts are withdrawn.

2 If noisy war or strife abound,
We grieve the peaceful Dove;
His gracious influence is found
In paths of truth and love.

3 Should we indulge one secret sin,
Or disregard His laws,
His succours and support within,
The Spirit vexed withdraws.

4 To sin, Oh! leave us not a prey,
Nor yet to Satan's hand;
But guide us, in the heavenly way,
To our Immanuel's land.

160 L. M. BURDER.

THE SPIRIT SOUGHT.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain and worldly thought,
And lead me to Thy blessed abode.

2 Hast Thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame;
And make me burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in Thee.

161 7s. STOCKER.

INFLUENCES OF THE SPIRIT.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit, Dove divine,
Let Thy light within me shine;
Let my guilty fears remove,
Fill me with Thy heavenly love.

2 Speak Thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart,
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe Thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from Thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever Thine.

162 7s. REED.

AN INVOCATION.

1 HOLY GHOST, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne,
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

163 C. M. COTTERILL.

THE SPIRIT ACKNOWLEDGED AND DESIRED.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Kindle a flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2 'T is Thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'T is Thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only Thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear,
That we 're the sons of God;
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

164 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

THE CHOICEST GIFT.

1 GREAT Father of each perfect gift,
Behold Thy servants wait;
With longing eyes, and lifted hands,
We flock around Thy gate.

2 Oh! shed abroad that choicest gift,
Thy Spirit from above,
To cheer our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 Blessed earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven:
And bear with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

4 Diffuse, O God, Thy copious showers,
That earth its fruit may yield,
And change the barren wilderness
To Carmel's flowery field.

165 8s. and 7s. C. WESLEY.

BREATHING AFTER HOLINESS.

1 LOVE divine, all love excelling!
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling:
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion!
Pure unbounded love, Thou art!
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, Oh! breathe, Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy precious love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation;
Pure, unspotted, may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secured by Thee:
Changed from glory unto glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise!

166 C. M. WATTS.

BREATHING AFTER THE HOLY SPIRIT.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise,
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

167 C. P. M. HART.

THE OUT-POURING OF THE SPIRIT.

1 WHEN the blessed day of Pentecost
Was fully come, the Holy Ghost
Descended from above;
Sent by the Father and the Son:
The Sender and the Sent are one,
The Lord of life and love.

2 But were the first disciples blessed
With heavenly gifts? And shall the rest
Be passed unheeded by?
What! Has the Holy Ghost forgot
To quicken souls, that Christ has bought,
And let them lifeless lie?

3 No, Thou almighty Paraclete!
Thou shedd'st Thy heavenly influence yet;
Thou visit'st sinners still;
Thy breath of life, Thy quickening flame,
Thy power, Thy Godhead, still the same,
We own, because we feel.

THE DECREES OF GOD.

168 C. M. WATTS.

SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD.

1 KEEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod:
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on His firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave, TO BE.

3 Chained to His throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men;
With every angel's form and size,
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes His counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

5 Here, He exalts neglected worms,
To sceptres and a crown;
And there, the following page He turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 My God, I would not long to see
My fate, with curious eyes:
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.

8 In Thy fair book of life and grace,
Oh! may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

169 11s. and 8s. KENNEDY.

DISTINGUISHING GRACE.

1 IN songs of sublime adoration and praise,
Ye pilgrims, for Zion who press,
Break forth and extol the great Ancient of days,
His rich and distinguishing grace.

2 His love, from eternity fixed upon you,
Broke forth and discovered its flame,
When each with the cords of His kindness He drew,
And brought you to love His great name.

3 Oh! had not He pitied the state you were in,
Your bosoms His love had ne'er felt:
You all would have lived, would have died too in sin,
And sunk with the load of your guilt.

4 What was there in you that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
'T was "Even so, Father," you ever must sing,
"Because it seemed good in Thy sight."

5 Then give all the glory to His holy name,
To Him all the glory belongs;
Be yours the high joy still to sound forth His fame,
And crown Him in each of your songs.

170 L. M. WATTS.

ELECTION SOVEREIGN AND FREE.

1 BEHOLD! the potter moulds the clay,
His vessel forms himself to please:
Such is our God, and such are we,
The subjects of His just decrees.

2 Doth not the workman's power extend
O'er all the mass; which part to choose,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use?

3 May not the sovereign Lord on high,
Dispense His favours as He will;
Choose some to life, while others die;
And yet be just and glorious still?

4 What, if to make His terror known,
He lets His patience long endure,
Suffering vile rebels to go on,
And seal their own destruction sure?

5 What, if He mean to show His grace,
And His electing love employ
To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heavenly joy?

6 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust;
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

7 But Oh! my soul, if truth so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight;
Yet still His written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.

8 Then shall He make His justice known:
And the whole world, before His throne,
With joy, or terror, shall confess
The glory of His righteousness. 411

171 L. M. WATTS.

THE SAFETY OF THE ELECT.

1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
And mercy like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead,
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold Him rising from the dead.

3 He lives! He lives! and sits above
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from His love,
Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He, that hath loved us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour:
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope;
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
Shall cause His mercy to remove,
Nor wean our hearts from Christ our love.

172 C. M. TOPLADY.

ELECTED TO HOLINESS.

1 HOW vast the benefits divine,
Which we in Christ possess!
We're saved from guilt and every sin,
And called to holiness.

2 'Tis not for works which we have done,
Or shall hereafter do;
But He, of His electing love,
Salvation doth bestow.

3 The glory, Lord, from first to last,
Is due to Thee alone;
Aught to ourselves we dare not take,
Or rob Thee of Thy crown.

4 Our glorious Surety undertook
Redemption's wondrous plan;
And grace was givén us in Him,
Before the world began.

5 Safe in the arms of sovereign love
We ever shall remain;
Nor shall the rage of earth or hell
Make Thy dear counsels vain.

6 Not one of all the chosen race
But shall to heaven attain,
Partake on earth the purposed grace,
And then with Jesus reign.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

173 C. M. STEELE.

CREATION.

1 LORD, when onr raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach Thy praise,
And bids our souls adore.

2 Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 The living tribes of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air,
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.

4 Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
In all Thy works appear:
And Oh! let man Thy praise record,
Man, Thy distinguished care.

5 From Thee the breath of life he drew;
That breath Thy power maintains:
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

6 Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possessed;
By revelation's brightest rays,
Still more divinely blessed.

174 L. M. WATTS: NEWTON

PRIMITIVE STATE OF MAN.

1 ADAM in Paradise was placed,
Our natural and our federal head;
With holiness and wisdom graced,
In his Creator's image made.

2 Blessed with the joys of innocence,
Upright and happy, firm he stood;
Till he debased himself to sense,
And ate of the forbidden food.

3 His soul, at first a holy flame,
Was kindled by his Maker's breath;
But stung by sin, it soon became
The seat of darkness, strife, and death.

175 C. M. STEELE.

THE BLESSINGS OF PROVIDENCE.

1 ALMIGHTY Father, gracious Lord,
Kind Guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record,
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was Thy indulgent care;
Long ere I could pronounce Thy name,
Or breathe the infant prayer.

3 Around my path what dangers rose!
What snares spread all my road!
No power could guard me from my foes,
But my Preserver, God.

4 How many blessings round me shone,
Where'er I turned mine eye!
How many passed, almost unknown,
Or unregarded, by!

5 Each rolling year new favours brought
From Thy exhaustless store;
But ah! in vain my labouring thought
Would count Thy mercies o'er.

6 While sweet reflection, through my days
Thy bounteous hand would trace;
Still dearer blessings claim my praise,
The blessings of Thy grace.

7 Yes, I adore Thee, gracious Lord,
For favours more divine;
That I have known Thy sacred word,
Where all Thy glories shine.

8 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of Thy grace,
And raise me to the skies. 415

9 Then shall my joyful powers unite
In more exalted lays;
And join the happy sons of light,
In everlasting praise.

176 L. M. RYLAND.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

1 RESISTLESS Sovereign of the skies,
Immensely great! immensely wise!
My times are all within Thy hand;
And all events at Thy command.

2 My times of sickness and of health,
My times of penury and wealth,
My times of trial and of grief,
My times of triumph and relief.

3 Sad times, the tempter's power to prove,
Blessed times, to taste a Saviour's love,
Must all begin, and last, and end,
As best shall please my God and Friend.

4 Though plagues and deaths around me fly,
Till He commands, I cannot die:
No; not a single shaft can hit,
Till God, who guards my life, sees fit.

5 Oh! Thou, tremendous, wise and just!
In Thy kind hands my life I trust;
Yea, had I somewhat dearer still,
It should be Thine, and at Thy will.

6 May I, at all times, own Thy hand,
And still to Thee surrendered stand;
Convinced that Thou art God alone,
May I and mine be all Thy own.

7 Thee, Lord, at all times will I bless,
For, having Thee, I all possess;
Nor can I e'er bereavéd be,
Since Thou wilt never part with me.

177 C. M. COWPER.

THE MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds, ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace:
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own intrepreter,
And He will make it plain.

178 L. M. BEDDOME.

WISDOM OF PROVIDENCE.

1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will!
Tumultuous passions, all be still!
Nor let a murmuring thought arise;
His providence and ways are wise.

2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs His work, the cause conceals;
But though His methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support His throne.

3 In heaven, and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes His firm decrees;
And by His saints it stands confessed
That what He does is ever best.

4 Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before His awful seat;
And 'midst the terrors of His rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

179 10s. and 11s. NEWTON.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

1 THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright;
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite:
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide;
The scripture assures us, the Lord will provide.

2 The birds, without barn or store house, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied;
So long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be tossed
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, the Lord will provide.

4 His call we obey, like Abra'm of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For, though we be strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, though oft He has tried,
This heart cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in vain,
The good, that we seek, we ne'er shall obtain;
But when such suggestions our spirits have plied,
This answers all questions, the Lord will provide.

7 No strength of our own, or goodness, we claim;
Yet, since we have known the Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide:
The Lord is our power, the Lord will provide.

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This work of His grace shall comfort us through:
No fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side!
We hope to die shouting, the Lord will provide.

180 C. M. HOSKINS.

IT IS WELL.

1 IT shall be well, let sinners know,
With those who love the Lord:
His saints have always found it so,
When resting on His word.

2 Peace, then, ye chastened sons of God,
Why let your sorrows swell!
Wisdom directs our Father's rod,
His word says, It is well.

3 Though you may trials sharp endure,
From sin, or death, or hell;
Your heavenly Father's love is sure,
And, therefore, it is well.

4 Soon will your sorrows all be o'er,
And you shall sweetly tell.
On Canaan's calm and pleasant shore,
That all at last is well.

181 C. M. WATTS.

GOD OUR PRESERVER.

1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear;
While we confess, O Lord! to Thee,
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 't is our God supports our frame,
The God, that formed us first;
Salvation to th' almighty Name
That reared us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or life, or tongues,
Our Maker we 'll adore:
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.

182 L. M. COLLETT.

DIVINE GUIDANCE.

1 THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good;
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share,
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or power,
Fix we on this terrestrial ball?
When most secure, the coming hour,
If Thou see fit, may blast them all.

4 When lowest sunk with grief and shame,
Filled with affliction's bitter cup;
Lost to relations, friends and fame,
Thy powerful hand can raise us up.

5 Thy powerful consolations cheer;
Thy smiles suppress the deep fetched sigh;
Thy hand can dry the trickling tear,
That secret wets the orphan's eye.

6 Thus far sustained, and clothed and fed,
Through life's tumultuous scenes we've come;
Give us this day our daily bread,
And lead, and bring us safely home.

183 L. M. E. SCOTT.

RELIANCE ON GOD.

1 BENEATH a numerous train of ills,
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;
Yet shall our hope in Thee, our God,
O'er every gloomy fear prevail.

2 Parent and Husband, Guard and Guide,
Thou art each tender name in one;
On Thee we cast our heavy cares,
And comfort seek from Thee alone.

3 Our Father, God, to Thee we look;
Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend
And on Thy covenant love and truth,
Our sinking souls shall still depend.

MAN'S RUIN.

184 C. M. WATTS.

INABILITY OF SINNERS.

1 SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood;
The only help is sovereign grace,
The sole physician, God.

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death;
But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead,
With His almighty breath.

3 Madness, by nature, reigns within;
The passions burn and rage;
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
The inward fire assuage.

4 We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise;
Such is the folly of the mind,
Till Jesus makes us wise.

5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the poisonous gall;
And rush with fury down to hell;
But grace prevents the fall.

6 The man, possessed among the tombs,
Cuts his own flesh, and cries:
He foams and raves, till Jesus comes:
Then the foul spirit flies.

185 C. M. WATTS.

ORIGINAL SIN.

1 NOW back with humble shame we look
On our original;
How is our nature dashed and broke
In our first father's fall!

2 To all that 's good, averse and blind,
But prone to all that 's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

3 Conceived in sin, O wretched state!
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Depravity and death.

4 Wild and unwholesome as the root,
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?

5 What mortal power from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?

6 Yet, mighty God, Thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean;
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

7 The second Adam can restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sovereign power,
That new creates our dust!

186 7s. and 6s. NEWTON.

THE ALARM.

1 STOP, poor sinners, stop and think
Before you further go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
On the verge of ruin stop,
Now the friendly warning take,
Stay your footsteps ere you drop
Into the burning lake.

2 Say, have you an arm like God,
That you His will oppose?
Fear ye not that iron rod
With which He breaks His foes?
Can you stand in that dread day,
Which His justice shall proclaim,
When the earth shall melt away
Like wax before the flame?

3 Ghastly death will quickly come,
And drag you to His bar?
Then to hear your awful doom
Will fill you with despair!
All your sins will round you crowd;
You shall mark their crimson dye;
Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?

4 Though your heart were made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass;
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass;
Sinners then in vain will call,
Those who now despise His grace,
"Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from His face."

187 C. M. DOBELL.

THE BROAD ROAD AND THE NARROW WAY.

1 SINNERS, behold that downward road
Which leads to endless woe;
What multitudes of thoughtless souls,
The road to ruin go!

2 But yonder see that narrow way,
Which leads to endless bliss;
There see a happy, chosen few,
Redeemed by sovereign grace.

3 They from destruction's city came,
To Zion upward tend:
The Bible is their precious guide,
And God Himself their friend.

4 Lord, I would now a pilgrim be,
Guide Thou my feet aright;
I would not for ten thousand worlds
Be banished from Thy sight.

188 7s. NEWTON.

SINNERS EXHORTED IN VIEW OF JUDGMENT.

1 SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, His mighty arm is bared!
Awful terrors clothe His brow!
For His judgment stand prepared;
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At His presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee!

4 Who His advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapped in flame?

5 Lord, prepare us by Thy grace!
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

6 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

189 H. M. LEE.

DEATH CLOSES THE DAY OF GRACE.

1 WHEN frowning death appears,
And points his fatal dart,
What dark foreboding fears
Distract the sinner's heart!

The dreadful blow
No arm can stay,
But, torn away,
He sinks to woe.

2 Now, every hope denied,
Bereft of every good,
He must the wrath abide
Of an avenging God;

No mercy there
Will greet his ear,
Nor wipe the tear
Of black despair.

3 Sinners, awake, attend,
And flee the wrath to come;
Make Christ, the Judge, your friend,
And heaven shall be your home.

His mercy nigh
Now points the path
That leads from death
To joys on high.

190 C. M DODDRIDGE.

EXHORTATION TO REPENTANCE.

1 REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds are despatched abroad,
To warn the world of sin.

3 Together in His presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with His grace.

4 Bow, ere the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to His bar:
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And turns to vengeance there.

5 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

191 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

WARNING AGAINST THE ABUSE OF DIVINE GOODNESS.

1 UNGRATEFUL sinners, whence this scorn
Of God's long suffering grace?
And whence this madness, that insults
Th' Almighty to His face?

2 Is it because His patience waits,
And pitying bowels move,
You multiply transgressions more,
And scorn His offered love?

3 Dost thou not know, self blinded man,
His goodness is designed
To wake repentance in thy soul,
And melt thy hardened mind?

4 And wilt thou rather choose to meet
Th' Almighty as thy foe;
And treasure up His wrath in store
Against the day of woe?

5 Soon shall that fatal day approach,
That must thy sentence seal,
And righteous judgments, now unknown,
In awful pomp reveal.

6 While they, who, full of holy deeds,
To glory seek to rise,
Continuing patient to the end,
Shall gain th' immortal prize.

192 7s. T. Scott.

TO-DAY THE SEASON OF MERCY.

1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blessed
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

193 S. M. NEWTON.

FALSE REFUGES EXPOSED.

1 DESTRUCTION'S dangerous road,
What multitudes pursue!
While that, which leads the soul to God,
Is known or sought by few.

2 Believers enter in
By Christ, the living door;
But they, who will not leave their sin,
Must perish evermore.

3 If self must be denied,
And sin forsaken quite;
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it right.

4 Encompassed by a throng,
On numbers they depend;
They think so many can't be wrong,
And miss a happy end.

5 But numbers are no mark
That men will right be found;
A few were saved in Noah's ark,
For many millions drowned.

6 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may;
The flock of Christ remains still small,
And none are safe, but they.

7 Lord, open sinners' eyes,
Their awful state to see;
And make them, ere the storm arise,
To Thee for safety flee.

194 C. M. WILKS.

BOAST NOT OF TO-MORROW.

1 WHY should we boast of time to come,
Though but a single day?
This hour may fix our final doom,
Though strong, and young, and gay.

2 The present we should now redeem;
This only is our own;
The past, alas! is all a dream,
The future is unknown.

3 Oh! think, what vast concerns depend
Upon a moment's space;
When life and all its cares shall end
In vengeance or in grace.

4 Oh! for that power which melts the heart
And mounts the soul on high,
Where sin, and grief, and death depart,
And pleasures never die.

5 There we with ecstacy shall fall
Before Immanuel's feet;
And hail Him as our All in all,
In happiness complete.

195 H. M.

CALL TO THE YOUNG.

1 UP, for thy life, young soul!
Foes gather round thee fast;
Up, for the swift hours roll
Thy favoured season past.

Now thou art strong,
Gird for the fight,
Decay, ere long,
Shall waste thy might,

2 Christ and His ransomed band,
Towards heaven thy soul allure;
Glorious at His right hand,
While joys on high endure.
There rest complete: | Whose early feet
Thrice welcome they, | His call obey.

3 Mark, now, from realms above,
The Spirit o'er thee bends:
Gift of the Saviour's love,
Him, God the Father sends:
He leads secure; | Make victory sure,
His sword and shield | Make Satan yield.

4 God and His saints invite;
Hell warns with dreadful voice;
Life, death, all things unite
To press thy timely choice.
List to that call! | Trust now thine all,
On Jesus' side, | In Him abide.

196 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

LIFE A VAPOUR.

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodged in Thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
Oh! make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day!

3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake by Thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 "One thing" demands our care,
Oh! be it still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

197 L. M.

WHY WILL YE DIE?

1 WHY, thoughtless sinner, wilt thou die?
Why yield to Satan's fatal charm?
Why wilt thou yet believe the lie,
That sin can do thy soul no harm?

2 God has pronounced the sinner's doom;
In ruin soon his course must end:
Wilt thou in sin on peace presume,
Or on vain confidence depend?

3 Hast thou an arm like God most high,
In equal war with Him to meet?
Canst thou His thunderbolts defy,
Or quench His flames beneath thy feet?

4 Peace is proclaimed! Oh! bless the sound
Of pardon, bought with love divine;
God has Himself the ransom found,
Which could atone for sins like thine.

198 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

ONE THING NEEDFUL.

1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares,
That life which God's compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge His dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain?
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace impart,
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste, on trifling cares
That life which Thy compassion spares.

199 8s. and 6s. HASTINGS.

GO, WATCH AND PRAY.

1 GO, watch and pray: thou canst not tell
How near thine hour may be;
Thou canst not know how soon the bell
May toll its notes for thee.
Death's countless snares beset thy way;
Frail child of dust, go, watch and pray.

2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high?
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Sparkle before thine eye?
Soon these must change, must pass away;
Frail child of dust, go, watch and pray.

3 Ambition, stop thy panting breath;
Pride, sink thy lifted eye!
Behold! the caverns dark with death
Before you open lie.
The heavenly warning now obey;
Ye sons of pride, go, watch and pray.

4 Thou aged man, life's wintry storm
Hath seared thy vernal bloom;
With trembling limbs and wasting form,
Thou 'rt bending to the tomb.
And can vain hope lead thee astray?
Go! weary pilgrim, watch and pray.

200 C. M. HOSKINS.

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

1 OUR nature's totally depraved;
The heart a sink of sin;
Without a change we can't be saved;
We must be born again.

2 That, which is born of flesh, is flesh,
And flesh it will remain;
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
"Ye must be born again."

3 Spirit of life, Thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain:
Bear witness, Lord, in every heart,
That we are born again.

4 Dear Saviour, let us now begin
To trust and love Thy word,
And, by forsaking every sin,
Prove we are born of God.

THE LAW

201 L. M. WATTS.

SUMMARY OF THE LAW.

1 THUS saith the first, the great command,
"Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker, and thy God,
With utmost vigour and delight.

2 Then shall thy neighbour, next in place,
Share thine affections and esteem;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure, and rule thy love to him."

3 The substance this, that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove:
For want of this the law is broke;
The law demands a perfect love.

4 But Oh! how base our passions are!
This holy law we can't fulfill:
Regenerate our souls, O Lord,
Or we shall ne'er perform Thy will.

202 C. M. GIBBONS.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

1 THAT God who made the world on high,
And air, and earth, and sea,
Own as Thy God, and to His name
In homage bow thy knee.

2 Let not a shape which hands have wrought
Of wood, or clay, or stone,
Be deemed thy God; nor think Him like
Aught, thou hast seen or known.

3 Take not in vain the name of God:
Nor must thou ever dare
To make thy falsehood pass for truth,
By His dread name to swear.

4 That day on which He bids thee rest
From toil, to pray, and praise;
That day keep holy to the Lord,
And consecrate its rays.

5 Thy father and thy mother love,
Both honour and obey;
So shall thy life be blessed with peace,
And lengthened be thy day.

6 The blood of man thou shalt not shed,
Nor wrath, nor malice feel;
To maim, or hurt, or wish him dead,
Is in thy heart to kill.

7 Promiscuous lusts the Lord forbids,
But honours wedlock pure;
Vast is the guilt of wicked lusts,
Their punishment is sure.

8 Thou shall not, or from friend or foe,
Take aught by force or stealth;
Thy goods, thy stores must grow from right,
Or God will curse thy wealth.

9 No man shalt thou, by a false charge,
Or crush or brand with shame:
Dear as thine own, so wills thy God,
Must be his life and name.

10 Thy soul one wish shall not let loose
For that which is not thine;
Live in thy lot, or small or great:
For God hath drawn the line.

11 Oh! may the Lord, who gave these laws,
Write them on every heart,
That all may feel their living power,
Nor from His paths depart!

203 S. M. HARRISON.

SPIRITUALITY OF THE LAW.

1 THE law of God is just,
A strict and holy way;
And he, that would escape the curse,
Must all the law obey.

2 Not one vain thought must rise
Not one unclean desire;
He must be holy, just, and wise,
Who keeps the law entire.

3 If in one point he fail,
In thought or word or deed,
The curses of the law prevail,
And rest upon his head.

4 I tremble and confess;
O God! I am accursed:
Guilty, I fall before Thy face,
And own Thy sentence just.

5 But does the curse still rest
Upon my guilty head?
No; Jesus, let His name be blessed!
Hath borne it in my stead.

6 He hath fulfilled the law,
Obtained my peace with God;
Hence doth my soul her comforts draw,
And leave her heavy load.

204 L. M. RIPPON'S COLL.

PRACTICAL USE OF THE MORAL LAW.

1 O LORD, my soul convicted stands
Of breaking all Thy ten commands:
And on me justly might'st Thou pour
Thy wrath in one eternal shower.

2 But thanks to God, its loud alarms
Have warned me of approaching harms;
And now O Lord, my wants I see;
Lost and undone, I come to Thee.

3 I know my fig-leaf righteousness
Can ne'er Thy broken law redress;
Yet in Thy gospel plan I see,
There's hope of pardon e'en for me.

4 There, I behold with wonder, Lord!
That Christ hath to Thy law restored
Those honours on th' atoning day,
Which guilty sinners took away.

5 Amazing wisdom, power and love,
Displayed to rebels from above!
Do Thou, O Lord, my faith increase
To love and trust Thy plan of grace.

205 C. M. WATTS.

CONVICTION OF SIN BY THE LAW.

1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heaven were firm and bright;
But since the precept came
With a convincing power and light,
I find how vile I am.

3 My guilt appeared but small before,
Till, terribly I saw,
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
Was Thine eternal law.

4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins revived again;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain.

5 My God, I cry with every breath
For grace and power to save;
To break the yoke of sin and death,
And thus redeem the slave.

206 L. M. WATTS.

ALL THINGS BUT LOSS FOR CHRIST.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear His name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to His cross.

3 Yes; and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
Oh! may my soul be found in Him,
And of His righteousness partake!

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before Thy throne;
But faith can answer Thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

207 C. M. WATTS.

CONVICTION OF MISERY BY THE LAW.

1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built:
Their hearts by nature are unclean,
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murmuring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now;
Since to convince, and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is Thy grace,
When in Thy name we trust!
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

208 L. M. BROWNE.

THE FIRST COMMAND.

1 ETERNAL God! Almighty cause
Of earth and seas, and worlds unknown;
All things are subject to Thy laws;
All things depend on Thee alone.

2 Thy glorious Being singly stands,
Of all within itself possessed;
Controlled by none are Thy commands;
Thou from Thyself alone art blessed.

3 To Thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heaven and earth due homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4 Spread Thy great name through heathen lands;
Their idol-deities dethrone:
Reduce the world to Thy command,
And reign, as Thou art, God alone.

209 L. M. NEEDHAM.

THE SECOND COMMAND.

1 THOU art, O God! a spirit pure,
Invisible to mortal eyes;
'Th' immortal, and th' eternal King,
The great, the good, the only wise.

2 Whilst nature changes, and her works
Corrupt, decay, dissolve and die,
Thy essence pure, no change shall see,
Secure of immortality.

3 Thou great Invisible! what hand
Can draw Thy image, spotless, fair?
To what in heaven, to what on earth,
Can men th' immortal King compare?

4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods
Of gold and silver, wood and stone;
Ours is the God that made the heavens,
JEHOVAH HE, and God alone.

5 My soul, thy purest homage pay,
In truth and spirit Him adore;
More shall this please, than sacrifice,
Than outward forms delight Him more.

210 C. M. NEEDHAM.

THE THIRD COMMAND.

1 HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry,
Thrice holy, let us sing.

2 Holy is He in all His works,
And truth is His delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from His sight.

3 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands, a holy heart
To His sublime abode.

4 With sacred awe pronounce His name,
Abhor the lips profane:
Let not thy tongue the Lord blaspheme,
Nor take His name in vain.

5 Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart, and hands, and lips,
Alone Thy face shall see.

211 L. M.

AN OATH FOR CONFIRMATION.

1 WHEN God His gracious promise made
To faithful Abra'm and his seed,
To show His grace and truth to both,
Confirmed the promise with an oath,

2 So, by an oath, in every age,
The saints their promise oft engage;
When questions rise of death or life,
An oath confirms and ends all strife.

3 Christians the truth will ever say,
Their yea be yea, their nay be nay;
And with conscientious dread refrain
From swearing any oath profane.

4 But when great facts demand high proof,
They honour God by solemn oath;
And thereby teach the world to own
The Judge eternal on His throne.

5 The fear of God is thus maintained,
And men from perjury restrained;
Religious oaths may be abused,
But may not therefore be refused.

6 Christians, the worthiest men on earth,
Who cherish peace, and love the truth,
Will put religion's sacred seal
To what is held the last appeal.

212 C. M. WATTS.

PERJURY.

1 LET those who bear the christian name
Their holy vows fulfil:
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Delight to do His will.

2 True to the solemn oaths they take
Though to their hurt they swear;
Constant and just to all they speak;
For God they know can hear.

3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flattering words devise;
They're sure the God of truth can see
Through every false disguise.

4 Deceits they hate, they dread all lies,
Whatever forms they wear;
Preferring death to perjuries,
They dare not falsely swear.

5 Lo! from above the Lord descends,
And brings the judgment down:
He bids His saints, His faithful friends,
Rise and possess their crown.

6 While Satan trembles at the sight,
And devils wish to die;
Where will the faithless hypocrite
And perjured liar fly?

213 L. M. J. STENNETT.

THE FOURTH COMMAND.

1 RETURN, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God has blessed;
Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun.

2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides a blessed foretaste of heaven,
On this day more than all the seven.

3 Oh! that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

4 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest;
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 With joy, great God, Thy works we scan,
Creation's scene, redemption's plan:
With praise, we think on mercies past,
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

6 In holy duties let the day,
In holy comforts, pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one, that ne'er shall end!

214 C. M. MASON.

DELIGHT IN ORDINANCES.

1 COME, dearest Lord, and feed Thy sheep,
On this sweet day of rest;
Oh! bless this flock, and make this fold
Enjoy a heavenly rest.

2 Welcome and precious to my soul,
Are these sweet days of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep,
When I shall rest above!

3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy foot-steps, Lord, I trace;
Here, in Thine own appointed way,
I wait to see Thy face.

4 These are the sweet and precious days
On which my Lord I've seen;
And oft, when feasting on His word,
In raptures I have been.

5 Oh! if my soul, when death appears,
In this sweet frame be found:
I'll clasp my Saviour in mine arms,
And leave this earthly ground.

6 I long for that delightful hour,
When from this clay undressed,
I shall be clothed in robes divine,
And made for ever blessed.

215 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

THE ETERNAL SABBATH.

1 THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and warm desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
Nor groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day! begin;
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

216 S. M. WATTS.

LORD'S DAY MORNING.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my great God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And sing, and bear herself away
To everlasting bliss.

217 C. M. S. Browne

LORD'S DAY EVENING.

1 FREQUENT the day of God returns,
To shed its quickening beams;
And yet how slow devotion burns,
How languid are its flames?

2 Accept our faint attempts to love,
Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
We would be like Thy saints above,
And praise Thee while we live.

3 Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope,
And fit us to ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
The Sabbath ne'er shall end.

4 There we shall breathe in heavenly air,
With heavenly lustre shine;
Before the throne of God appear,
And feast on love divine.

218 11s. Bulmer.

REST OF THE SABBATH.

1 HOW sweet is the Sabbath, this day of repose,
On which the Redeemer triumphantly rose,
Confirming His mission, by leaving the dead,
To comfort the mourners, who left Him and fled.

2 His work then completed, our Sabbath began,
A day of rejoicing to penitent man;
For when the Messiah had entered His rest,
The gospel our freedom and pardon expressed.

3 With Him may we rest in the favour divine,
Until in His kingdom above we shall shine
More bright than the sun, in the robes of free grace
And never remove from the sight of His face.

4 O Saviour, assist us, Thy Spirit impart,
To change and to sanctify every heart;
Divinely instructed from evil to flee,
May we never wander from peace and from Thee.

219 L. M.

THE FIFTH COMMAND.

1 GREAT Source of order, Maker wise!
Whose throne is high above the skies;
We praise Thy name; Thy laws ordain,
That order shall on earth obtain.

2 Let each inferior rank revere
All such as their superiors are;
And let superiors also do
What's right by each inferior too.

3 To Thee may each united house,
At morn and night, present its vows;
Oh! may each family proclaim
The honours of Thy glorious name.

220 C. M. WATTS.

HONOUR TO MAGISTRATES.

1 ETERNAL Sovereign of the sky
And Lord of all below;
We mortals to Thy majesty
Our first obedience owe.

2 Our souls adore Thy throne supreme;
And bless Thy providence,
For magistrates of various name,
Our glory and defence.

3 Where laws and liberty combine
To make the nation blessed;
There magistrates with lustre shine,
And states are governed best.

4 Nations on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward;
And sinners perish from the land,
By justice and the sword.

5 To magistrates be honour paid,
To laws obedience shown;
But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

221 C. M. GREEN.

ANXIETY OF BELIEVERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN.

1 THOUGH parents may in covenant be,
And have their heaven in view;
They are unhappy, till they see
Their children happy too.

2 Their hearts with inward anguish bleed,
When all attempts prove vain
To save their race from paths, that lead
To everlasting pain.

3 They warn, indulge, correct, beseech,
While tears in torrents flow;
And 't is beyond the power of speech
To tell the griefs they know.

4 Till they can see victorious grace
Their children's souls possess,
The sparkling wit, the smiling face,
But add to their distress.

5 "Shall cruel spirits drag thee down
To darkness and despair;
Beneath th' Almighty's angry frown,
To dwell for ever there?

6 Saviour, the dreadful scene forbid!
Look down, dear Lord, and bless;
We'll wrestle hard, as Jacob did;
May we obtain success!"

222 L. M. HYDE.

PRAYER FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE CHURCH.

1 DEAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From Thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found,

2 Remember still that they are Thine,
That Thy dear sacred name they bear,
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh! let them ne'er forgotten be:
Remember all the prayers and tears,
Which made them consecrate to Thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn Thou their feet from folly's way,
The wanderers to Thy fold restore.

223 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

JACOB'S VOW.

1 O GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led.

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present,
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh! spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

5 Such blessings, from Thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore,
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,
Our portion evermore.

224 S. M. HASTINGS.

TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

1 O GOD of Abra'm, hear
The parents' humble cry;
In covenant mercy now appear,
While in the dust we lie.

2 These children of our love
In mercy Thou hast given,
That we through grace may faithful prove
In training them for heaven.

3 Oh! grant Thy Spirit, Lord,
Their hearts to sanctify;
Remember now Thy gracious word,
Our hopes on Thee rely.

4 Draw forth the melting tear,
The penitential sigh;
Inspire their hearts with faith sincere,
And fix their hopes on high.

5 These children now are Thine,
We give them back to Thee;
Oh! lead them by Thy grace divine,
Along the heavenly way.

225 7s. MOTHER'S H. B.

TEACH THY CHILDREN.

1 LORD, assist us by Thy grace,
To instruct our infant race;
Grant us wisdom from above,
Fill us with a Saviour's love.

2 Let us in Thy peace abide,
In Thy promises confide,
While our seed with ready zeal,
Learn of us to do Thy will.

3 May we teach them day by day,
In the house and by the way,
When they rise or go to rest,
Till Thy truth shall make them blessed.

4 While in childhood's tender age,
They unfold the sacred page,
May they see in every line,
Kindling rays of light divine.

5 Precious Saviour, hear our prayer,
We commit them to Thy care;
Be their Shepherd and their Guide,
Bring them to Thy bleeding side.

226 L. M. CONDER'S COLL.

PRAYER FOR THE YOUNG.

1 GREAT Saviour, who didst condescend
Young children in Thine arms to take,
Still prove Thyself the children's friend,
And save them for Thy mercy's sake.

2 'Tis by the guidance of Thy hand,
That they within Thy house appear;
And in Thine awful presence stand,
To hear Thy word, and join in prayer.

3 Like precious seed in fruitful ground,
Let the instruction they receive,
To Thy immortal praise abound,
And make them to Thy glory live.

4 Give them a sober, steady mind;
Strength to withstand the snares of sin;
Boldly to cast the world behind,
And strive eternal life to win.

5 To read Thy word, their hearts incline;
To understand it, light impart;
O Saviour, consecrate them Thine;
Take full possession of each heart.

227 L. P. M. C. WESLEY.

TRINITY INVOKED FOR CHILDREN.

1 COME, Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry;
The good desired, and wanted most,
Out of Thy richest grace supply;
The sacred discipline be given,
To train and bring them up for heaven.

2 Error and ignorance remove,
Their blindness both of heart and mind;
Give them the wisdom from above,
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind;
In knowledge pure their minds renew,
And store with thoughts divinely true.

3 Father, accept them through Thy Son,
And ever by Thy Spirit guide;
Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,
Thy name confessed and glorified;
Thy power and love diffused abroad,
Till all the earth be filled with God.

228 C. M. Mrs. T -

CHILDREN'S CONVERSION.

1 O LORD, behold us at Thy feet,
A needy, sinful band;
As suppliants round Thy mercy-seat,
We come at Thy command.

2 'Tis for our children we would plead,
The offspring Thou hast given;
Where shall we go in time of need,
But to the God of heaven?

3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife;
But in the all prevailing Name,
We ask eternal life.

4 We crave the Spirit's quickening grace,
To make them pure in heart;
That they may stand before Thy face,
And see Thee as Thou art.

229 L. M. WATTS.

THE SIXTH COMMAND.

1 CLAMOUR, and wrath, and war be gone,
Envy and spite for ever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known
Among the saints, the sons of peace.

2 The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve His love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

3 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ His Son.

230 L. M. T. SCOTT.

ANGER.

1 DARE we indulge our wrath and strife,
And yet assume the Christian name?
Give our wild passions sway, yet call
Ourselves the followers of the Lamb?

2 He was all gentle, meek and mild,
Full of benevolence and love;
Nor could the rage of numerous foes
Aught, but His soft compassion, move.

3 Not all their scoffs, nor the sharp pangs
Of crucifixion, could inspire
Within His breast one vengeful thought,
Or one tumultuous passion fire.

4 But we, alas! how soon the storms
Impetuous in our bosoms swell!
What stores of fuel in our breasts,
To feed those raging fires of hell!

5 Spirit of grace, do Thou descend;
Envy, and wrath, and clamour chase;
With Thy mild influence quench these fires,
And hush the stormy winds to peace!

231 C. M. SWAINE.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

1 HOW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil His word!

2 Oh! may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part:
May sorrows flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

3 Free us from envy, scorn and pride;
Our wishes fix above:
May each his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flow;
And union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

232 7s. and 6s. HASTINGS.

HAPPY FAMILY.

1 WHAT sight on earth more blissful,
Than that domestic scene,
Where union, pure and peaceful,
As sun-lit clouds at e'en,
Each kindred heart enlightens,
With many a heaven-born ray,
That ever shines and brightens
Unto the perfect day.

2 There discord is a stranger,
There strife can never come;
And many a fear and danger
Are exiled from that home;
While indolence and folly
Are banished with their train,
And converse pure and holy,
Exerts her gentle reign.

3 And there how sweet and precious,
The grateful song to raise,
To Him so kind and gracious,
Who claims the highest praise;
While glad harmonious voices,
Parents and children join;
While every heart rejoices,
In blessings so divine.

4 In such a habitation
May we be ever found,
Where waters of salvation,
In healing streams abound:
Affection's voice to chide us,
Whene'er we go astray,
And mercy's hand to guide us
Along the narrow way.

233 L. M.

THE SEVENTH COMMAND.

1 SACRED wedlock! law of heaven,
By wisdom framed, in mercy given;
The spring, whence all the kindred ties
Of parents, children, brethren, rise!

2 Cursed be the lusts which violate
The honours of the marriage state;
The Lord Himself, in wrath severe,
Will judge the vile adulterer.

3 The wicked, filthy, and unclean,
Shall reap the harvest of their sin;
And they who burn with Sodom's lust,
In Sodom's fire shall be accursed.

4 Polluted sinner, hide thy face,
Fly to the throne, and plead for grace:
The blood of Christ can cleanse thy soul,
And make thy filthy spirit whole.

234 L. M.

THE LAW SPIRITUAL, BUT MAN CARNAL.

1 MOST Holy God, Thy precept's just
Against impure desires and lust;
We therefore mourn, with grief and shame,
Our guilty and polluted frame.

2 We know, by nature we're unclean,
Our powers debased, affections mean;
We own imperfect chastity,
The sensual heart, the wanton eye.

3 The seeds of every vice and sin,
Are rooted deep, and grow within;
And if preserved from filthy ways,
To grace alone belongs the praise.

4 Oh! shed abroad Thy love divine,
Constrain us to be wholly Thine;
And make our souls and bodies both
The temples of the Holy Ghost.

235 L. M. WATTS.

THE EIGHTH COMMAND.

1 GREAT God, Thy holy law commands
Strict honesty in our demands;
Forbids to plunder, steal or cheat,
To practise falsehood or deceit.

2 We must be faithful, upright, true,
Nor take but what is strictly due:
If honesty be banished hence,
Religiòn is a vain pretence.

3 No righteous debt must be denied
By fraud or power, by lies or pride;
The poor should not, by long delay,
Be made to groan for want of pay.

4 What equity enjoins as right,
We must perform with all our might;
Nor seek our neighbour to deceive,
With what ourselves do not believe.

5 Let Christians never dare disgrace
The name and cause which they profess;
Lord, help us ever to pursue
Things which are honest, just, and true.

236 S. M. SHOVELLER.

THE WORLDLING.

1 WHAT does the worldling gain
By all his vain pursuits?
His very pleasure gives him pain,
And misery are its fruits.

2 What anxious cares corrode
The mind intent on wealth!
His mammon oft becomes a load,
Which robs him of his health.

3 Does he his end attain,
And in full affluence roll?
What does the sordid creature gain,
When God demands his soul?

4 My heart, to heaven aspire,
And seek thine all in God:
Nor e'er pollute thy pure desire,
By trifles on the road.

5 He doth my soul now bless
With His enriching grace;
But Oh! what wealth shall I possess,
When I behold His face!

6 These riches of His grace
Will then to glory rise,
When I have run my earthly race,
And gained th' immortal prize.

237 C. M. FAWCETT: WATTS.

THE NINTH COMMAND.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below:
May all its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 Let deep repentance, faith and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all our conversation prove
Our souls to be sincere.

3 Let with our lips our hearts agree,
Nor slandering words devise:
We know the God of truth can see
Through every false disguise.

4 Lord, never let our envy grow,
To hear another's praise;
Nor rob him of his honour due,
By base revengeful ways.

5 O God of truth! help to detest
Whate'er is false or wrong,
That lies in earnest or in jest
May ne'er employ our tongue.

238 L. M.

THE TENTH COMMAND.

1 WHATE'ER thy lot on earth may be,
Let it contentment yield to thee;
Nor others envy, or repine,
Nor covet aught that is not thine.

2 Justly hast Thou forbidden, Lord,
Each murmuring motion, thought, and word;
Justly requiring full content,
With what Thy providence hath lent.

3 But can a sinner lift his eye
Before the Lord of hosts on high,
And say, "this precept I've obeyed,
Nor from it ever turned aside?

4 Alive without the law I stood,
And thought my state was safe and good;
But when with power this precept came,
I saw my sin, and guilt and shame.

5 Lord, I adore Thy saving love,
Which did from me the curse remove,
By hanging on th' accursed tree,
And being made a curse for me!

239 C. M.

INDWELLING SIN.

1 GRACE has enabled me to love
Thy holy law and will;
But sin hath not yet ceased to move,
It tyrannizes still.

2 Hence often filled with dread alarms,
My peace and joy subside;
And I've employ for all the arms
The gospel has supplied.

3 Thus different powers within me strive,
While opposites I feel;
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,
As sin or grace prevail.

4 But Jesus hath His promise passed;
Sin with the body dies,
And grace in all His saints at last
Shall gain its victories.

THE GOSPEL.

240 L. M. BEDDOME.

THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

1 GOD, in the gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known;
'T is here His richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

2 Here sinners of a humble frame
May taste His grace and learn His name;
'T is writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.

3 Here Jesus, in ten thousand ways,
His soul-attracting charms displays;
Recounts His poverty and pains,
And tells His love in melting strains.

4 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
It bids the drooping saint revive.

5 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.

6 May this blessed volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near mine eye;
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

241 L. M. WATTS.

THE POWER OF GOD TO SALVATION.

1 WHAT shall the dying sinner do,
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?

2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven,
Or form our nature fit for heaven?
Can souls, all o'er defiled with sin,
Make their own powers and passions clean?

3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings His gospel nigh;
'Tis there that power and glory dwell,
That save rebellious souls from hell.

4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up;
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

5 Let men or angels dig the mines,
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.

6 Should vile blasphemers with disdain,
Pronounce the truth of Jesus vain,
We'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in His name.

242 H. M. C. WESLEY.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home. 464

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb:
Redemption by His blood
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
The heritage above,
Shall have it back, unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blessed in Jesus live;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace:
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

243 C. M. FAWCETT.

THE CALL.

1 SINNERS, the voice of God regard;
'T is mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by His sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings, within your breast,
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap immortal woe!

5 But he, that turns to God, shall live,
Through His abounding grace:
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those that seek His face.

6 Bow to the sceptre of His word,
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to Him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn His will divine.

7 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He will become your God,
And will forgive your numerous faults,
Through a Redeemer's blood.

244 8s., 7s. and 4s. HART.

SINNERS INVITED TO CHRIST.

1 COME, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous;
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold Him;
Hear Him cry before He dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

4 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of His blood;
Venture on Him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

5 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with His name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

245 C. M. MEDLEY.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIVING WATERS.

1 OH! what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring;
Here love, eternal love, abounds,
A deep celestial spring.

3 This spring with living water flows,
And living joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

246 L. M. STEELE.

WEARY SOULS INVITED TO REST.

1 COME, weary souls, with sins distressed
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt, a painful load,
Oh! come, and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace!

4 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope Thy gracious words impart;
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

247 L. M. KENT'S COLL.

THE YOUNG INVITED TO CHRIST.

1 TO-DAY, if ye will hear His voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be for ever blessed?
Will you be saved from sin and hell?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell?

3 Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.

4 Once more we ask you in His name,
For yet His love remains the same;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?

5 Leave all your sports and glittering toys;
Come, share with us eternal joys;
Or must we leave you bound to hell;
Then, dear young friends, a long farewell.

248 L. M. GREGG.

CHRIST KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

1 BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Hath waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!

3 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners: yes, 't is He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn,
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at His door rejected stand.

249 C. M. MONTGOMERY.

THE VALUE OF THE SOUL.

1 WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
That which was lost in Paradise,
That which in Christ is found:

2 The soul of man, Jehovah's breath,
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

3 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthen vessels frail?
Can none its utmost value know,
Till flesh and spirit fail?

4 Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

250 L. M. GIBBONS.

FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

1 FORGIVENESS! 't is a joyful sound,
To sinners doomed to death and pains;
The blood of Christ heals every wound,
And washes from the foulest stains.

2 'T is the rich gift of love divine:
'T is full, out-measuring every crime:
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

3 O'er sins unbounded as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand;
The seas of sovereign grace arise.

4 For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honours shall we show!
Where much trangression is forgiven,
Love should with fervent ardour glow.

251 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

SALVATION.

1 SALVATION! O melodious sound,
To wretched dying men!
Salvation, that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.

2 Rescued from hell's eternal gloom,
From fiends, and fires, and chains;
Raised to a paradise of bliss,
Where love triumphant reigns!

3 But may a poor bewildered soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?

4 The lustre of so bright a bliss,
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into fears.

5 My Saviour God, no voice but Thine,
These dying hopes can raise;
Speak Thy salvation to my soul,
And turn my prayer to praise.

252 12s. THORNBY.

FREE GRACE TO SINNERS.

1 THE voice of free grace cries, "Escape to the mountain,
For all that believe, Christ has opened a fountain,
For sin, and uncleanness, and every transgression,
His blood flows so freely in streams of salvation."

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought us a pardon,
We'll praise Him again, when we pass over Jordan.

2 Ye souls that are wounded, to the Saviour repair,
Now He calls you in mercy, and can you forbear?
Though your sins are increasod as high as a mountain,
His blood can remove them, it streams from this fountain.

3 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious;
O'er sin, death, and hell, He is more than victorious:
With shouting proclaim it, Oh! trust in His passion,
He saves us most freely; O glorious salvation!

4 Our Jesus proclaims His name, all victorious,
He reigns over all, and His kingdom is glorious:
To Jesus we 'll join with the great congregation,
And triumph, ascribing to Him our salvation.

5 With joy shall we stand, when escaped to the shore,
With harps in our hands, we 'll praise him the more;
We 'll range the sweet plains, on the banks of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and ever.

253 C. M. NEWTON.

OUR ONLY COMFORT.

1 SUBSTANTIAL comfort will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made His glories known;
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith;
A sense of pardoning love;
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the veil;
To know that God is mine;
Are springs of joy, that never fail,
Unspeakable! divine!

5 These are the joys, which satisfy
And sanctify the mind:
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot;
But since you are the Lord's,
Resign to them that know Him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

254 L. M. HYDE.

THE STRIVING OF THE SPIRIT.

1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warned thee from that wrath to flee?

3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call,
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind:
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

5 God's Spirit will not always strive,
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist His love to grieve,
May never hear His voice again.

6 Sinner, perhaps this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh! shouldst thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

255 S. M. BOYCE.

THE GOSPEL TRUMPET.

1 YE trembling captives, hear!
The gospel trumpet sounds:
No sound beside can charm the ear,
Or heal your heart-felt wounds.

2 'Tis not the trump of war,
Nor Sinai's thunder's roar;
Salvation's news it spreads afar,
And vengeance is no more.

3 Grace, pardon, love, and peace,
Glad heaven aloud proclaims;
And earth, the jubilee's release,
With eager rapture, claims.

4 Far, far to distant lands
The joyful news shall spread;
And Jesus all His willing bands,
In one blessed triumph, lead.

256 6s. and 4s. *SPIR. SONGS.

TO-DAY.

1 TO-DAY the Saviour calls
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls!
Oh! listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls!
For refuge fly;
The storm of vengeance falls;
Ruin is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day!
Yield to His power;
Oh! grieve Him not away;
'T is mercy's hour.

257 7s. HAWEIS.

COME AND WELCOME.

1 FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 Sprinkled now with blood, the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan!
On My piercéd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from His house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo! I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to My eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

258 7s. C. WESLEY.

REPENTANCE AT THE CROSS.

1 HEART of stone! relent, relent,
Break, by Jesus' cross subdued,
See His body mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood;
Sinful soul, what hast thou done?
Crucified th' eternal Son!

2 Yes, thy sins have done the deed,
Driven the nails that fixed Him there,
Crowned with thorns His sacred head,
Plunged into His side the spear,
Made His soul a sacrifice,
While for sinful man He dies.

3 Wilt thou let Him bleed in vain?
Still to death thy Lord pursue?
Open all His wounds again,
And the shameful cross renew?
No; with all my sins I'll part;
Break, Oh! break, my bleeding heart!

259 11s. HASTINGS.

DELAY NOT.

1 DELAY not, delay not; O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

5 Delay not, delay not; the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid!

260 7s. HASTINGS.

FULNESS OF CHRIST.

1 BLEEDING hearts, defiled by sin,
Jesus Christ can make you clean:
Contrite souls, with guilt oppressed,
Jesus Christ can give you rest.

2 You that mourn o'er follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste;
Turn to God, Oh! turn and live,
Jesus Christ can still forgive.

3 You that oft have wandered far,
From the light of Bethlehem's star,
Trembling, now your steps retrace,
Jesus Christ is full of grace.

4 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Grieved, afflicted, tempest-worn,
Now in Israel's Rock confide,
Jesus Christ for man has died.

5 Fainting souls, in peril's hour
Yield not to the tempter's power;
On the risen Lord rely,
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

261 C. P. M. HASTINGS.

THE VOICE OF WARNING.

1 THAT warning voice, O sinner, hear,
And while salvation lingers near,
The heavenly call obey;
Flee from destruction's downward path,
Flee from the threatening storm of wrath,
That rises o'er thy way.

2 Soon night comes on with thickening shade;
The tempest hovers o'er thy head,
The winds their fury pour;
The lightnings rend the earth and skies,
The thunders roar, the flames arise,
What terrors fill that hour!

3 That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
Whose accents linger on thine ear;
Thy footsteps now retrace:
Renounce thy sins, and be forgiven,
Believe, become an heir of heaven,
And sing redeeming grace.

4 Then, while a voice of pardon speaks,
The storm is hushed, the morning breaks,
The heavens are all serene;
Fresh verdure clothes the beauteous fields,
Joy echoes from the distant hills,
New wonders fill the scene.

262 7s. and 6s. HASTINGS.

BALM IN GILEAD.

1 WHY should gloomy thoughts arise,
And darkness fill the mind?
Why that bosom heave with sighs,
And yet no refuge find?
Knowest thou not of Gilead's balm,
Of the great Physician there,
Who can every fear disarm,
And save thee from despair?

2 Still o'erwhelmed with floods of grief,
And filled with sore dismay;
Looking downward for relief,
Without one cheering ray?
Lift thy streaming eyes to heaven;
There the great atonement see:
All thy sin shall be forgiven;
Believe, and thou art free.

3 He that for thy soul hath died,
Invites thee now to come;
He, the law hath satisfied,
And can reverse thy doom;
He hath suffered grief and shame,
He hath shed His precious blood:
Oh! believe in Jesus' name,
And be at peace with God.

263 8s. and 7s. MONTGOMERY.

A FOUNTAIN OPENED.

1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruined by the fall,
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows for every thirsty soul.
In a full perpetual tide;
Opened when the Saviour died.

2 Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty seek remission;
Here the lost a refuge find.
Health, this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3 Come, ye dying, live for ever;
'Tis a soul reviving flood;
God is faithful; He will never
Break His covenant, sealed in blood;
Signed when our Redeemer died,
Sealed when He was glorified.

264 L. M. COLLYER.

THE WANDERER INVITED TO RETURN.

1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face:
Those warm desires that in thee burn,
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to His bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'T is God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'T is mercy's voice invites thee near.

REPENTANCE.

265 C. M. WATTS.

THE SINNER'S HEART OPENED.

1 WHO is this stranger at the door,
That would admission gain?
I know He oft has knocked before,
Still He has come again.

2 I find Him knocking at my heart,
Though I've defied His will;
He waits to act a gracious part,
And all His truth fulfil.

3 Too long, alas! I've entertained
A soul-destroying guest,
Who took possession of my heart,
And all my powers oppressed.

4 But art Thou not the same that died,
A sacrifice for sin?
Then enter my polluted breast,
And make me pure within.

5 That grace that I've so long abused
I'd willingly receive;
Dear Saviour, teach me how to pray,
Lord, help me to believe!

6 My hungry soul would now partake
The banquet of Thy love;
That sacred flesh and blood of Thine,
Foretaste of joys above.

266 L. M. C. Wesley.

PRAYER FOR THE CONTINUANCE OF THE SPIRIT.

1 STAY, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done Thee such despite;
Cast not a sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er Thy grace received;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness grieved:

3 Yet Oh! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear
I shall not see Thy people's rest.

4 If yet Thou canst my sins forgive,
E'en now, O Lord, relieve my woes;
Into Thy rest of love receive,
And bless me with Thy calm repose.

5 E'en now my weary soul release,
And raise me by Thy gracious hand!
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

267 S. M. WATTS.

REPENTANCE URGED BY THE DIVINE GOODNESS.

1 IS this the kind return,
Are these the thanks we owe;
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame,
Hath sin reduced our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 On us He bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men:
But we, more base, more brutish things,
Reject His easy reign.

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

6 Let base ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

268 C. M. BEDDOME.

CONVICTION.

1 DOTH God invite me to His arms,
And do I still delay?
Shall He impart His just commands,
And I refuse t' obey?

2 Doth Jesus call me to rely
Upon His righteousness,
For safety bid me thither fly,
And I despise His grace?

3 Hath not the Holy Spirit yet
Withdrawn His influence?
And do I still supinely sit,
Immersed in earth and sense

4 By mercy wooed, by wrath pursued,
How sluggish I remain!
Rouse up, my dull inactive powers
The heavenly prize to gain.

269 L. M. CENNICK.

SEEKING PARDON.

1 LORD, at Thy feet I prostrate fall;
Oppressed with fears, to Thee I call:
Reveal Thy pardoning love to me,
And set my captive spirit free.

2 Hast Thou not said, Seek ye My face?
The invitation I embrace;
I'll seek Thy face; Thy Spirit give!
Oh! let me see Thy face, and live.

3 I'll seek Thy face with cries and tears,
With secret sighs and fervent prayers;
And, if not heard, I'll waiting sit,
And perish at my Saviour's feet.

4 But canst Thou, Lord, behold my pain,
And bid me seek Thy face in vain!
Thou wilt not, canst not me deceive,
The soul that seeks Thy face shall live.

270 C. M. WATTS.

FAITH IN CHRIST FOR PARDON.

1 HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there 's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust upon the Lord.

3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
Oh! help mine unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out Thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue:
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With all his hellish crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fall:
Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness,
My Jesus, and my All!

271 7s. RAFFLES.

PLEADING FOR MERCY.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at Thy feet I fall;
Hear, Oh! hear my ardent cry,
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Worst of rebels, I have been!
Oft abused Thee to Thy face,
Trampled on Thy richest grace!

3 Justly might Thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might Thy kindled ire
Blast me in eternal fire.

4 But with Thee there's mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound;
Soothe, Oh! soothe the troubled breast
Give the weary wanderer rest.

272 L. M. COWPER.

PLEADING THE PROMISES.

1 FRIEND of the friendless and the faint!
Where can I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless sinner, poor!

2 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

3 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer:
O thou, prayer-hearing, answering God,
Take from my heart this painful load.

273 7s. NEWTON.

PLEADING AT THE MERCY-SEAT.

1 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore, will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a king,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin!
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew,
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die Thy people's death.

274 8s. and 7s. TURNER.

PENITENT ENTREATY.

1 JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear Thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know Thy great salvation,
See, I languish, faint, and die.

2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief,
Prostrate at Thy feet repenting,
Send, Oh! send me quick relief!

3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to Him who comfort gives!
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to Him who ever lives?

4 Saved! the deed shall spread new glory
Through the shining realms above;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with Thy love.

275 C. M. STEELE.

THE NECESSITY OF RENEWING GRACE.

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray:
Reason debased can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

3 Can aught beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis Thine, almighty Saviour, Thine
To form the heart anew.

4 'Tis Thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;

5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of Heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis Thine alone to give.

6 Oh! change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be Thine.

276 C. M. JONES

THE HUMBLE SINNER'S RESOLVE.

1 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone,
Without His sovereign grace.

4 I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps He may command my touch;
And then the suppliant lives.

5 Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 I can but perish if I go,
  I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
  I must for ever die."

277 C. M. STEELE.

THE CONTRITE HEART.

1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
  Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears
  From sorrow's weeping eye.

2 See, low before Thy throne of grace,
  A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face
  Hast Thou not said "Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
  To drive me from Thy feet?
Oh! let not this dear refuge fail,
  This only safe retreat!

4 Oh! shine on this benighted heart,
  With beams of mercy shine!
And let Thine healing voice impart
  A taste of joys divine.

278 C. M. BEDDOME.

HELP THOU MINE UNBELIEF.

1 WHERE shall a wretched sinner flee,
  To ease his wounded soul!
The Saviour cries, Believe in Me,
  And I will make thee whole.

2 Believe in Thee, my dearest Lord,
  Oh! help mine unbelief,
All needful grace do Thou afford,
  And send me quick relief.

3 Sprinkled with Thine atoning blood,
Let me at length appear
Before the awful bar of God,
And find acceptance there.

279 7s. and 6s. HASTINGS.

CONVICTION AND SUBMISSION.

1 WHY sinks my soul desponding?
Why fill my eyes with tears,
While nature all-surrounding
The smile of beauty wears?
Why burdened still with sorrow,
Is every labouring thought?
Each vision that I borrow,
With gloom and sadness fraught?

2 The pleasures that deceived me
My soul no more can charm,
Of rest they have bereaved me,
And filled me with alarm;
The objects, I have cherished,
Are empty as the wind;
My earthly joys are perished;
What comfort shall I find?

3 If inward, still inquiring,
I turn my searching eye,
Or upward, now aspiring,
I raise my feeble cry,
No heavenly light is beaming
To cheer my troubled breast,
No ray of comfort gleaming
To give my spirit rest.

4 Oh! from this dreadful anguish,
Is there no refuge nigh?
'Tis guilt that makes me languish,
And leaves me thus to die.
I will renounce my folly
Before the throne of grace;
And make the Lord, most holy,
My strength and righteousness.

280 C. M. HYDE.

SELF-CONDEMNED.

1 AH! what can I, a sinner, do
With all my guilt oppressed?
I feel the hardness of my heart,
And conscience knows no rest.

2 Great God, Thy good and perfect law
Does all my life condemn;
The secret evils of my soul
Fill me with fear and shame.

3 How many precious Sabbaths gone,
I never can recall;
And Oh! what cause have I to mourn,
Who misimproved them all.

4 How long, how often have I heard,
Of Jesus, and of heaven;
Yet scarcely listened to His word,
Or prayed to be forgiven.

5 Constrain me, Lord, to turn to Thee,
And grant renewing grace;
For Thou this flinty heart canst break,
And Thine shall be the praise.

281 C. M. WATTS.

SURRENDER AT THE CROSS.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Did He devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown,
And love beyond degree.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When Christ, the Prince of Glory, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But floods of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do.

282 C. M. WATTS.

SORROW FOR SIN, AT THE CROSS.

1 OH! If my soul was formed for wo,
How would I vent my sighs,
Repentance should, like rivers, flow
From both my streaming eyes.

2 'T was for my sins, my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed tree,
And groaned away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 Oh! how I hate those sins of mine
That shed the Saviour's blood;
That pierced and nailed His sacred flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die;
My heart hath so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 While with a melting, broken heart,
My murdered Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

283 S. M. C. WESLEY

A PRAYER FOR PENITENCE.

1 OH! that I could repent,
With all my idols part,
And to Thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart:

2 A heart with grief oppressed
At having grieved my God,
A troubled heart that cannot rest,
Till sprinkled with Thy blood.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire:
With deep sincerity of wo
My thoughtless breast inspire.

4 With softening pity look
And melt my hardness down;
Strike, with Thy love's effectual stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

284 L. M. STRONG.

CONFESSION OF SIN.

1 ALAS, alas! how blind I've been,
How little of myself I've seen!
Sportive I sailed the sensual tide,
Thoughtless of God whom I defied.

2 Oft have I heard of heaven and hell,
Where bliss and woe eternal dwell;
But mocked the threats of truth divine,
And scorned the place where angels shine.

3 My heart has long refused the blood
Of Jesus, the descending God;
And guilty passion boldly broke
The holy law which Heaven had spoke.

4 Th' alluring world controlled my choice;
When conscience spoke, I hushed its voice:
Securely laughed along the road,
Which hapless millions first had trod.

5 But now, th' almighty God comes near
And fills my soul with awful fear,
Fear, lest I sink to endless pain,
Nor hear the voice of joy again.

285 C. M. S. STENNETT.

A PENITENT AT JESUS' FEET.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at Thy feet,
A guilty rebel lies:
And upward to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead,
To expiate my guilt:
No tears but those which Thou hast shed;
No blood, but Thou hast spilled.

4 Think of Thy sorrows, dearest Lord!
And all my sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

286 S. M. C. WESLEY.

SEARCH ME AND TRY ME.

1 AH! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come:
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinners home;
And yet from Him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part,
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Some wicked thing unknown
Must surely lurk within;
Some idol which I do not own,
Some secret bosom sin.

5 Jesus, the hindrance show,
Which I have feared to see:
And make me now consent to know
What keeps me back from Thee.

6 Searcher of hearts! in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

287 S. M. WATTS.

RUIN AND RECOVERY.

1 HOW heavy is the night,
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with His reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But in His righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 Unholy and impure,
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the galling chain.

5 Lord, we adore Thy ways,
That bring us near to God;
Thy sovereign power, Thy healing grace,
And Thine atoning blood.

288 C. P. M. HASTINGS.

A PRAYER FOR PARDON.

1 I LOOK to thee, O Lord, alone,
And low beneath Thy gracious throne
Pour out my ardent prayer:
Pardon my sin, my soul reprieve,
No hand but Thine can now relieve,
Or save me from despair.

2 My trembling spirit, filled with awe,
Beholds the terrors of Thy law,
And bows itself in dust;
Thou, Lord, art righteous, just and good,
My only refuge is Thy blood:
Thou art my only trust.

3 Guilty, before Thy bar I plead,
Guilty in thought, in word, and deed,
Wholly defiled by sin;
Oh! heal the leprosy of soul!
One pardoning word can make me whole,
And bid my heart be clean.

289 S. M. COWPER.

THE CONVINCED AND SEEKING SINNER.

1 MY former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah! whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom;
But sure, a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

290 L. M. MORAVIAN.

A SINNER SUBMITTING TO GOD.

1 WEARY of struggling with my pain,
Hopeless to burst this sinful chain,
At length I give the contest o'er,
And seek to free myself no more.

2 From my own works at last I cease,
God, that creates, must seal my peace;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Unless Thy sovereign grace I share.

3 Lord, I despair myself to heal;
I see my sin, but do not feel;
Nor shall I, till Thy Spirit blow,
And bid th' obedient waters flow.

4 'T is Thine a heart of flesh to give,
Thy gifts I only can receive:
Here then to Thee I all resign,
To draw, redeem, and seal, is Thine.

291 S. M. NEWTON.

THE BURDEN OF SIN.

1 LORD, can a soul like mine,
Unholy and unclean,
Dare venture near a throne of grace,
With such a load of sin?

2 When I attempt to pray,
And lisp Thy holy name,
My thoughts are hurried soon away,
I know not where I am.

3 When in Thy word I look,
Such darkness fills my mind,
I only read a sealed book,
And no relief I find.

4 Myself can hardly bear
  This wretched heart of mine;
How hateful, then, must it appear,
  To those pure eyes of Thine!

5 Low at Thy feet I bow,
  Oh! pity and forgive!
Here will I lie, and wait till Thou
  Shalt bid me rise and live.

292 8s., 7s. and 4s. EVAN. MAG.

THE SURRENDER.

1 WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
    Welcome to this heart of mine:
  Lord, I make a full surrender,
    Every power and thought be Thine,
      Thine entirely,
    Through eternal ages Thine.

2 Known to all to be Thy mansion,
    Earth and hell will disappear;
  Or in vain attempt possession,
    When they find the Lord is near;
      Shout O Zion!
    Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

293 L. M. TATLOCK.

THE RETURNING SINNER.

1 FAR from Thy fold, my God, my feet
    Once moved in error's devious maze,
  Nor found religious duties sweet,
    Nor sought Thy face, nor loved Thy ways.

2 With tenderest voice Thou badst me flee
    The paths which Thou couldst ne'er approve;
  And gently drew my soul to Thee,
    With cords of sweet, eternal love.

3 Now to Thy footstool, Lord, I fly,
And low in self-abasement fall;
A vile, a helpless worm, I lie,
And Thou, my God, art all in all.

4 Dearer, far dearer to my heart,
Than all the joys that earth can give;
From fame, from wealth, from friends I'd part,
Beneath Thy countenance to live.

5 And when, in smiling friendship dressed,
Death bids me quit this mortal frame,
Gently reclined on Jesus' breast,
My latest breath shall bless His name.

6 Then my unfettered soul shall rise,
And soar above yon starry spheres,
Join the full chorus of the skies,
And sing Thy praise through endless years.

294 7s. and 6s. C. Wesley.

PLEADING FOR GRACE.

1 WRETCHED, helpless, and distressed,
Ah! whither shall I fly!
Ever panting after rest,
Where shall I turn mine eye?
Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,
Bound in sin and misery:
Friend of sinners, let me find
My help, my all in Thee.

2 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Oh! hear my sad complaint;
Be the wanderer's resting place,
A cordial for the faint.

Make me rich, for I am poor;
Let me now Thy presence find;
To the dying, health restore,
And eyesight to the blind.

3 Fill my soul with heavenly grace,
With pure humility:
Clothe me with Thy righteousness;
Endue my heart with Thee;
Let Thine image be restored;
Let me Thy forgiveness prove;
Fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
For boundless is Thy love.

295 7s. HASTINGS.

DEEP CONTRITION.

1 JESUS, save my dying soul,
Make the broken spirit whole:
Humbled in the dust I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

2 Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal Thy smiling face:
Grant the joy of sin forgiven,
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

3 All my guilt to Thee is known,
Thou art righteous, Thou alone;
All my help is from Thy cross;
All beside I count but loss.

4 Lord, in Thee I now believe;
Wilt Thou, wilt Thou not forgive?
Helpless at Thy feet I lie;
Saviour, leave me not to die.

CONVERSION.

296 L. M. WATTS.

JOY IN HEAVEN OVER A REPENTING SINNER.

1 WHO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born!

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of His eternal love:
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of His agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight, to view
The holy soul He formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

297 C. M. NEEDHAM.

JOY OVER BUT ONE CONVERT.

1 OH! how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in His arms,
And claims him for His own.

4 Nor angels can their joy contain,
But kindle with new fire:
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

298 C. M. WILKS.

PRISONERS OF HOPE.

1 WHEN first my dangerous state I saw,
And knew not where to run;
I fled from God's avenging law,
To duties I had done.

2 But these, alas! I quickly found,
Afforded no defence;
For threatening vengeance burst around,
And drove my soul from thence.

3 Cut off from every legal hope,
And sinking in despair,
I turned mine eyes to Calvary's top,
And saw a refuge there.

4 Jesus, the Saviour, cried aloud,
Prisoners of hope, come in!
There 's peace and safety in My blood,
From vengeance and from sin.

5 I entered this stronghold in haste,
And found myself secure;
And from a sense of mercies past,
I learn to trust Him more.

299 L. M. WATTS.

RENOUNCING THE WORLD.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away,
Away, ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulf of dark despair:
And, while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord! I adore Thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss:
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands and lift mine eyes;
Oh! for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies.

5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

300 C. M. BURNHAM.

LORD, REMEMBER ME.

1 JESUS, Thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to Thee;
Now, in the fulness of Thy love,
O Lord, remember me.

2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all Thy dying groans,
And, then, remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,
I yield myself to Thee;
While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,
But Thy salvation's free;
Then, in Thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord, remember me.

5 And, when I close my eyes in death,
When creature-helps all flee,
Then, O my dear Redeemer-God,
I pray, remember me.

301 C. M. BEDDOME.

GIVING UP ALL FOR CHRIST.

1 AND must I part with all I have,
Jesus, my Lord, for Thee?
This is my joy, since Thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go! one look from Thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of credit, wealth, or friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with Thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

4 Saviour of souls, while I from Thee
A single smile obtain;
Though destitute of all things else,
I'll glory in my gain!

302 C. P. M. MOORE.

THE WORLD RENOUNCED.

1 I QUIT the world's fantastic joys,
Her honours are but idle toys,
Her bliss an empty shade;
Like meteors in the midnight sky,
That glitter for a while and die,
Her glories flash and fade.

2 Let fools for riches strive and toil,
Let greedy minds divide the spoil,
'T is all too mean for me;
Above the earth, above the skies,
My bold aspiring wishes rise,
My God, to heaven and Thee.

3 O source of glory, life, and love,
When to Thy courts I mount above,
On contemplation's wings,
I look with pity and disdain
On all the pleasures of the vain,
On all the pomps of kings.

4 Thy beauties rising in my sight,
Divinely sweet, divinely bright,
With raptures fill my breast;
Though robbed of all my earthly store
With Thee I never can be poor
But must be ever blessed.

303 C. M. NEEDHAM.

BEARING THE CROSS.

1 ASHAMED of Christ! my soul disdains
The mean, ungenerous thought:
Shall I disown that Friend, whose blood
To man salvation brought?

2 With the glad news of love and peace
From heaven to earth He came;
For us endured the painful cross,
For us despised the shame.

3 At His command, we must take up
Our cross without delay;
Our lives, yea, thousand lives of ours,
His love can 'ne'er repay.

4 Each faithful sufferer, Jesus views
With infinite delight;
Their lives to Him are dear; their deaths
Are precious in His sight.

5 To bear His name, His cross to bear,
Our highest honour this!
Who firmly suffers for Him now,
Shall reign with Him in bliss.

6 But should we, in the evil day,
From our profession fly,
Jesus, the Judge, before the world
The traitors will deny.

304 C. M. NEWTON.

SUBDUED BY THE CROSS.

1 IN evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
He fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Oh! never till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with His death
Though not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
It plunged me in despair;
I saw, my sins His blood had spilled,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 A second look He gave that said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou mayest live."

6 Thus, while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue;
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

305 H. M. REED.

SUBMISSION.

1 COME my Redeemer, come,
And deign to dwell with me,
Come, and Thy right assume,
And bid Thy rivals flee:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart, Thy lasting home.

2 Exert Thy mighty power,
And banish all my sin;
In this auspicious hour,
Bring all Thy graces in;
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart, Thy lasting home.

3 Rule Thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath Thy full control:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart, Thy lasting home.

4 Then shall my days be Thine,
And all my heart be love,
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart, Thy lasting home.

306 C. M. NEWTON.

PEACE RETURNING.

1 OH! speak that gracious word again,
And cheer my drooping heart!
No voice but Thine can soothe my pain,
And bid my fears depart.

2 And wilt Thou still vouchsafe to own
A worm so vile as I?
And may I still approach Thy throne,
And Abba, Father, cry?

3 My Saviour, by His powerful word,
Hath turned my night to day;
And all those heavenly joys restored,
Which I had sinned away.

4 Dear Lord! I wonder and adore:
Thy grace is all divine:
Oh! keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as Thine.

307 L. M. STEELE.

ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

1 NOW I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers to serve the Lord;
Nor from His ways will I depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 Oh! be this service all my joy!
Around let my example shine;
Till others love the blessed employ,
And join in labours so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to His supreme control,
And in His kind commands rejoice.

4 Oh! may I never faint nor tire
Nor, wandering, leave His sacred ways,
Great God! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live Thy praise.

308 C. M. NEWTON.

OLD THINGS PASSED AWAY.

1 LET earthly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

2 Its visions can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
For I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, His love, His gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart.

5 And may I hope that Thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?
Dear Lord, I would be Thine alone,
And wholly live to Thee.

309 8s. and 7s. WINGROVE.

A MIRACLE OF GRACE.

1 HAIL, my ever blessed Jesus,
Only Thee I wish to sing;
To my soul Thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.

2 Oh! what mercy flows from heaven,
Oh! what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once, with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.

4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness!
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir;
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
While, astonished, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.

6 That blessed moment I received Him,
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

310 L. M. KELLY.

DISTINGUISHING GRACE ACKNOWLEDGED.

1 I HEAR a voice that comes from far;
From Calvary it sounds abroad;
It soothes my soul, and calms my fear:
It speaks of pardon bought with blood

2 And is it true that many fly
The sound that bids my soul rejoice;
And rather choose in sin to die,
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice?

3 Alas! for those, the day is near,
When mercy will be heard no more;
Then will they ask in vain to hear
The voice, they would not hear before.

4 With such, I own, I once appeared,
  But now I know how great their loss;
For sweeter sounds were never heard
  Than mercy utters from the cross.

5 But let me not forget to own,
  That if I differ aught from those,
'Tis due to sovereign grace alone,
  That oft selects its proudest foes.

311 7s. MONTGOMERY.

CHOOSING THE HERITAGE OF GOD'S PEOPLE.

1 PEOPLE of the living God!
  I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
  Peace and comfort no where found:
Now to you my spirit turns,
  Turns, a fugitive unblessed;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
  Oh! receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
  Like the cloud, the wind, the wave,
Where you dwell shall be my home,
  Where you die shall be my grave:
Mine the God whom you adore,
  Your Redeemer shall be mine
Earth can fill my soul no more,
  Every idol I resign.

312 8s. and 7s. GRANT.

FORSAKING ALL, TO FOLLOW CHRIST.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
  All to leave, and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
  Thou from hence my All shalt be.
Perish, every fond ambition,
  All I've sought, or hoped, or known;

Yet how rich is my condition!
God, and heaven, are still my own.

2 Let the world despise, and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not like them untrue;
And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me,
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come, disaster, scorn and pain;
In Thy service, pain is pleasure,
With Thy favour loss is gain.
I have called Thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 't is not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

5 Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

313 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

ASKING THE WAY TO ZION.

1 INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill,
And thither set your steady face,
With a determined will.

2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.

3 Oh! come, and to His temple haste,
And seek His favour there;
Before His footstool humbly bow,
And pour your fervent prayer.

4 Oh! come, and join your souls to God,
In everlasting bands;
Accept the blessings He bestows,
With thankful hearts and hands.

314 C. M. DWIGHT.

DELIVERANCE FROM EVIL COMPANIONS.

1 THE giddy world with flattering tongue,
Had charmed my soul astray,
And lured my heedless feet to death,
Along the flowery way.

2 My heart, with agonizing prayer,
Besought the Lord to save;
Unseen He seized my trembling hand,
And brought me from the grave.

3 He broke the charm, which drew my feet
To darkness and the dead;
From lips profane, and tongues impure,
With quivering steps I fled.

4 Homeward I flew to find my God,
And seek His face divine;
Restored to peace, to hope, to life,
To Zion's friends, and mine.

315 C. M.

PENITENTIAL GRATITUDE.

1 RISE, O my soul, the hours review,
When awed by guilt and fear,
To heaven for grace thou durst not sue,
And found no rescue here:

2 Thy tears are dried, thy griefs are fled,
Dispelled each bitter care;
For Heaven itself hath lent its aid,
To save thee from despair.

3 Hear, then, O God! Thy work fulfil,
And, from Thy mercy's throne,
Vouchsafe me strength to do Thy will,
And to resist mine own.

4 So shall my soul each power employ
Thy mercy to adore;
While Heaven itself proclaims with joy,
"One pardoned sinner more!"

316 L. M. LIVINGSTONE.

THE CONVERT'S GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

1 My soul, with humble fervour raise
To God the voice of grateful praise,
And every mental power combine,
To bless His attributes divine.

2 Deep on my heart let memory trace
His acts of mercy and of grace;
Who, with a Father's tender care,
Saved me when sinking in despair;

3 Gave my repentant soul to prove
The joy of His forgiving love;
Poured balm into my bleeding breast,
And led my weary feet to rest.

317 L. M. GREGG.

NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,
Bright morning Star, bid darkness flee.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

318 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

SELF-DEDICATION.

1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him, who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine:
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grudge to part,
When called on angels' bread to feast!

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

319 L. M. DOBELL'S COLL.

BY GRACE YE ARE SAVED.

1 SELF-RIGHTEOUS souls on works rely,
And boast their moral dignity;
But when I lisp a song of praise,
Grace is the note my soul shall raise.

2 'T was grace that quickened me when dead,
And grace my soul to Jesus led;
Grace brings me pardon for my sin;
'T is grace subdues my lusts within.

3 'T is grace, that sweetens every cross,
'T is grace supports in every loss;
In Jesus' grace my soul is strong;
Grace is my hope, and Christ my song.

4 'T is grace defends when danger's near;
By grace alone I persevere;
'T is grace constrains my soul to love;
Free grace is all they sing above.

5 Thus, 't is alone of grace I boast,
And 't is alone in grace I trust;
For all that's past, grace is my theme;
For what's to come, 't is still the same.

6 Through endless years, of grace I'll sing,
Adore and bless my heavenly King;
I'll cast my crown before His throne,
And shout free grace to Him alone.

320 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

SALVATION BY GRACE.

1 GRACE! 't is a charming sound;
Harmonious to the ear:
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way,
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

321 C. M. NEWTON.

TRIUMPHS OF GRACE.

1 AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my Shield and Portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6 There, joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

7 Then now, on faith's sublimest wing,
Let ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

322 C. M. HOSKINS.

THE JAILER'S CONVERSION.

1 LORD, we adore Thy matchless ways,
In bringing souls to Thee;
We sing and shout eternal praise,
For grace so full and free.

2 "What must I do," the jailer cries,
"To save my sinking soul?"
"Believe in Christ," the Word replies,
"Thy faith shall make thee whole."

3 Our works are all the works of sin,
Our nature quite depraved;
Jesus alone can make us clean;
By grace are sinners saved.

4 "Believe, believe," the gospel cries,
"This is the living way:"
From faith in Christ our hopes arise,
And shine to perfect day.

5 Come, sinners, then, the Saviour trust,
To wash you in His blood;
To change your hearts, subdue your lust,
And bring you home to God.

323 L. M. HOSKINS.

TO LIVE IS CHRIST.

1 LET thoughtless thousands choose the road
That leads the soul away from God;
This happiness, dear Lord, be mine,
To live and die entirely Thine.

2 On Christ, by faith, my soul would live,
From Him, my life, my all receive:
To Him devote my fleeting hours:
Serve Him alone with all my powers.

3 Christ is my everlasting all,
To Him I look, on Him I call;
He every want will well supply,
In time, and through eternity.

4 Soon will the Lord, my life, appear;
Soon shall I end my trials here;
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain;
To live is Christ, to die is gain.

324 L. M. STEELE.

NONE BUT CHRIST.

1 THOU only sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty Friend:
And can my soul from Thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe,
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Thy name my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from Thee! 't is death, 't is more,
'T is endless ruin, deep despair!

4 Low at Thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath Thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is Thine.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

325 L. M. S. Stennett.

CHRISTIANS THE SONS OF GOD.

1 NOT all the nobles of the earth,
Who boast the honours of their birth,
Such real dignity can claim
As those who bear the Christian name.

2 To them the privilege is given
To be the sons and heirs of heaven;
Sons of the God who reigns on high,
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.

3 On them, a happy, chosen race,
Their Father pours His richest grace:
To them His counsels He imparts,
And stamps His image on their hearts.

4 Their infant-cries, their tender age,
His pity and His love engage:
He clasps them in His arms, and there
Secures them with parental care.

5 His will He makes them early know,
And teaches their young feet to go;
Whispers instruction to their minds,
And on their hearts His precepts binds.

6 When through temptations they rebel,
His chastening rod He makes them feel;
Then, with a Father's tender heart,
He soothes the pain and heals the smart.

7 Their daily wants His hands supply,
Their steps He guards with watchful eye;
Leads them from earth to heaven above,
And crowns them with eternal love.

8 If I've the honour, Lord, to be
One of this numerous family;
On me the gracious gift bestow,
To call Thee Abba, Father, too.

9 So may my conduct ever prove
My filial piety and love;
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace
Their Father's likeness in my face.

326 C. M. COWPER.

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS RENOUNCED.

1 NO strength of nature can suffice
To serve the Lord aright;
And what she has, she misapplies,
For want of clearer light.

2 How long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress!
I toiled the precept to obey,
But toiled without success.

3 Then all my servile works were done,
A righteousness to raise;
Now freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose His ways.

4 To see the law by Christ fulfilled,
And hear His pardoning voice,
Will change a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

5 "What shall I do," was once the word,
"That I may worthier grow?"
"What shall I render to the Lord?"
Is my enquiry now

6 I've seen how great my misery is,
And mourned my helpless case;
I've found in Christ a righteousness,
And praise Him for His grace.

327 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

UNION TO CHRIST.

1 DEAR Saviour, we are Thine
By everlasting bands;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
And souls, into Thy hands.

2 Accepted for Thy sake,
And justified by faith,
We of Thy righteousness partake,
And find in Thee our life.

3 To Thee we still would cleave,
With ever growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh! let them ne'er prevail.

4 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Thee our Head;
Shall form us to Thy image bright,
That we Thy paths may tread.

5 Death may our souls divide
From these abodes of clay;
But love shall keep us near Thy side,
Through all the gloomy way.

6 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
Since He in heaven hath fixed His throne,
He 'll fix His members there.

328 L. M. KENT.

ONE WITH CHRIST.

1 'TWIXT Jesus and the chosen race,
Subsists a bond of sovereign grace,
That hell, with its infernal train,
Shall ne'er dissolve, nor rend in twain.

2 Hail sacred union, firm and strong;
How great the grace! how sweet the song!
That worms of earth should ever be
One with incarnate Deity.

3 One in the tomb, one when He rose,
One when He triumphed o'er His foes;
One when in heaven He took His seat,
While seraphs sung all hell's defeat.

4 This sacred tie forbids their fears,
For all He is, or has, is theirs;
With Him their Head, they stand or fall,
Their Life, their Surety, and their All.

329 L. M. ZINZENDORF.

THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

1 LORD, Thy imputed righteousness,
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds in this arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise,
To take my mansion in the skies;
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
While through Thy blood absolved I am,
From sin's tremendous curse and shame.

4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all the armies bought with blood,
By faith on Thee alone relied,
And in the Lord were justified.

5 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years:
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

6 Oh! let the dead now hear Thy voice!
Bid, Lord, Thy mourning ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
"Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness."

330 C. M. WATTS.

SANCTIFIED IN CHRIST.

1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,
Nor thieves, nor slanderers, shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising grace! and such were we
By nature and by sin;
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are washed in Jesus' blood,
We're pardoned through His name;
And the good Spirit of our God
Hath sanctified our frame.

4 Oh! for a persevering power,
To keep Thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

331 L. M. WATTS.

PREDESTINATED TO BE SONS.

1 JESUS, we bless Thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same;
What heavenly blessings from His throne
Flow down to sinners through His Son!

2 "Christ be my first elect," He said,
Then chose our souls in Christ our Head;
Before He gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Persons and characters decreed,
Blameless in love, a holy seed.

4 Predestinated to be sons;
Born by degrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated race;
To praise the glory of His grace.

5 With Christ our Lord, we share our part
In the affections of His heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence removed
Till He forgets His first beloved.

332 S. M. WATTS.

THE SONS OF GOD.

1 BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 'T is no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown,
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour there,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's love,
I share a filial part,
Send down Thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

6 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

333 11s. KENNEDY.

THE PROMISES PRECIOUS.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, Oh! be not dismayed;
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 E'en down to old age, all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then, when grey hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.

6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake."

334 8s. HART.

THE LIFE OF FAITH.

1 THE moment a sinner believes,
And trusts in his crucified Lord,
His pardon at once he receives,
Redemption in full through His blood.

2 The Christian is dead, yet he lives.
His life is with Christ, hid in God,
This life now from Christ he derives,
And he lives by faith in his Lord.

3 Though thousands and thousands of foes
Against him in malice unite,
Their rage he through Christ can oppose,
Led forth by the Spirit to fight.

4 The faith, that unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere fancy or name;
The work of God's Spirit it is.

5 It says to the mountains "depart,"
That stand betwixt God and the soul;
It binds up the broken in heart,
The wounded in conscience makes whole.

6 Christ lives by His Spirit in them,
Whose hearts are renewed by grace;
And they, by their faith, live in Him,
A life of pure joy, love and peace.

335 7s. HAWEIS.

CHOSEN IN CHRIST.

1 GOD'S own promise standeth sure;
Saints shall to the end endure;
Safely will the Shepherd keep
Those He purchased for His sheep:

2 Known to Him before the sun
First began its course to run,
Chosen, called from above,
Objects of eternal love.

3 Put Thy seal upon each heart;
Thy blessed image, Lord impart;
All Thyself in us reveal,
We the clay and Thou the seal.

4 Every evil, Lord, subdue;
Make us to our duty true;
Then from base affections free;
Dead to sin, we 'll live to Thee.

336 C. M. BEDDOME

CHRIST IS MINE.

1 "IF Christ is mine," then all is mine,
And more than angels know;
Both present things and things to come,
And grace and glory too.

2 "If Christ is mine," then though He frown,
He never will forsake;
His chastisements all work for good,
And but His love bespeak.

3 "If Christ is mine," I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
And all their power repel.

4 "If Christ is mine," let friends forsake,
And earthly comforts flee;
He, the dispenser of all good,
Is more than these to me.

5 "If Christ is mine," I'll fearless pass
Through death's tremendous vale,
He'll be my comfort and my stay,
When heart and flesh shall fail.

6 Let Christ assure me, "I am thine,"
I nothing want beside;
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

337 8s. DE FLEURY.

LONGING FOR HEAVEN.

1 YE angels, who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make Him known,
Tune, tune your soft harps to His praise:
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sunk down in despair,
Confirmed by His power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at His feet,
His grace and His glory display,
And all His rich mercies repeat:
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair:
For you He was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh! when will the moment appear,
When I shall unite in your song!
I'm weary of lingering here,
I to your Saviour belong:

I'm fettered, and chained here in clay,
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

4 I long to put on my attire,
Washed white in the blood of the Lamb;
I long to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to His name;
I long, Oh! I long to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu;
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder, and worship with you.

338 8s. and 7s. ROBINSON.

GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION.

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Eben-Ezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed with precious blood.

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be,
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
  Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart: Oh! take and seal it;
  Seal it from Thy courts above.

339 S. M. WATTS.

HEAVENLY JOY ON EARTH.

1 COME, we who love the Lord,
  And let our joys be known;
Join in the song with sweet accord,
  And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
  Who never knew our God;
But favourites of the heavenly King,
  Should speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
  Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
  From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
  A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
  Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
  And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
  To fairer worlds on high.

340 7s. CENNICK.

REJOICING IN HOPE.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
  As ye journey, sweetly sing;
  Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
  Glorious in His works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and, blessed,
You near Jesus' throne shall rest:
There your seats are now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land:
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed, go on.

5 Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

341 L. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

PRAISING THE SAVIOUR.

1 COME, saints, and shout the Saviour's praise,
To Him your grateful tribute bring;
Let angels hear the notes you raise,
And strike their golden harps and sing.

2 Sing, how He left the heavenly throne,
And laid His splendid robes aside,
Put all our mortal weakness on,
And groaned, and laboured, wept and died.

3 Now lift your songs to nobler strains,
High let your ardent passions soar;
See, where the great Redeemer reigns,
And all the hosts of heaven adore.

4 Again He comes, a mighty cloud
Bears Him in sacred triumph down;
The trumpet sounds, it summons loud,
And angels shout His high renown.

5 From realms of death, beneath the ground,
The saints, in countless millions, rise;
While seraphs stand admiring round,
And view the change with vast surprise.

6 Hail, mighty Prince; Thy kingdom now,
Thy bliss and triumph are complete:
To Thee the ransomed myriads bow,
And lay their glories at Thy feet.

342 7s. MADAN'S COLL.

REDEEMING LOVE.

1 NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears,
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin;
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome, all by sin oppressed!
Welcome to His sacred rest!
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing, but redeeming love.

6 Hither, then, your music bring
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

343 L. M. MONTGOMERY.

SEEKING REST IN GOD.

1 RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares;
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, Satan's snares.

2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought;
From sickness unto death made whole,
Safe through a thousand perils brought.

3 Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
From passions every hour at strife;
Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn,
Lay hold upon eternal life.

4 God is Thy rest, with heart inclined
To keep His word, that word believe
Christ is thy rest, with lowly mind,
His light and easy yoke receive.

344 8s., 7s. and 4s. OLIVER.

THE PILGRIM'S GUIDE.

1 GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of Heaven,
Feed me till I want no more. 539

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow:
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of death, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

345 L. P. M. GRANT

TRUST IN THE SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.

1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He feels my griefs, He sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;
Then He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Laz'rus dead.

5 And, Oh! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death, for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

346 S. M. GERHARDT.

CONFIDENCE AND SUBMISSION.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed,
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou His time; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 He every where hath sway,
And all things serve His might;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsulled light.

4 When He makes bare His arm,
What shall His work withstand?
When He His people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay His hand?

5 Leave to His sovereign sway,
To choose and to command;
With wonder filled thou then shalt own
How wise, How strong His hand.

6 Thou comprehend'st him not,
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as Sovereign on the throne,
He ruleth all things well.

347 7s. C. Wesley.

IN TEMPTATION FLYING TO CHRIST.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be passed;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh! receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Lo! I, helpless, hang on Thee:
Leave, Oh! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
Thou art all my trust and aid,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
Boundless love in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind,

Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness,
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Let me feel them flow within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart:
Rise to all eternity.

348 C. M. STEELE.

GOD A REFUGE.

1 DEAR refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But Oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee!
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

349 7s. and 6s. NEWTON.

DIVINE LIGHT BREAKING INTO THE SOUL.

1 SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in His wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow,
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree either,
Their wonted fruit should bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;

Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

350 C. M. NOEL.

DEATH IS GAIN.

1 WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
'Tis sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain.

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.

3 It is, that heaven-born faith surveys
The path that leads to light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 It is, that hope with ardour glows,
To see Him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

5 It is, that harassed conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
And sees, though far, the Hand that heals,
And ends the strife within.

6 Oh! let me wing my hallowed flight,
From earth-born woe and care;
And soar above these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share.

351 8s., 7s. and 4s. FAWCETT.

HOPE ENCOURAGED.

1 O MY soul, what means this sadness,
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy grief be turned to gladness,
Bid thy restless fears begone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in His dear name.

2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee day by day;
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay?
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within;
Jesus saith He 'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful
To perform His gracious word.

4 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon He 'll bring thee home to God;
Therefore praise Him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

5 Oh! that I could now adore Him,
Like the heavenly hosts above,
Who for ever bow before Him,
And unceasing sing His love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

352 7s. CRABBE.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM ENCOURAGED.

1 PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Haste to Zion's gate to-day;
There, till mercy let thee in,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and pray.

2 Knock, for mercy lends an ear;
Weep, she marks the sinner's sigh;
Watch, till heavenly light appear;
Pray, she hears the mourner's cry.

3 Mourning Pilgrim! what for thee
In this world can now remain?
Seek that world from which shall flee
Sorrow, shame, and tears, and pain.

4 Sorrow shall for ever fly;
Shame shall never enter there;
Tears be wiped from every eye;
Pain in endless bliss expire.

353 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

THE CONFLICTS OF FAITH.

1 JESUS, our soul's delightful choice,
In Thee believing, we rejoice:
Yet still our joy is mixed with grief,
While faith contends with unbelief.

2 Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting hopes alive;
But guilt and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.

3 Do Thou the languid spark inflame,
That we may conquer in Thy name;
And let not sin and Satan boast,
While saints lie mourning in the dust.

4 Unequal to the conflict, Lord,
Too weak to wield the shield, or sword,
On Thine almighty arm we fall;
Be Thou our Jesus, and our all.

354 L. M. NEWTON.

PRAYER ANSWERED BY TRIALS.

1 I PRAYED the Lord, that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.

2 'T was He who taught me thus to pray,
And He, I trust, has answered prayer;
But answer came in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair.

3 I hoped that in some favoured hour,
At once He 'd grant me my request;
And by His love's constraining power
Subdue my sins and give me rest.

4 Instead of this, He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

5 Yea, more: with His own hand, he seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried,
"Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death?"
"'T is in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith:

7 These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free;
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou mayest seek thine all in Me."

355 S. M. NEWTON.

CONFLICT BETWEEN SIN AND GRACE.

1 I WOULD, but cannot sing,
I would, but cannot pray;
For Satan meets me when I try,
And frights my soul away.

2 I would, but can't repent,
Though I endeavour oft;
This stony heart can ne'er relent,
Till Jesus makes it soft.

3 I would, but cannot love,
Though wooed by love divine;
No arguments have power to move
A soul so base as mine.

4 I would, but cannot rest
In God's most holy will;
I know what He appoints is best,
Yet murmur at it still.

5 Oh! could I but believe!
Then all would easy be:
I would, but cannot, Lord, relieve,
My help must come from Thee!

6 But if indeed I would,
Though I can nothing do;
Yet the desire is something good,
For which my praise is due.

7 By nature prone to ill,
Till Thine appointed hour,
I was as destitute of will
As now I am of power.

8 Wilt Thou not crown at length
The work Thou hast begun,
And with a will afford me strength,
In all Thy ways to run?

356 C. M. WATTS.

IN DISTRESS PLEADING WITH GOD.

1 OH! that I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before His face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2 I'd tell Him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for His own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of His saints,
The language of their groans.

5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to His throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

357 7s. NEWTON.

IN DARKNESS.

1 ONCE I thought my mountain strong,
Firmly fixed, no more to move;
Then my Saviour was my song,
Then my soul was filled with love;
Those were happy, golden days,
Sweetly spent in prayer and praise.

2 Little, then, myself I knew,
Little thought of Satan's power;
Now I feel my sins anew;
Now I feel the stormy hour!
Sin has put my joys to flight;
Sin has turned my day to night.

3 Saviour, shine and cheer my soul,
Bid my dying hopes revive;
Make my wounded spirit whole,
Far away the tempter drive;
Speak the word and set me free,
Let me live alone to Thee.

358 L. M. CRUTTENDEN.

INDWELLING SIN.

1 WHAT jarring natures dwell within,
Imperfect grace, remaining sin!
Not this can reign, nor that prevail,
Though each by turns my heart assail.

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die;
Now raise my songs of triumph high;
Sing a rebellious passion slain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.

3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
Borne upwards to my native skies:
When faith assists my soaring flight,
To realms of joy and worlds of light.

4 Scarce a few hours or minutes roll,
Ere earth reclaims my captive soul;
I feels its sympathetic force,
And headlong urge my downward course.

5 How short the joys Thy visits give!
How long Thine absence, Lord, I grieve!
What clouds obscure my rising sun,
Or interrupt its rays at noon!

6 Great God, assist me through the fight,
Make me to triumph in Thy might;
Thou the desponding heart canst raise,
The victory mine, and Thine the praise.

359 S. M. BEDDOME.

HOLY MOURNING FOR SIN.

1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears,
Angels with wonder see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept, that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

360 L. M. COWPER.

INCONSTANT TRUST.

1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer! then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 I chide my unbelieving heart;
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of Thee.

3 Oh! let me then, at length, be taught
What I am still so slow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat;
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord, one look from Thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And Thy rebellious worm is still.

6 Thou art as ready to forgive,
As I am ready to repine;
Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

361 S. M. TOPLADY.

WEAK BELIEVERS COMFORTED.

1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine,
Bid every string awake.

2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our home above,
We every moment come.

3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine.

4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame;
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon His name.

5 Soon shall our doubts, and fears,
Subside at His control;
His loving kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

6 Blessed is the man, O God,
That stays himself on Thee!
Who waits for Thy salvation, Lord,
Shall Thy salvation see.

362 C. M. COTTON

SUBMISSION AND HOPE.

1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2 The hand that now withholds my joys,
Can reïnstate my peace;
And He who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

3 In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count His mercies o'er;
I'll praise Him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

4 When darkness and when sorrow rose,
And pressed on every side;
The Lord has still sustained my steps,
And still has been my Guide. 554

5 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at His rod;
He's more than all the world to me,
My Health, my Life, my God!

363 L. M. COTTON.

AFFLICTION SANCTIFIED.

1 AMIDST these various scenes of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils;
And shall I murmur at my God,
When sovereign love directs the rod?

2 Peace, rebel thoughts! I'll not complain,
My Father's smiles suspend my pain:
Smiles, that a thousand joys impart,
And pour the balm that heals the smart.

3 Though Heaven afflicts, I'll not repine,
Each heartfelt comfort still is mine;
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me through the vale.

4 Lord Jesus, smooth the rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day,
To milder skies and brighter plains
Where everlasting sunshine reigns.

364 8s. and 6s. HASTINGS.

IN DARKNESS.

1 I MOURN the hidings of Thy face,
The absence of that smile
That sweetly filled a throne of grace,
And gave my heart a resting place,
From earthly care and toil.

2 How sad and desolate the night!
How gloomy is the day!
Nature no more can charm the sight,
Afford one comfort or delight,
Without Thy cheering ray.

3 Oft in the lone and silent hour,
I tell my tale of grief;
In tears of tenderness implore,
The presence of Thy healing power,
But tears bring no relief.

4 'T is sin that separates from Thee
This poor benighted soul;
My folly and my guilt I see,
And now upon the bended knee,
Submit to Thy control.

5 Up to the place of Thine abode,
I lift my darkened eye:
To Thee, O bleeding Lamb of God,
Whence all the springs of life have flowed,
To Thee, I raise my cry.

6 Oh! wilt Thou lend a listening ear,
And answer my request:
Forgive and wipe the falling tear,
And with Thy love my spirit cheer,
And set my heart at rest.

365 C. M. COWPER.

PRAYER FOR THE SPIRIT'S RETURN.

1 OH! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
And light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I sought the Lord?
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins, that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to tear it from the throne,
And worship only Thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame:
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

366 L. M. MEDLEY.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

1 SEE a poor sinner, gracious Lord,
Whose soul, encouraged by Thy word,
At mercy's footstool would remain,
And there would look, and look again.

2 How oft, deceived by self and pride,
Has my fond heart been turned aside;
And, Jonah-like, has fled from Thee,
Till Thou hast looked again on me.

3 Ah! bring a wretched wanderer home,
And to Thy footstool let me come,
And tell Thee all my grief and pain,
And wait, and look, and look again.

4 Take courage, then, my trembling soul,
One look from Christ will make thee whole;
Trust thou in Him, 't is not in vain,
But wait, and look, and look again.

5 Look to the Lord, His word, His throne;
Look to His strength, and not thine own;
There wait and look, and look again,
Thou shalt not wait nor look in vain.

367 8s. and 6s. BOWRING.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

1 OH! let my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils the sky;
And wait Thy wise, Thy holy will,
Wrapped yet in mystery;
I cannot, Lord, Thy purpose see,
But all is well, since ruled by Thee.

2 Thus, trusting in Thy love, I tread
The path of duty on;
What though some cherished joys are fled,
Some flattering dreams are gone?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain,
Why should my spirit then complain;

368 L. M. HARRISON.

HATRED OF SIN.

1 OH! could I find some peaceful bower,
Where sin has neither place nor power;
This traitor vile I fain would shun,
But cannot from his presence run.

2 When to the throne of grace I flee,
He stands between my God and me;
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,
I feel him working in my breast.

3 When I attempt to soar above,
To view the heights of Jesus' love;
This monster seems to mount the skies,
And veils His glory from my eyes.

4 Lord, free me from this deadly foe,
Which keeps my faith and hope so low:
I long to dwell in heaven my home,
Where not one sinful thought can come.

369 L. M. STEELE.

INCONSTANCY LAMENTED.

1 AH! wretched, vile, ungrateful heart,
That can from Jesus thus depart:
Thus fond of trifles vainly rove,
Forgetful of a Saviour's love.

2 In vain I charge my thoughts to stay,
And chide each vanity away;
In vain, alas! resolve to bind
This rebel heart, this wandering mind.

3 Through all resolves, how soon it flies,
And mocks the weak, the slender ties;
There 's nought beneath a power divine,
That can this roving heart confine.

4 Jesus, to Thee I would return,
And at Thy feet repenting mourn;
There let me view Thy pardoning love,
And never from Thy sight remove.

5 Oh! let Thy love, with sweet control,
Bind all the passions of my soul;
Bid every vanity depart,
And dwell for ever in my heart.

370 C. M. STEELE.

WANDERINGS FROM GOD.

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord;
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of His word.

2 Yet sovereign mercy cries, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
Oh! take the wanderer home.

3 And canst Thou, wilt Thou, yet forgive,
And bid my guilt remove;
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak Thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, Thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine,
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh! keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

371 8s. HASTINGS.

RETURNING BACKSLIDERS.

1 O SHEPHERD of Israel, divine!
Too far from Thy fold I have strayed;
What hand can restore me but Thine,
Thus wounded, cast down, and dismayed?
My soul would look upward to Thee,
Though prostrate, I'll cry from the dust;
No other salvation I see,
In no other name will I trust.

2 Thou, Thou art my strength and my shield,
Henceforth in Thy arm I'll confide;
The weapons alone I will wield,
Thy wisdom and mercy provide:
Salvation belongs to the Lord,
Deliverance must come from His hand;
Oh! who would not trust in His word,
Acknowledge His right to command?

3 O Shepherd of Israel, divine,
Thy life giving presence I feel;
Let the light of Thy countenance shine,
Thine arm now in mercy reveal:
For strength and deliverance I wait;
On Thee in my trouble I call,
My sinful backslidings I hate,
Uphold me, dear Lord, or I fall.

372 L. P. M. C. Wesley.

THE RETURNING WANDERER.

1 WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow beneath the rod;
To Him with penitence I mourn.
I have an Advocate above,
A friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesus, full of pardoning grace,
More full of grace than I of guilt;
Yet once again I seek Thy face,
Whose precious blood for man was spilled;
Oh! freely my backslidings heal,
And love the dying sinner still.

3 Now give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of sin,
A godly fear to me impart;
Implant and root it deep within,
That I may know Thy sovereign power,
And never dare offend Thee more.

373 L. M. MERRICK.

THE BACKSLIDER'S PRAYER.

1 OH! turn, great Ruler of the skies,
Turn from my sin Thy searching eyes,
Nor let th' offences of my hand
Within Thy book recorded stand.

2 Give me a will to Thine subdued,
A conscience pure, a soul renewed;
Nor let me, wrapped in endless gloom,
An outcast from Thy presence roam.

3 Oh! let Thy Spirit to my heart
Once more His quickening aid impart,
My mind from every fear release,
And soothe my troubled thoughts to peace.

4 So shall the souls, whom error's sway
Has urged from Thee, blessed Lord, to stray,
From me Thy heavenly precepts learn,
And, humbled, to their God return.

374 7s. and 5s. HASTINGS

TRUST IN GOD.

1 CHILD of sorrow, child of care,
Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear
And escape from every snare?
Trust in God alone:
Human strength is weak and vain,
Sin will oft its power regain;
Humbly ask and help obtain,
From thy Father's throne.

2 Know'st thou, in this vale of tears,
Gloomy doubts, distracting fears,
Painful months, and sorrowing years?
To the Saviour fly.
He that drank the bitter cup,
Bids thee in His mercy hope;
Let thy prayer be lifted up
To His throne on high.

375 C. M. WATTS.

INCONSTANCY LAMENTED.

1 WHY is my heart so far from Thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With Thee, no more by night?

2 Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in Thy love,
As I have found in Thee?

3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of Thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

4 But ere one fleeting hour is passed,
The flattering world employs
Some sensual bait to win my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

5 Then I repent and vex my soul,
That I should leave Thee so:
Where will those wild affections roll,
That let a Saviour go?

6 Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fastened to Thy cross,
Rather than lose Thy sight.

376 8s. and 7s. irr. KELLY.

THE LORD IS MY HELPER.

1 OFT as I look upon the road
That leads to yonder blessed abode,
I feel distressed and fearful;
So many foes the passage throng,
I am so weak, and they so strong,
How can my soul be cheerful?

2 But when I think of Him whose power
Can save me in a trying hour,
And place on Him reliance;
My soul is then ashamed of fear,
And, though ten thousand foes appear,
I bid them all defiance.

3 The dangerous road I then pursue,
And keep the glorious prize in view;
With joyful hope elated;
Strong in the Lord, in Him alone,
Where He conducts I follow on
With ardour unabated.

4 O Lord each day renew my strength,
And let me see Thy face at length,
With all Thy people yonder;
With them in heaven Thy love declare,
And sing Thy praise for ever there,
With gratitude and wonder.

377 C. M. WATTS.

COMPLAINT AND HOPE IN SICKNESS.

1 LORD, I am pained; but I resign
My body to Thy will:
'T is grace, 't is wisdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.

2 Dark are Thy ways of providence,
While they, who love Thee, groan:
Thy reasons lie concealed from sense,
Mysterious and unknown.

3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,
And plead before her God,
Lest the o'erburdened heart should break
Beneath Thy heavy rod.

4 These mournful groans and flowing tears
Give my poor spirit ease:
While every groan my Father hears,
And every tear He sees.

5 Is not some smiling hour at hand,
With health upon its wings?
Give it, O God, Thy swift command,
With all the joys it brings.

378 S. M. HASTINGS.

AFFLICTION BLESSED.

1 HOW tender is Thy hand,
O Thou beloved Lord!
Afflictions come at Thy command,
And leave us at Thy word.

2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin,
How soon we found a smiling God
Where deep distress had been.

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
With tears of penitence we knelt,
And found His word was true.

4 We told Him all our grief;
We thought of Jesus' love;
A sense of pardon brought relief,
And bade our pangs remove.

5 Now we will bless the Lord,
And in His strength confide:
For ever be His name adored,
For there is none beside.

379 11s. York.

LONGING FOR REST.

1 I AM weary of straying; Oh! fain would I rest
In the far distant land of the pure and the blessed,
Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread,
And tears and temptations for ever have fled.

2 I am weary of hoping; where hope is untrue,
As fair, but as fleeting, as morning's bright dew:
I long for that land, whose blessed promise alone
Is changeless, and sure, as Eternity's throne.

3 I am weary of sighing o'er sorrows of earth,
O'er joy's glowing visions, that fade at their birth;
O'er the pangs of the loved, which we cannot assuage,
O'er the blightings of youth, and the weakness of age.

4 I am weary of loving what passes away;
The sweetest, the dearest, alas! may not stay;
I long for that land, where these partings are o'er,
And death and the tomb can divide hearts no more.

5 I am weary, my Saviour, of grieving Thy love;
Oh! when shall I rest in Thy presence above?
I am weary; but Oh! let me never repine,
While Thy word, and Thy love, and Thy promise are mine.

380 C. M. COWPER.

CHRISTIAN SUBMISSION.

1 O LORD, my best desires fulfil.
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at Thy command?
Thy love forbids my fears;
Why tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears!

3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to Thee:
Thou never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Shall be my rich supply;
What more I want, or think I do,
Let wisdom still deny.

381 7s. MOTHER'S H. B.

STRENGTH PROMISED.

1 WAIT, my soul, upon the Lord,
To His gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon this word
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayest see;
This is still thy sweet relief:
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With Thy promise, full and free,
Faithful, positive and sure;
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

382 S. M. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

CONFIDING IN GOD.

1 IN Thee, O Lord, I trust,
My hope is in Thy name;
In righteousness, deliver me,
Nor put my soul to shame.

2 From heaven bow down Thine ear,
My cause in mercy plead;
My Rock, my Fortress, my Defence,
Vouchsafe my soul to lead.

3 From every snare preserve,
From every foe defend;
For Thy name's sake, O God, my Strength,
Divine protection send.

4 Into Thy hands, O Lord,
My spirit I commend;
Thou hast redeemed me, God of truth,
In death be Thou my friend.

5 I will be glad and praise,
And in Thy name rejoice;
In sorrow Thou hast known my soul,
And heard my suppliant voice.

383 8s. HASTINGS.

THE LORD, OUR STRENGTH AND SONG.

1 THE Lord is my Strength, and my Song,
The Lord is my Life, and my Light,
His praises shall dwell on my tongue,
Though plunged in the darkness of night:

Temptations and trials must come,
  Chastisements, afflictions severe;
Yet these shall but hasten me home,
  And bid me in glory appear.

2 My spirit is burdened with grief,
  And fainting with sorrow and care,
To Jesus I'll fly for relief,
  I'll seek for deliverance there:
How tender and gracious Thou art,
  My Saviour, my Shepherd, my Friend!
Still rule in this desolate heart,
  Preserve me, through grace, to the end.

3 Yes, Thou art my Strength, and my Song,
  The Guide of my pilgrimage here;
And though tribulation be strong,
  Thy love can preserve me from fear:
Still, still let me lean on Thy breast,
  And pour out my sorrows to Thee,
For there shall my spirit find rest,
  Thy presence is heaven to me.

384 8s. and 7s. HASTINGS.

SUBMISSION IN BEREAVEMENT.

1 JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding,
  O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
  Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

2 Though cast down, we're not forsaken,
  Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken,
  Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done."

3 Fill us now with deep contrition,
  Take away these hearts of stone,
And may all, with true submission,
  Meekly say, "Thy will be done."

4 Though to day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With Thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."

5 By Thy hands the boon was given,
Thou hast taken but Thine own;
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore, "Thy will be done."

385 C. M. WHITEFIELD'S COLL.

DEVOUT GRATITUDE.

1 WHO can have greater cause to sing,
Who greater cause to bless,
Than we, the children of the King,
Than we, who Christ possess?

2 We late were Satan's captives led,
And hell had been our end,
Hadst Thou not for our pardon bled,
The sinner's only Friend.

3 For this we will employ our tongue,
Nor shall our praises cease:
We evermore will sing that song,
"The Lord, our Righteousness."

4 No other God we know but Thee,
None else did us create;
Thy glory may we ever be,
O holy Advocate.

5 We daily prove Thee still the same,
Whene'er our need we see;
Thou bearest still a Saviour's name,
Our Saviour Thou shalt be.

6 No law, nor sin, nor hell, nor death,
Shall us from Thee divide,
Strongly we hold that precious faith,
For us our Saviour died. 570

386 6s. and 8s. RAFFLES.

SPIRITUAL PEACE.

1 COME, heavenly peace of mind,
I sigh for Thy return;
I seek, but cannot find,
The joys for which I mourn;
Ah! where's the Saviour now,
Whose smiles I once possessed;
Till He return, I bow,
By heaviest grief oppressed;
My days of happiness are gone,
And I am left to weep alone.

2 I tried each earthly charm
In pleasure's haunts I strayed,
I sought its soothing balm,
I asked the world its aid;
But ah! no balm it had
To heal a wounded breast,
And I forlorn and sad,
Must seek another rest;
My days of happiness are gone,
And I am left to weep alone.

3 Where can the mourner go,
And tell his tale of grief?
Ah! who can soothe his woe,
And give him sweet relief?
Thou, Jesus! canst impart,
By Thy long-wished return,
Ease to this wounded heart,
And bid me cease to mourn;
Then shall this night of sorrow flee,
And I rejoice, my Lord, in Thee.

LOVE.

387 C. M. WATTS.

THE CHIEF GRACE.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 't is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'T is love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too;
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'T is this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

388 S. M. BEDDOME.

THE SPRING OF OBEDIENCE.

1 LOVE is the fountain, whence
All true obedience flows;
The Christian serves the God he loves,
And loves the God he knows.

2 He treads the heavenly road,
And neither faints nor tires;
That generous love which warms his breast,
With fortitude inspires.

3 No burden seems so great,
No task so hard appears,
But this he cheerfully performs,
And that he meekly bears.

4 May love, that shining grace,
O'er all my powers preside;
Direct my thoughts, suggest my words
And every action guide.

389 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

THOU KNOWEST THAT I LOVE THEE.

1 Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And cast each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival Thee.

2 Is not Thy name melodious still
To my attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

3 Do not I love Thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love:
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

4 Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?

5 Could not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of Thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

6 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord,
But oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more.

390 C. M. HASTINGS.

CLINGING TO CHRIST.

1 TO whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
If I depart from Thee?
My Guide through all this vale of wo,
And more than all to me.

2 The world reject Thy gentle reign
And pay Thy death with scorn;
Oh! they could plat Thy crown again,
And sharpen every thorn.

3 But I have felt Thy dying love
Breathe gently through my heart,
To whisper hope of joys above:
And can we ever part?

4 Ah, no! with Thee I'll walk below,
My journey to the grave:
To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
When only Thou canst save?

391 L. M. TURNER.

LOVE TO GOD.

1 YES, I would love Thee, blessed God,
Paternal goodness marks Thy name;
Thy praises, through Thy high abode,
The heavenly hosts with joy proclaim.

2 Freely Thou gavest Thy dearest Son,
For man, to suffer, bleed, and die:
And bad'st me, as a wretch undone,
For all I want on Him rely.

3 In Him, Thy reconciled face
With joy unspeakable I see,
And feel Thy powerful, wondrous grace
Draw and unite my soul to Thee.

4 Whene'er my foolish, wandering heart,
Attracted by a creature's power,
Would from this blissful centre start,
Lord, fix it there, to stray no more.

392 8s. NEWTON.

LONGING FOR CHRIST.

1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
When Jesus no longer I see!
The woodlands, the fields, and the flowers,
Have lost all their sweetness to me.
His name yields the richest perfume,
And softer than music His voice;
His presence can banish my gloom,
And bid all within me rejoice.

2 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind;
While blessed with the sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

3 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
If Thou art my Sun and my Song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
Oh! drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me up to Thee, on high,
Where winter and cloud are no more.

393 L. M. GERHARDT.

CHRIST'S LOVE.

1 JESUS, Thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
Oh! knit my thankful heart to Thee,
And reign without a rival there.

2 Thy love, how cheering is its ray!
All pain before its presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er its healing beams arise.

3 Oh! let Thy love my soul inflame,
And to Thy service sweetly bind;
Transfuse it through my inmost frame,
And mould me wholly to Thy mind.

4 Thy love in sufferings be my peace,
Thy love in weakness make me strong;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be my heaven and song.

394 7s. NEWTON.

LOVEST THOU ME?

1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to Thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?

2 I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depth beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou Me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore,
Oh! for grace to love Thee more.

395 L. M. WATTS.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PATTERN.

1 MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in Thy word,
But in Thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will;
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervour of Thy prayer;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name,
Among the followers of the Lamb.

396 7s. NEWTON.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

1 'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought:
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I His, or am I not?

2 If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard His name

3 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

4 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You, who love the Lord indeed,
Tell me; is it so with you?

6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

7 Could I joy His saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

8 Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou, who art Thy people's sun;
Shine upon Thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

9 Let me love Thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

397 C. M. WATTS.

LOVE TO THE CREATURE DANGEROUS.

1 HOW vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let Thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

398 S. M. BEDDOME.

MUTUAL LOVE.

1 LET party-names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.

3 Let envy, child of hell!
Be banished far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the Church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

399 8s., 7s. and 4s. KELLY.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

1 BRETHREN, let us walk together
In the bonds of love and peace;
Can it be a question whether
Brethren should from conflict cease?
'Tis in union,
Hope, and joy, and love increase.

2 While we journey homeward, let us
Help each other on the road;
Foes on every side beset us,
Snares through all the way are strewed.
It behooves us
Each to bear a brother's load.

3 When we think how much our Father
Has forgiven, and does forgive,
Brethren, we should learn, the rather,
Free from wrath and strife to live,
Far removing
All that might offend or grieve.

4 Then let each esteem his brother
Better than himself to be;
And let each prefer another,
Full of love, from envy free:
Happy are we
When in this we all agree.

5 Soon our Father will receive us,
As we hope to dwell above;
Nothing then shall harm or grieve us,
We shall all His goodness prove:
Wrath and discord
Ending in eternal love.

400 S. M. FAWCETT.

COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

1 BLESSED be the tie that binds,
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 We're one in Christ our head,
In Him we grow and thrive;
Nor will He leave us with the dead,
While He remains alive.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil and pain
And sin, we shall be free:
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

401 C. M. MILLER.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

1 OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one,
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice;
'T is heaven on earth begun!

2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire;
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blessed,
And filled th' enlarged desire.

3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.

4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows!
But pour a mighty flood;
Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim Thee God.

5 And when Thou mak'st Thy jewels up,
And sett'st Thy starry crown;
When all Thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by Thee Thine own;

6 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold Thee face to face.

402 L. M. BARBAULD.

CHRISTIAN COMMUNION.

1 HOW blessed the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one!

2 To each, the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow,
For human guilt and mortal woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together oft they seek the place,
Where God reveals His awful face;
At length they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy because of love.

403 C. M. C. WESLEY.

CHRISTIANS ONE FAMILY.

1 COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize;
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise.

2 Let all the saints terrestrial, sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

3 One family, we dwell in Him;
  One Church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
  The narrow stream of death:

4 One army of the living God,
  To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
  And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home
  This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
  And in our turn must die.

6 His militant, embodied host,
  With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
  And reach the heavenly land.

FAITH.

404 S. M. BEDDOME.

APPROPRIATING FAITH.

1 FAITH! 't is a precious grace,
  Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
  And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns a King,
  An all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
  But finds it all in Christ.

3 To Him it leads the soul,
  When filled with deep distress;
Appropriates His precious blood,
  And trusts His righteousness.

4 Since 't is Thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the Spirit of Thy Son
To work this faith in me.

405 C. M. WATTS.

LIVING FAITH.

1 MISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead:
None, but a living power, unites
To Christ the living head.

3 'T is faith, that changes all the heart;
'T is faith, that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'T is faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power:
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust His grace;
A pardoning God is jealous still
For His own holiness.

6 When from the curse He sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would He send His Son to be
The minister of sin.

7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God;
Jesus and His salvation came
By water and by blood.

406 L. M.

FAITH NOT MERITORIOUS.

1 BY faith in Christ we're justified,
Since 't is by faith Christ is applied,
But not for faith or any thing
We either suffer, do or bring.

2 Faith is the hand, that Christ receives,
And takes the treasures which He gives;
But faith no merit can possess:
Christ is the Lord our Righteousness.

3 Jesus, our soul's delightful choice,
In Thee believing, we rejoice;
Thy promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting faith alive.

4 Do Thou the languid spark inflame,
Reveal the glories of Thy name!
Let Thy imputed righteousness
Be all our trust, our joy and peace.

407 C. M. TURNER

THE POWER OF FAITH.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares:

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

408 11s. BROWN.

STAND FAST IN THE FAITH.

1 STAND fast in the faith! 't is the mandate of God,
Once uttered in anguish, once written in blood;
From the cross of the Lord, from the throne in the sky,
It was breathed over earth, it is uttered on high.

2 Stand fast in the faith! bold apostles have died
With the words on their lips, careless who might deride,
Confessors and martyrs, 'mid torture and flame,
Have drunk in its accents, and welcomed the shame.

3 Stand fast in the faith! for the Church of the Lord
Hath inscribed on her banner the glorious word;
O'er all her bright cohorts, its glory displayed,
And blazoned on harness, and buckler, and blade.

4 Stand fast in the faith! there are those at thy side
Who can vanquish the foe in his ramparts of pride;
Be loyal, be valiant; thy heart to inspire,
Lo! the chariots of God, and the horses of fire.

5 Stand fast in the faith! though the conflict is hot,
The field hath no strife where thy Captain is not;
His eye is upon thee, thou hearest what He saith,
"Ho! quit you like men, and stand fast in the faith"

6 Stand fast in the faith! though the faithless may flee,
We will peril our all, dear Redeemer, for Thee;
We will stand in the conflict, assured that Thine arm
Shall shield every soldier from peril and harm.

409 L. M. WATTS.

WALKING BY FAITH.

1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night:
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She bids the pearly gates appear:
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith beholds a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

4 So Abram, by divine command,
Left his own home to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

PARTICULAR DUTIES.

410 7s. KELLY.

ONWARD.

1 WHEN we cannot see our way,
We should trust and still obey;
He who bids us forward go,
Will instruct the way to know.

2 Though the sea be deep and wide,
Though a passage seems denied;
Fearless let us still proceed,
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

3 Though it seems the gloom of night,
Though we trace no ray of light,
Since the Lord Himself is there,
'Tis not meet that we should fear.

4 Night, with Him, is always bright,
Where He is, there all is light;
When He calls us, why delay?
They are happy, who obey.

5 Be it ours, then, while we're here,
Him to follow without fear;
Where He calls us, there to go,
What He bids us, that to do.

411 L. M. BEDDOME.

CONFORMITY TO CHRIST.

1 JESUS, my Saviour, let me be
More perfectly conformed to Thee:
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
And form my temper like Thine own.

2 Let the envenomed heart and tongue,
The hand outstretched to do me wrong,
Excite no feelings in my breast,
But such as Jesus once expressed.

3 To others let me always give
What I from others would receive;
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor when provoked, with anger burn.

4 This will proclaim how bright, how fair,
The precepts of Thy gospel are,
And God Himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

412 L. M. BEDDOME.

CHRISTIAN CONSISTENCY.

1 FATHER of spirits, grant that we
May more and more resemble Thee;
Daily from strength to strength proceed,
Christians in name, and so in deed.

2 In our whole lives may we express
The truth and energy of grace;
A lively faith, an humble fear,
And be in truth what we appear;

3 By our exact obedience show
What we to Thy rich mercy owe;
And thus a bright example give,
To teach the world how they should live;

4 Not tire, nor stop, but still press on,
To finish well the course begun;
And then receive the great reward,
For such, and only such prepared.

413 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

1 HOW gentle God's commands,
How kind His precepts are,
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.

2 While Providence supports,
Let saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guide His children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away.

414 C. M. NEWTON

TRUE AND FALSE ZEAL.

1 ZEAL is that pure and heavenly flame
The fire of love supplies;
While that which often bears the name,
Is self in a disguise.

2 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

3 Zeal has attained its highest aim,
Its end is satisfied,
If sinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor seeks it aught beside.

4 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the best applause will gain
When Jesus shall appear.

5 Dear Lord, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be shown,
But that which springs from love.

415 C. M. BEDDOME.

CHRISTIAN EXERTION.

1 RISE from the dust, my drowsy soul,
Awake, awake, for God;
See, boundless floods of pleasure roll
Around His blessed abode.

2 Rouse up and seize the starry crown,
Nor grovelling lie below;
Exertion leads to high renown,
But sloth to endless wo.

3 Dangerous and steep is the ascent,
To Zion's lofty hill:
Nor can the soul that's negligent,
Th' important task fulfil.

4 A thousand duties must be done,
A thousand lusts destroyed;
Th' immortal prize must first be won,
Before it is enjoyed.

5 Great God, my drooping powers revive,
The love of sin subdue;
Short is the time I have to live,
Yet so much work to do.

416 C. M. WATTS.

SPIRITUAL SLOTH.

1 MY drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul,
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants, for one poor grain,
How they will toil and strive!
Yet we, who have a heaven to gain,
How negligent we live!

3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above;

4 We, for whom God the Son came down,
To labour for our good;
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with His blood?

5 Lord, shall we be indifferent still,
And never act our parts?
Spirit Divine, Oh! come, and fill,
And purify our hearts.

6 Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise,
With hands of faith and wings of love,
We'll fly and take the prize.

417 L. M. WATTS.

CHRISTIAN RACE.

1 AWAKE our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 O mighty God, Thy matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From Thee, the overflowing Spring,
Believers drink a fresh supply:
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
Oh! may we mount to Thine abode;
On wings of love to Jesus fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

418 C. M. WATTS.

SELF-DENIAL.

1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
Which leads to joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied;
The mind and will renewed;
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 The tongue, that most unruly power,
Requires a strong restraint;
We must be watchful every hour,
And pray, but never faint.

4 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all the work perform,
And give the free reward.

419 7s. and 5s. HASTINGS.

THE CONFLICT.

1 HEIR of an immortal crown,
Heed not every foeman's frown,
Tread the powers of darkness down,
Through Jehovah's might:
Though they oft in wrath arise,
Like the tempest of the skies,
He can fill them with surprise,
From His heavenly height.

2 Soldier, in the tented field,
Ply thy helmet, sword, and shield,
Till the line of battle yield,
And before thee flee:
In thine armour fearless stand,
Girded by Jehovah's hand,
Till within the promised land,
He shall set thee free.

420 S. M. WATTS.

MORTIFICATION OF SIN.

1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because Thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all His wounds?

2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.

3 We shall be slaves no more,
Since Christ hath made us free;
Hath nailed our tyrants to His cross,
And bought our liberty.

421 L. M. WATTS.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fear,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But vanquished are those threatening foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite;
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.

4 What though thy inward lusts rebel,
'T is but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins and end the strife.

5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conqueror's wait.

6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

422 C. M. STEELE.

WATCH AND PRAY.

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way!
To heaven I fain would lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
Striving against my foes in vain,
I sink amid my fears.

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Nor let me be dismayed.

4 Do Thou increase my faith and hope,
When fears and foes prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Oh! keep me in Thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And never, never let me stray
From happiness and Thee.

423 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

RUNNING THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

1 AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blessed Saviour! introduced by Thee,
Have we our race begun:
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

424 L. M. KELLY.

WARNING AGAINST SLOTH.

1 O ISRAEL, to thy tents repair;
Why thus secure on hostile ground?
Thy Lord commands thee to beware,
For many foes thy camp surround.

2 The trumpet gives a martial strain:
O Israel! gird thee for the fight;
Arise, the combat to maintain;
Arise, and put thy foes to flight.

3 Oh! sleep not thou as others do,
Awake, be vigilant, be brave;
The coward, and the sluggard too,
Must wear the fetters of the slave.

4 A nobler lot is cast for thee,
A crown awaits thee in the skies!
With such a hope shall Israel flee,
And yield through weariness the prize?

5 No! let a careless world repose,
And slumber on through life's short day,
While Israel to the conflict goes,
And bears the glorious prize away.

425 C. M. WATTS.

THE SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

1 AM I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Be faithful to my Lord,
And bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

426 S. M. HEATH.

WATCHFULNESS AND PRAYER.

1 MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh! watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down:
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got thy crown.

427 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

WATCHFULNESS.

1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in His sigh
For awful is His name.

3 Watch, 't is your Lord's command;
And while we speak, He 's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

4 O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

5 Christ shall the banquet spread,
With His own bounteous hand,
And raise that favoured servant's head
Amidst th' angelic band.

428 L. M. WATTS.

CHRISTIAN CONSISTENCY.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad,
The honours of our Saviour God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blesséd hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on His word.

429 L. M. WATTS.

CHRISTIAN CAUTION.

1 IS it a thing of good report
To squander life and time away?
To cut the hours of duty short,
While toys and follies waste the day?

2 Doth it become the Christian name,
To venture near the tempter's door,
To sort with men of evil frame,
And yet presume to stand secure?

3 Am I my own sufficient guard,
While I expose my soul to shame?
Can the short joys of sin reward
The lasting blemish of my name?

4 Oh! may it be my constant choice,
To walk with men of grace below,
Till I arrive where heavenly joys
And never-fading honours grow.

430 C. M. H. M. WILLIAMS.

HABITUAL DEVOTION.

1 WHILST Thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To Thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed:
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6 My lifted eye without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on Thee.

431 C. M. HASTINGS.

WATCH AND PRAY.

1 THE Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Through life's brief fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek its power.

2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear Thy voice to-day;
Obedience is our life.

3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
For soon the hour will come,
That calls us from the earth away,
To our eternal home.

4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray,
And hear Thy sacred voice;
And walk as Thou hast marked the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

432 C. M. NEWTON.

PERSEVERANCE.

1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause His own;
The hope that 's built upon His word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm:
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

4 As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you;
So surely, you, that love His name,
Shall triumph in Him too.

433 L. M. WATTS.

CHRIST OUR STRENGTH.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
Strength shall be equal to thy day:
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all sufficient grace.

2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While His left hand my head sustains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

434 C. M. HAWEIS.

SUBMISSION.

1 SUBMISSIVE to Thy will, my God,
I all to Thee resign;
And bow before Thy chastening rod,
I mourn, but not repine.

2 Why should my foolish heart complain,
When wisdom, truth, and love
Direct the stroke, inflict the pain,
And point to joys above.

3 How short are all my sufferings here,
How needful every cross!
Away, my unbelieving fear,
Nor call my gain, my loss.

4 Then give, dear Lord, or take away,
I'll bless Thy sacred name;
My Jesus, yesterday, to-day,
For ever is the same!

435 C. M. TOPLADY.

SICKNESS SWEETENED.

1 WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'T is sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name,
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect, how grace divine,
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember, that His blood
My debt of suffering paid.

5 Sweet in His righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet t' experience, day by day,
His Spirit's quickening breath.

6 Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end:
Sweet on His covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.

7 Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust His firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His.

8 If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be,
Where saints and angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee!

436 C. M. GREENE.

IT IS THE LORD.

1 IT is the Lord, enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine;
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord, should I distrust,
Or contradict His will?
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still.

3 It is the Lord, who gives me all
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of His bounties may recall
Whatever part He please.

4 It is the Lord, who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.

5 It is the Lord, whose matchless skill
Can from afflictions raise
Matter, eternity to fill
With ever growing praise.

6 It is the Lord, my covenant God,
Thrice blessed be His name!
Whose gracious promise, sealed with blood,
Must ever be the same.

7 His covenant will my soul defend,
Should nature's self expire,
And the great Judge of all descend
In awful flames of fire.

8 And can my soul, with hopes like these,
Be sullen, or repine?
No, gracious God, take what Thou please,
I'll cheerfully resign.

437 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

PRAISE FOR RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

1 MY God, Thy service well demands
The remnant of my days;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew Thy praise?

2 Thine arms of everlasting love
Did this weak frame sustain;
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk with pain.

3 Calmly I bowed my fainting head,
On Thy dear faithful breast;
Pleased to obey my Father's call
To His eternal rest.

4 Into Thy hands, my Saviour God,
Did I my soul resign;
In firm dependence on that truth,
Which made salvation mine.

5 Back from the borders of the grave,
At Thy command I come:
Nor will I urge a speedier flight,
To my celestial home.

6 Where Thou determinest mine abode
There would I choose to be;
For in Thy presence death is life,
And earth is heaven with Thee.

438 C. M. DODDRIDGE

SUBMISSION UNDER BEREAVEMENT.

1 PEACE! 'tis the Lord Jehovah's hand
That blasts our joys in death;
Changes the visage once so dear,
And gathers back the breath.

2 'Tis He the Potentate supreme
Of all the worlds above,
Whose steady counsels wisely rule,
Nor from their purpose move.

3 'Tis He, whose justice might demand
Our souls a sacrifice;
Yet scatters with unwearied hand
A thousand rich supplies.

4 Our covenant God and Father He,
In Christ our bleeding Lord;
Whose grace can heal the bursting heart
With one reviving word.

5 Silent we own Jehovah's name,
We kiss the scourging hand;
And yield our comforts and our life
To Thy supreme command.

439 10s. and 11s. NEWTON.

UNBELIEF REBUKED.

1 BEGONE, unbelief, my Saviour is near;
And for my relief will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform,
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, since He is my Guide,
'T is mine to obey, 't is His to provide:
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word He has spoken shall surely prevail.

3 His love in time past forbids me to think
He 'll leave me at last in trouble to sink:
Each sweet Ebenezer, I have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure to help me quite through.

4 Determined to save, He watched o'er my path;
When, Satan's blind slave, I sported with death;
And can He have taught me to trust in His name,
And thus far have brought me, to put me to shame?

5 Why should I complain of want or distress,
Temptation or pain? He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation, I know from His word,
Through much tribulation must follow their Lord.

6 How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up, that sinners might live!
His way was much rougher and darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my good;
The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;
Though painful at present, 't will cease before long,
And then: oh! how pleasant the conqueror's song!

440 C. M. HERVEY: BEDDOME.

RESIGNATION TO THE WILL OF GOD.

1 THROUGH all the downward tracts of time,
God's watchful eye surveys;
Oh! who so wise to choose our lot,
Or regulate our ways!

2 I cannot doubt His bounteous love,
Unmeasurably kind;
To His unerring, gracious will,
Be every wish resigned.

3 Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He denies;
E'en crosses from His sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

4 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found;
The honey's mixed with gall;
'Midst changing scenes and dying friends,
Be Thou my all in all.

441 C. M. STEELE.

THE DEVOUT REQUEST.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies;
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that I am Thine,
My life and death attend:
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

442 7s. HASTINGS.

USE OF MEDITATION.

1 CHRISTIAN, would'st thou know the joy
Pure religion can impart?
Let her truths thy mind employ,
Firmly fix thy roving heart,
Till her radiance round thee shine,
With an influence all divine.

2 Think, who fills a Father's throne;
How in righteousness He reigns;
What perfections He hath shown,
And unchangeable remains:
Countless worlds proclaim His power,
And His glorious name adore.

3 Think of all that heavenly grace,
Which in Christ, the Lord, appears,
Till the vision of His face,
A celestial glory wears;
While the eye of faith may view
Wonders still for ever new.

4 Think upon that Spirit pure,
Who the love of God reveals;
Shows the promise ever sure,
And, within, His witness seals:
Think upon His hallowed name,
Till His love thy soul inflame.

5 God is holy, just and good,
Thou art sinful, weak and vile;
Blessings by His hand bestowed,
Round thy habitation smile:
These should charm thy heart to love,
These should fix thy thoughts above.

6 Dost thou now in sadness mourn,
And the tear of anguish shed?
Child of hope, to God return;
Lift on high thy drooping head:
Rays celestial round thee shine,
Heaven and all its joys are thine.

443 L. M. WILKS.

HEAVENLY MINDEDNESS.

1 OH! that my grovelling thoughts could rise,
And rest on things above the skies;
Where Christ, my Lord, in glory bright,
Sits clothed in robes of heavenly light!

2 Why should my heart descend so low,
To brood on earth a world of wo,
While heaven, where endless pleasures roll,
Waits to entrance the new-born soul.

3 Sickly, and weak, and languid, I
Now flutter and attempt to fly;
But earth, and sense, and guilt combined
Hang heavily upon my mind.

4 Saviour, let Thine attractions be
But felt in all their force by me,
Then shall I mount on wings of love,
And fix, and dwell on things above.

444 7s. and 6s. CENNICK.

BREATHING AFTER HEAVEN.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
  Nor stay in all their course;
Fires ascending seek the sun,
  Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
  Pants to view His glorious face;
Upward tends to His abode,
  To rest in His embrace.

3 Fly me riches, fly me cares,
  While I that coast explore;
Flattering world, with all thy snares,
  Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their home,
  Strangers tarry but a night;
When the last dear morn is come,
  They'll rise to joyful light.

4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
  Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return,
  Triumphant in the skies:
There we'll join the heavenly train,
  Welcome to partake the bliss;
Fly from sorrow and from pain,
  To realms of endless peace.

445 H. M. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

FOLLOWING CHRIST.

1 LOOK up to yonder world,
  See myriads round the throne!
Each bears a golden harp,
  And wears a glorious crown:
With zeal they strike the sacred lyre,
And strive to raise their praises higher.

2 Believing in His name,
They in His footsteps trod;
His righteousness their hope,
Their only plea His blood;
Lo! now they reign with Him above,
Behold His face, and sing His love.

3 And shall we not aspire,
Like them, our course to run?
The crown if we would wear,
That crown must first be won:
Divinely taught, they showed the way,
First to believe and then obey.

446 8s. and 6s. HASTINGS.

HEAVENLY-MINDEDNESS.

1 WITH eyes of faith and wings of love
My soul would upward rise:
And converse hold with things above,
And all that heavenly influence prove,
Which grace divine supplies.

2 But sin will oft my heart betray,
And cares from morn till e'en
Command my labouring thoughts away,
And my affections far astray
From happiness and heaven.

3 Heaven is the portion of my soul,
My treasure and my joy;
There 's naught on earth, from pole to pole,
Where mountains rise or oceans roll,
That should my heart employ.

4 Upward, still upward, let me soar,
While in this vale of tears;
Till earthly cares and toils are o'er,
And sin shall wound my heart no more,
When heaven itself appears.

447 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

A CHRISTIAN LIFE.

1 THRICE happy souls, who, born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Do all their days with God begin,
And spend them in His fear.

2 'Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to Thy throne;
And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be Thine alone.

3 As sanctified to noblest ends
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

4 When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of Thy wings,
And in Thy strength confide.

5 As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With Thee, amidst the social band,
In solitude with Thee.

6 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all my days be past;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor shall I fear the last.

448 L. M. BEDDOME.

CONTENTMENT.

1 FOUNTAIN of blessing, ever blessed,
Enriching all, of all possessed;
By whom the whole creation's fed,
Give me, each day, my daily bread.

2 To Thee my very life I owe,
From Thee do all my comforts flow;
And every blessing which I need,
Must from Thy bounteous hand proceed.

3 Great things are not what I desire,
Nor dainty meat, nor rich attire;
Content with little would I be;
That little, Lord, must come from Thee.

4 While wicked men, with all their store,
Are ever grasping after more;
With Agur's wish I'm satisfied,
Nor grudge them all the world beside.

449 C. M. WATTS.

JUSTICE AND EQUITY.

1 COME, let us search our ways and try;
Have they been just and right?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?

2 What we would have our neighbour do,
Have we done still the same?
And ne'er delayed to pay his due,
Nor injured his good name?

3 In all we sell, in all we buy,
Is justice our design?
Do we remember God is nigh,
And fear the wrath divine?

4 In vain we talk of Jesus' blood,
And boast His name in vain,
If we can slight the laws of God,
And prove unjust to men.

450 C. M. WATTS.

GRATITUDE.

1 HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives,
From mine exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever Thine!
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I would give Him all.

451 C. M. BATHURST.

OF THINE OWN WE GIVE THEE.

1 LORD, when our offerings we present
Before Thy gracious throne,
We but return what Thou hast lent,
And give Thee of Thine own.

2 The power and willingness to give,
Alike proceed from Thee;
We still are debtors, since we live
Only by Thy decree.

3 Ourselves, our all, to Thee we owe;
And if we come behind
What others of their wealth bestow,
Accept our willing mind.

4 O Lord, our contributions bless,
For their appointed end;
And crown with happiest success,
The cause that we befriend.

452 S. M. E. Scott.

THE THANKFUL OFFERING.

1 THY bounties, gracious Lord,
With gratitude we own:
We bless Thy providential grace,
Which showers its blessings down,

2 With joy the people bring
Their offerings round Thy throne;
With thankful souls behold we pay
A tribute of Thy own.

3 Accept this humble mite,
Great Sovereign Lord of all;
Nor let our numerous mingling sins,
The fragrant ointment spoil.

4 Let a Redeemer's blood
Diffuse its virtues wide;
Hallow and cleanse our every gift,
And all our follies hide.

5 Oh! may this sacrifice
To Thee the Lord ascend,
An odour of a sweet perfume,
Presented by His hand.

6 Well pleased, our God shall view
The products of His grace;
And in a plentiful reward
Fulfil His promises.

453 L. M. GRIFFIN'S SEL.

CHRISTIAN STEWARDSHIP.

1 THE gold and silver are the Lord's
And every blessing earth affords;
All come from His propitious hand,
And must return at His command.

2 The blessings which I now enjoy,
I must for Christ and souls employ;
For if I use them as my own,
My Lord will soon call in His loan.

3 When I to Him in want apply,
He never does my suit deny;
And shall I then refuse to give,
Since I so much from him receive?

4 Shall Jesus leave the realms of day,
And clothe Himself in humble clay,
Shall He become despised and poor,
To make me rich for evermore?

5 And shall I wickedly withhold,
To give my silver and my gold?
To aid a cause my soul approves,
And save the sinners Jesus loves?

6 Expand my heart, incline me, Lord,
To give the whole I can afford;
That, what Thy bounty renders mine,
I may with cheerful hands resign.

454 L. M. GIBBONS.

CHARITY TAUGHT BY CHRIST'S EXAMPLE.

1 WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,
What were His works from day to day,
But miracles of power and grace,
That spread salvation through our race?

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and Thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.

3 That man may breathe, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank:

4 But he who marks, from day to day,
In generous acts, his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

455 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

RELIEVING CHRIST IN HIS MEMBERS.

1 JESUS, my Lord, how rich Thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost Thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow
When all the worlds are Thine?

3 But Thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of Thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names
Before Thy Father's face.

4 In them Thou mayest be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered;
And in their accents of distress,
My Saviour's voice is heard.

5 Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in Thy poor would see;
Oh! let us rather beg our bread
Than keep it back from Thee!

456 L. M. RIPPON.

CHARITY ENFORCED.

1 OH! what stupendous mercy shines
Around the majesty of heaven!
Rebels He deigns to call His sons,
Their souls renewed, their sins forgiven.

2 Go, imitate the grace divine,
The grace that blazes like a sun;
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,
Through all your lives let mercy run.

3 Upon your bounty's willing wings,
Swift fly your gifts and charity;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe,
To pain and sickness help apply.

4 Pity the weeping widow's woe,
And be her counsellor and stay;
Adopt the fatherless, and smooth
To useful, happy life, his way.

5 Let age, with want and weakness bowed,
Your bowels of compassion move;
Let e'en your enemies be blessed,
Their hatred recompensed with love.

6 When all is done, renounce your deeds,
Renounce self-righteousness with scorn;
Thus will you glorify your God,
And thus the Christian name adorn.

457 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

1 FATHER of mercies, send Thy grace,
All powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls,
The image of Thy love.

2 Oh! may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe?

3 Not like the Levite and the Priest,
Who saw, with hearts of stone,
Their neighbour groaning in distress,
And left him still alone.

4 When the most helpless sons of grief
In sorrows low are laid;
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

5 So Jesus looked on dying men,
When throned above the skies;
And, 'midst th' embraces of His God,
He felt compassion rise.

6 On wings of love the Saviour flew,
To raise us from the ground;
And shed the richest of His blood,
A balm for every wound.

458 C. M. STRAPHAN.

BLESSEDNESS OF CHARITY.

1 BLESSED is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call;
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.

2 Mercy descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
Oh! may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes!

3 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth;
And lead the mind that went astray,
To virtue and to truth.

4 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp His name,
And their Creator love.

5 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

6 Almighty God, Thy influence shed
To aid this good design;
The honours of Thy name be spread,
And all Thy glory shine.

459 C. P. M. BRADBERRY.

CHARITY TO UNTAUGHT CHILDREN.

1 NOW let our hearts conspire to raise
A cheerful anthem to His praise,
Who reigns enthroned above:
Let music, sweet as incense, rise,
With grateful odours to the skies;
The work of joy and love.

2 How many children, Lord, we see
In ignorance and misery,
Unprincipled, untaught!
Shall they continue still to lie
In ignorance and misery?
We cannot bear the thought.

3 We feel a sympathizing heart;
Lord, 't is a pleasure to impart,
To Thee Thine own we give:
Hear Thou our cry, and pitying see;
Oh! let these children live to Thee!
Oh! let these children live!

460 C. M. COWPER.

COMMUNION WITH GOD IN RETIREMENT.

1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree:
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

3 Then, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace and joy and love,
She there communes with God!

4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

461 C. M. P. H. Brown.

EVENING TWILIGHT.

1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

462 C. M. NEWTON.

PASSAGE THROUGH LIFE.

1 WE seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day;
Through floods and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way.

2 The swelling flood and raging flame,
Hear and obey His word;
Then let us triumph in His name,
Our Saviour is the Lord.

463 11s. J. T.

THE PILGRIM OF ZION.

1 SAD pilgrim of Zion, though chastened awhile,
Through this dark vale of tears, hope bids thee to smile;
Far spent is the night; see approaching the day
That calls thee from sorrow and sighing away.

2 No tear of repentance, nor wave of the storm,
Not a cloud shall e'er darken the light of that morn,
Where thy sun sets no more, but for ever shall shine,
Unsullied in beauty, in glory divine.

3 White thy robe, washed in blood, the price that was given;
To redeem thee from earth, and raise thee to heaven;
Where love blooms in peace, and blessed joys feast thy sight,
Where God is thy glory, the Lord thy delight.

4 O Pilgrim, till then be thou instant in prayer,
Life's sorrows and pains thy Redeemer will bear;
Reposing in death, still the love that ne'er dies,
Sheds light to conduct thee in peace to the skies.

464 L. P. M MONTGOMERY.

PILGRIMS TO THE LAND OF PROMISE.

1 THUS far on life's perplexing path,
Thus far, Thou, Lord, our steps hast led;
Snatched from the world's pursuing wrath,
Unharmed though floods hung o'er our head;
Like ransomed Israel on the shore,
Here then we pause, look back, adore.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
Like all our fathers in their day,
We to the land of promise go,
Lord, by Thine own appointed way;
Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
In cloud by day, in fire by night.

3 Safety Thy presence is, and rest,
While, as the eagle o'er her brood
Flutters her pinions, stirs the nest,
Covers, defends, provides them food,
Bears on her wings, instructs to fly,
Thy love prepares us for the sky.

4 Protect us through the wilderness,
From fiery serpents, plague, and foe;
With bread from heaven Thy people bless
And living streams where'er we go;
Nor let our rebel hearts repine,
Or follow any voice but Thine.

5 Thy holy law to us proclaim,
But not from Sinai's top alone;
Hid in the rock-cleft, be Thy name,
Thy power and all Thy goodness shown;
And may we never bow the knee,
Nor worship any God but Thee.

6 When we have numbered all our years,
And stand at length on Jordan's brink,
Though the flesh fail with mortal fears,
Oh! let not then the spirit sink:
But strong in faith, and hope, and love,
Plunge through the stream to rise above.

465 L. M. FAWCETT.

TEMPTATIONS.

1 THUS far my God has led me on,
And made His truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs.

2 Through this wide wilderness I roam,
Far distant from my blissful home;
Lord, let Thy presence be my stay,
And guard me in this dangerous way.

3 Temptations every where annoy,
And sins and snares my peace destroy;
My earthly joys are from me torn,
And oft an absent God I mourn.

4 My soul with various tempests tossed,
Her hopes o'erturned, her projects crossed;
Sees every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end.

5 Is this, dear Lord, that thorny road
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the toils Thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?

6 'Tis even so, Thy faithful love
Doth all Thy children's graces prove;
'Tis thus our pride and self must fall,
That Jesus may be All in all.

466 C. P. M. C. WESLEY.

THE FAMILY VOW.

1 I AND my house will serve the Lord:
But first, obedient to His word,
I must myself appear;
By actions, words, and temper, show
That I my heavenly Master know,
And serve with heart sincere.

2 I must the fair example set;
From those that on my pleasure wait,
Each stumbling-block remove;
Their duty by my life explain;
And still in all my works maintain
The dignity of love.

3 Easy to be entreated, mild,
Quickly appeased and reconciled,
A follower of my God;
A saint, indeed, I long to be,
And lead my faithful family
In the celestial road.

4 Lord, if Thou didst the wish infuse,
A vessel fitted for Thy use,
Into Thy hands receive;
Work in me both to will and do,
And show them how believers true
And real Christians live.

THE CHURCH.

467 L. M. BEDDOME.

THE CHURCH.

1 SHOUT! for the blessed Jesus reigns,
Through distant lands His triumphs spread;
And sinners, freed from endless pains,
Own Him their Saviour and their head.

2 He calls His chosen from afar,
They all at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sovereign grace are made alive.

3 Gentiles and Jews His laws obey,
Nations remote their offerings bring,
And, unconstrained, their homage pay
To their exalted God and King.

4 Oh! may His holy church increase,
His Word and Spirit still prevail;
While angels celebrate His praise,
And saints His growing glories hail!

5 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above;
In lofty songs exalt His name,
In songs as lasting as His love.

468 8s. and 7s. NEWTON.

THE GLORIES OF THE CHURCH.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for His own abode.

On the Rock of Ages founded,
Who can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply her sons and daughters,
And the fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Onward flows her thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Forms thee for His own abode.

469 L. M. WATTS.

THE CHURCH THE GARDEN OF GOD.

1 WE are a garden, walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot enclosed by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand,
And all our springs in Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.

3 Awake, O heavenly wind, and come,
Blow on this garden of perfume,
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
To entertain our Saviour, God;
Let faith, and love, and joy, appear,
And every grace be active here.

470 12s. and 11s. EDMESTON.

THE HOUSE OF GOD.

1 THERE'S a refuge of peace, from the tempests that beat,
From the dark clouds that threaten, the wild wind that blows;
A holy, a sweet, and a lovely retreat,
A spring of refreshment, a place of repose.

2 'Tis the house of my God, 't is the dwelling of prayer,
'Tis the temple all hallowed by blessing and praise;
If sorrow and faithlessness conquer me there,
My heart to the throne of His grace I can raise.

3 For a refuge like this, oh! what praises are due,
For a rest so serene, for a covert so fair;
Ah, why are the seasons of worship so few?
Ah, why are so seldom the meetings of prayer?

471 L. M. NEWTON.

ADMISSION OF MEMBERS.

1 KINDRED in Christ, for His dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which He alone can give.

2 To you and us, by grace 't is given,
To know the Saviour's precious name;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3 May He, by whose kind care we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 We'll talk of all He did and said,
And suffered for us here below;
The path He marked for us to tread,
And what His mercy will bestow.

5 Thus as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore,
And think upon that glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

472 L. M. P. H. Brown.

YOUNG CONVERTS WELCOMED.

1 WELCOME, ye hopeful heirs of heaven,
To this rich gospel feast of love;
This pledge is but the prelude given
To that immortal feast above.

2 How great the blessing, thus to meet
Around the sacramental board,
And hold, by faith, communion sweet
With Christ, our dear and common Lord.

3 And if so sweet this feast below,
What will it be to meet above,
Where all we see, and feel, and know,
Are fruits of everlasting love.

4 Soon shall we tune the heavenly lyre,
Whilst listening worlds the song approve;
Eternity itself expire,
Ere we exhaust the theme of love.

473 C. M. WILKS.

CHURCH'S APPEAL.

1 WHY shouldst thou linger to obey
Thy Saviour's great command?
Why from His blessed gospel feast,
At awful distance stand?

2 Why shouldst thou not His death record,
And with His people join,
To take the sacramental bread,
And sacramental wine?

3 Why shouldst thou say, "I am too young?"
Or fear thou art unfit?
Shouldst thou not love the Saviour's name,
And to His yoke submit?

4 Why shouldst thou hesitate to go,
And friendly counsel take?
His servants may resolve thy doubts,
And words of comfort speak.

5 Arise, arise, go, seek advice;
And if thou art sincere,
With haste obey the dying Lord,
And with His saints appear.

474 H. M. DODDRIDGE.

AT THE FORMING OF A CHURCH.

1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for Gentiles find
Within Thy courts a place;
How kind the care | For us to raise
Our God displays, | A house of prayer!

2 Though once estranged far,
We now approach the throne;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause His own;
Strangers no more, | And find our home,
To Thee we come, | And rest secure.

3 To Thee our souls we join,
And love Thy sacred name;
No more our own, but Thine,
We triumph in Thy claim:
Our Father King, | Our souls embrace,
Thy covenant grace, | Thy titles sing.

4 Here in Thy house we feast
On dainties all divine;
And while such sweets we taste,
With joy our faces shine:
Incense shall rise | And God approve
From flames of love, | The sacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng
To worship in Thy house!
And Thou attend the song,
And smile upon their vows:
Indulgent still, | To join the choir!
Till earth conspire | On Zion's hill!

WORSHIP.

475 S. M. BEDDOME.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1 HOW pleased was I to hear
The friends of Zion say,
Now to her courts let us repair
And keep the solemn day.

2 Hither the rich and poor
Their various offerings bring,
And in harmonious strains adore
Their Maker and their King.

3 Here beams of mercy shine,
And streams of goodness flow;
Here we may feast on joys divine,
And taste of heaven below.

4 Here I would ever stay
Or, if I must remove,
Come, angels, bear me swift away,
To brighter scenes above.

476 8s., 7s. and 4s. MADAN'S COLL.

AT THE CLOSE OF WORSHIP.

1 LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace:
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh! refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness!

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day!

PRAYER.

477 C. M. NEWTON.

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy seat.
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before His feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I!

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sore oppressed;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to Thee for rest.

4 Be Thou my Shield and Hiding-place,
That, sheltered near Thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, Thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

478 L. M. STEELE.

PRAYER THROUGH THE ADVOCATE.

1 WHERE is my God? does He retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?

2 No, Lord! the breathing of desire,
The weak petition, if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire;
But reaches Thy all-gracious ear.

3 Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands;
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in His hands.

4 He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer:
Recline thy hope on Him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

479 C. M. MONTGOMERY.

THE NATURE OF PRAYER.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try:
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
The watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

6 In prayer on earth, the saints are one:
They're one in word and mind,
When, with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

480 C. M. MONTGOMERY.

PREPARATION FOR PRAYER.

1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 God of all grace, we come to Thee,
With broken, contrite hearts;
Give, what Thine eyes delight to see,
Truth in the inward parts.

3 Give deep humility; the sense
Of godly sorrow give;
A strong desiring confidence
To hear Thy voice and live;

4 Faith in the only sacrifice
That can for sin atone;
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ, on Christ alone;

5 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust Thee though Thou slay.

6 Give these, and then Thy will be done;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by Thy Spirit and Thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

481 L. M. COWPER.

THE WORTH OF PRAYER.

1 WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to a mercy seat!
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright:
And Satan trembles, when he sees
The weakest saint upon His knees.

4 Were half the breath that 's vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Our cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

482 L. M. S. Stennett.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

1 "WHERE two or three with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount His acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise:

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil My shining face,
And shed My glories round the place."

3 We meet at Thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on Thy faithful word;
Now send Thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

483 L. M. Stowell.

THE MERCY SEAT.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy seat?

5 There, there on eagle's wings we soar,
And sin, and sense, seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat.

6 Oh! let my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget Thy MERCY SEAT.

484 11s.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

1 WHEN morning is rising, o'er mountain and lawn,
And every thing waketh to welcome the dawn,
When far down the valley the mists fly away,
Arouse thee from slumber, arouse thee and pray.

2 And when the still moon in its beauty draws nigh,
And nature seems ready to languish and die,
Then halt on thy march, in the heat of the day,
Then lift up thy thoughts to thy Father, and pray.

3 When evening descends like a spirit of peace,
And labour and tumult grow fainter and cease,
When night cometh down in her starry array,
Then haste to the God of thy spirit and pray.

4 Remember His goodness, whose hand has supplied
Each want of thy bosom, nor ever denied
The smiles of His bounty to gladden thy way;
Remember His goodness, and gratefully pray.

5 Oh! pray to Him always, in sorrow and joy,
When peace is around thee, or troubles annoy;
The light of His presence the storm shall allay,
Or temper thy gladness; then constantly pray.

485 S. M. NEWTON.

THE IMPORTUNATE PRAYER.

1 THE Lord, who truly knows
The heart of every saint,
Invites us, by His holy word,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows His gracious ear!
We never plead in vain;
Yet we must wait till He appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give Him rest;
But be importunate.

4 'T was thus a widow poor,
Without support or friend,
Beset the unjust judge's door,
And gained at last her end.

5 And shall not Jesus hear
His chosen when they cry?
Yes; though he may a while forbear,
He'll not their suit deny.

6 Then let us earnest be,
And never faint in prayer;
He loves our importunity,
And makes our cause His care.

LORD'S PRAYER.

486 L. M. GODWIN.

LORD'S PRAYER.

1 OUR Father, throned in heaven, divine,
To Thy great name be praises paid;
Thy kingdom come, Thy glory shine;
And Thy good will be still obeyed.

2 Give us our bread from day to day,
And all our wants do Thou supply:
With gospel truth feed us, we pray,
That we may never faint, nor die.

3 Extend Thy grace, our hearts renew,
Our each offence in love forgive;
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
And, freed from evil, let us live.

4 For Thine 's the kingdom, and the power,
And all the glory waits Thy name;
Let every saint Thy grace adore,
And sound in songs their loud Amen.

487 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

ABBA FATHER.

1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow our humble claim;
Nor, while poor worms would raise their heads,
Disdain a Father's name.

2 Our Father God! how sweet the sound!
How tender and how dear!
Not all the melody of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the Name
On my expanding heart;
And show, that in Jehovah's grace,
I share a filial part.

4 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe:
Thou knowest I ABBA FATHER, cry,
Nor can Thy word deceive.

488 L. M. WATTS.

OUR FATHER AND OUR SAVIOUR IN HEAVEN.

1 DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on Thy wings;
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things;

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3 Oh! for a sight, a blissful sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
Their sits the Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around Him stand,
While thrones and powers before Him fall,
And God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5 Oh! what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand, and bow, and worship there,
And view Thy face, and sing, and love?

489 C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

REJOICING IN GOD OUR FATHER.

1 COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love:
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.

2 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends;
Calls you His treasure and His joy,
His children and His friends.

3 My Father God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear!
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

4 Thanks to my God for every gift,
His bounteous hands bestow:
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.

5 For ever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore;
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

490 C. M. WATTS.

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

1 AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath power divine;
Nor are their names nor works, O Lord,
Nor natures, like to Thine.

2 Thy matchless power, Thy sovereign sway,
The nations shall adore;
Their long misguided prayers and praise
To Thee, O God, restore.

3 Let all confess Thy name, and know
The wonders Thou hast done;
Let all adore Thee, God supreme,
And own Thee God alone.

4 While heaven and all who dwell on high,
To Thee their voices raise;
Let the whole earth assist the sky,
And join t' advance Thy praise.

491 L. M. BEDDOME.

THY KINGDOM COME.

1 ASCEND Thy throne, almighty King,
And spread Thy glories all abroad;
Let Thine own arm salvation bring,
And be Thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before Thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek Thy face;
Bring daring rebels to Thy feet,
Subdued by Thy victorious grace.

3 Oh! let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise Thy name,
Be Thou through heaven and earth adored.

492 L. M. ROOKER'S COLL.

PRAYER FOR THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

1 BRIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,
Vast as the blessings he conveys,
Wide as he shines from pole to pole,
And permanent as his control:

2 So, Jesus, let Thy kingdom come;
Let sin and hell's terrific gloom,
Swift, at Thy brightness, flee away,
And usher in the promised day.

3 Then shall the heathen, filled with awe,
Learn the blessed knowledge of Thy law:
And Antichrist, on every shore,
Fall from his throne to rise no more.

4 Then shall Thy lofty praise resound
On Afric's shores, through Asia's ground:
And Europe with America
Shall stretch their eager arms to Thee.

5 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet
In pure devotion at Thy feet:
And earth shall yield Thee, as Thy due,
Her fulness and her glory too.

493 L. M. C. Wesley.

PRAYER FOR THE JEWS.

1 FATHER of faithful Abram, hear
Our earnest suit for Abram's seed;
Justly they claim the tenderest prayer
From us, adopted in their stead:

2 Outcasts from Thee, and scattered wide
Through every nation under heaven,
Blaspheming whom they crucified,
Unsaved, unpitied, unforgiven.

3 But hast Thou finally forsook,
For ever cast Thine own away?
Wilt Thou not bid the murderers look
On Him they pierced, and weep and pray?

4 Come, then, Thou great Deliverer, come;
The veil from Jacob's heart remove,
Oh! bring Thine ancient people home,
And let them know Thy dying love!

494 L. M. DOBELL'S COLL.

MILLENNIUM.

1 LOOK up, ye saints, with sweet surprise,
Toward the joyful, coming day,
When Jesus shall descend the skies,
And form a bright and dazzling ray.

2 Nations shall in a day be born,
And swift, like doves, to Jesus fly;
The church shall know no clouds return,
Nor sorrows mixing with their joy.

3 The lion and the lamb shall feed
Together in His peaceful reign;
And Zion, blessed with heavenly bread,
Of pinching wants no more complain.

4 The Jew, the Greek, the bond, the free,
Shall boast their separate rights no more;
But join in sweetest harmony,
Their Lord, their Saviour to adore.

5 Thus, till a thousand years be past,
Shall holiness and peace prevail;
And every knee shall bow to Christ,
And every tongue shall Jesus hail.

6 Then the redeemed shall mount on high,
Where their delivering Prince is gone:
And angels at His word shall fly,
To bless them with the conqueror's crown.

495 L. M.

THY WILL BE DONE.

1 THOU reignest, O Lord, Thy throne is high,
Thy robes are light and majesty;
Thy power is sovereign to fulfill
The holy counsels of Thy will.

2 Thy will be done on earth below,
As 't is in heaven; Thy grace bestow
On us and all; may we and they
Renounce our wills and Thine obey.

3 While all the hosts of heaven rejoice
To yield obedience to Thy voice;
In constancy, and zeal, and love,
May we resemble those above.

496 L. M. HOSKINS.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD.

1 MOST gracious Father, God of all,
To Thee we come, on Thee we call,
By whom both man and beast are fed:
Give us this day our daily bread.

2 All our supplies on Thee depend;
Whate'er we want, in mercy send;
Thou art the glorious fountain-head,
Give us this day our daily bread.

3 Nothing, O Lord, do we deserve;
The thought of merit we would dread;
'T is as an alms alone we crave,
Give us this day our daily bread.

4 Forgiving grace do Thou impart,
To cheer and sanctify each heart;
May we in death join with our Head,
And feed on Christ the living bread.

497 C. M. BROWNE.

FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS.

1 LORD, at Thy feet we sinners lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With heavy heart and downcast eye,
Thy favour we implore.

2 In deep distress we seek Thy face,
Forgiveness to receive;
We trust our souls are taught, through grace,
Our debtors to forgive.

3 'Tis pardon, pardon we implore,
Oh! let Thy bowels move!
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
And Thou Thyself art love.

4 Oh! for Thine own, for Jesus' sake,
Our many sins forgive;
Thy grace our rocky hearts can break,
And breaking soon relieve.

5 Mercy, good Lord, mercy we plead,
This is the total sum;
Mercy, through Christ, mercy we need;
Lord, let Thy mercy come.

498 C. M. NEWTON.

DELIVER US FROM EVIL.

1 TEACH us, O Lord, aright to plead,
For mercies from above:
Oh! come, and bless our souls indeed,
With light and joy, and love.

2 The gospel's promised land is wide,
We fain would enter in;
But we are pressed on every side,
With unbelief and sin.

3 Arise, O Lord, enlarge our coast,
Let us possess the whole;
That Satan may no longer boast,
He can Thy work control.

4 Oh! may Thy hand be with us still,
Our guide and guardian be;
To keep us safe from every ill,
Till death shall set us free.

5 Help us on Thee to cast our care,
And on Thy word to rest;
That Israel's God, who heareth prayer,
Will grant us our request.

499 C. M. TOPLADY'S COLL.

VICTORY THROUGH FREE GRACE.

1 LET me, my Saviour and my God,
On sovereign grace rely;
And own 't is free, because bestowed
On one so vile as I.

2 Election! 't is a word divine;
For, Lord, I plainly see,
Had not Thy choice prevented mine,
I ne'er had chosen Thee.

3 For perseverance, strength I've none;
But would on this depend,
That Jesus, having loved His own,
Will love them to the end.

4 Empty and bare, I come to Thee,
For righteousness divine:
Oh! may Thy glorious merits be,
By imputation, mine.

5 Free grace alone can wipe the tears
From my lamenting eyes;
And raise my soul, from guilty fears,
To joy that never dies.

6 Free grace can death itself out-brave,
And take the sting away:
Can sinners to the utmost save,
And give them victory.

500 L. M.

THINE IS THE KINGDOM, POWER, AND GLORY.

1 OUR grateful tongues, immortal King,
Thy glory shall for ever sing;
Our hymns, to time's remotest day,
Thy truth in sacred notes display.

2 What power, O Lord, shall vie with Thine,
What name, among the saints who shine,
Of equal excellence possessed,
Thy sovereignty will dare contest?

3 Thee, Lord, heaven's host their Maker own,
Thine is the Kingdom, Thine alone;
Thee, endless majesty has crowned,
And glory ever vests Thee round.

4 Thrones and dominions round Thee fall,
Thy presence shakes this lower ball:
From change to change the creatures run,
But all Thy vast designs are one.

5 O wise in all Thy works! Thy name
Let man's whole race aloud proclaim;
And grateful, through the length of days,
In ceaseless songs repeat Thy praise.

501 L. M. NEWTON.

HOME IN VIEW.

1 AS when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still:

2 Thus, when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies;
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The thought of home his spirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles past;
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day:
There I shall bid my cares farewell,
And He will wipe my tears away.

5 Jesus, on Thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to Thine abode;
Assured our home will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

502 L. M.

AMEN.

1 AMEN! My Father hears my prayers,
He knows my sorrow, counts my tears;
He never said to Jacob's race,
In vain ye seek your Father's face.

2 Amen! my precious Jesus lives,
And access to His people gives;
A rainbow now surrounds the throne;
And in His name I boldly come.

3 Amen! the Spirit will impart
His sacred influence to my heart;
He'll teach and help me when I pray,
Nor shall I go ashamed away.

4 Amen! the words, my lips pronounce,
The wishes of my soul announce;
And God more willing is to give,
Than I am willing to receive.

5 Amen! I said, when first I gave
Myself to Christ, that He might save;
And still my tongue repeats that word,
Whene'er I call upon my Lord.

6 Amen! I will not faint nor cease,
But wait as long as He shall please:
Depending, praying, pressing on,
Till to Himself He takes me home.

7 Amen! the covenant is secure,
In all things ordered well, and sure:
The promises confirmed remain;
In Christ they're yea, in Him Amen.

8 Amen! this is the Saviour's name,
He is the faithful, true Amen;
As He hath said, so shall it be,
Amen to all eternity.

MINISTRY.

503 S. M. WATTS.

THE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound;
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

504 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

ZION'S WATCHMEN.

1 LET Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take th' alarm they give;
Now let them, from the mouth of God,
Their awful charge receive.

2 'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
It filled a Saviour's hands.

3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls, which must for ever live,
In rapture or in woe.

4 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see;
And watch Thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for Thee.

505 L. M. WATTS.

THE COMMISSION.

1 "GO, preach My gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole earth My grace receive;
He shall be saved that trusts My word;
And he condemned that won't believe.

2 I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove My gospel true,
By all the works, that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
Go cast out devils in My name;
Nor let my prophets be afraid,
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

4 Teach all the nations My commands,
I'm with you, till the world shall end
All power is trusted in My hands,
I can destroy, and I defend."

5 He spake, and light shone round His head,
On a bright cloud to heaven He rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

506 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

PRAYER AT THE CHOICE OF A PASTOR.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, bend Thine ear,
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear;
Perplexed, distressed, to Thee we cry,
And seek the guidance of Thine eye.

2 Send forth, O Lord, Thy truth and light
To guide our doubtful footsteps right:
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain,
Nor let us seek Thy face in vain.

3 Return, in ways of peace return,
Nor let Thy flock neglected mourn;
May our blessed eyes a shepherd see
Dear to our souls, and dear to Thee.

507 C. M. W. WILLIAMS.

PRAISE TO CHRIST FOR SENDING A PASTOR.

1 TO Thy great name, O Prince of peace,
Our grateful songs we raise;
Accept, Thou Sun of Righteousness,
The tribute of our praise.

2 In widowed state these walls no more
Their mourning weeds shall wear;
Thy messenger shall joy restore,
And every loss repair.

3 Thy providence our souls admire,
With joy its windings trace;
And shout with one united choir
The triumphs of Thy grace.

4 Our happy union, Lord, maintain,
Here let Thy presence dwell;
And thousands, loosed from Satan's chain,
Raise from the brink of hell.

5 Distresséd churches pity, Lord,
Their dismal breaches close;
Their sons unite in sweet accord,
And troubled minds compose.

6 In all be purity maintained,
Peace like a river flow;
And pious zeal, and love unfeigned,
In every bosom glow.

508 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

AT THE SETTLEMENT OF A MINISTER.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, Thou dost keep,
With constant care, Thy humble sheep;
By Thee inferior pastors rise,
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.

2 To all Thy churches such impart,
Prepared according to Thy heart;
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love
Men may attest, and God approve.

3 Fed by their active, tender care,
Healthful may all Thy sheep appear;
And, by their fair example led,
The way to Zion's pastures tread!

4 Here, hast Thou listened to our vows,
And scattered blessings on Thy house;
Thy saints are succoured, and no more
As sheep without a guide deplore.

5 Completely heal each former stroke,
And bless the shepherd and the flock;
Confirm the hopes Thy mercies raise,
And own this tribute of our praise.

509 L. M. BEDDOME.

PRAYER FOR MINISTERS.

1 FATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer:
We plead for those who plead for Thee;
Successful may they ever be.

2 Clothe them with energy divine,
And let their messages be Thine:
To them Thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

3 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them, Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them, immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain.

4 Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,
In humble strains Thy grace implore,
And feel Thy new-creating power.

5 How great their work, how vast their charge!
Do Thou their anxious souls enlarge,
Till light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

510 C. M. NEWTON.

PRAYER FOR UNDER SHEPHERDS.

1 CHIEF Shepherd of Thy chosen sheep!
From death and sin set free,
May every under shepherd keep
His eye intent on Thee.

2 With plenteous grace their hearts prepare,
To execute Thy will;
Compassion, patience, love, and care,
And faithfulness and skill.

3 Inflame their minds with holy zeal,
The flock to feed and teach,
And let them live, and let them feel,
The sacred truths they preach.

4 Oh! never let the sheep complain,
That toys which fools amuse,
Ambition, pleasure, praise, or gain
Debase the shepherd's views.

511 L. M. MONTGOMERY

WELCOME TO A PASTOR.

1 WE bid thee welcome in the name
Of Jesus, our exalted Head,
Come as a Servant; so He came,
And we receive thee in His stead.

2 Come as a Shepherd; guard and keep
This fold from hell, and earth, and sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

3 Come as a Watchman; take thy stand
Upon thy tower amidst the sky,
And when the sword comes on the land,
Call us to fight, or warn to fly.

4 Come as an Angel: hence to guide
A band of pilgrims on their way,
That safely walking at thy side,
We faint not, fail not, turn, nor stray.

5 Come as a Teacher, sent from God,
Charged His whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

6 Come as a Messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

512 L. M. MOTHERS' H. B.

CONSECRATION TO THE MINISTRY.

1 LONG as he lives he shall be Thine:
This cherished gift I now restore,
Nor longer call the treasure mine,
Given to my God for evermore.

2 Still firm in purpose, and sincere,
This dedication, Lord, shall stand;
The child shall now be doubly dear,
As kept and guarded by Thy hand.

3 Let him be early taught of God;
Prepare him in the days of youth,
Amid the courts of Thine abode,
To bear the messages of truth.

4 Be this the object of my heart,
Be this the burden of my prayer,
That he Thy gospel may impart
To those who shall Thy mercy share.

5 And may Thy Spirit, dearest Lord,
Help me in memory to retain
Each promise of Thy holy word,
Till hope her sweet assurance gain.

SACRAMENTS.

513 C. M. WATTS.

THE SACRAMENTS.

1 MY Saviour God, my sovereign Prince.
Reigns far above the skies;
But brings His graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.

2 My eyes and ears shall bless His name:
They read and hear His word;
My touch and taste shall do the same,
When they receive the Lord.

3 Baptismal water is designed
To seal His cleansing grace;
While at His feast of bread and wine
He gives His saints a place:

4 But not the waters of a flood
Can make my flesh so clean,
As, by His Spirit and His blood,
He'll wash my soul from sin.

5 Not choicest meats, nor noblest wines,
So much my heart refresh,
As when my faith goes through the signs,
And feeds upon His flesh.

6 I love the Lord, that stoops so low,
To give His word a seal:
But the rich grace His hands bestow,
Exceeds the figures still.

BAPTISM.

514 L. M. WATTS.

BAPTISM.

1 'T WAS the commission of our Lord,
Go, teach the nations, and baptize:
The nations have received the word
Since He ascended to the skies.

2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in His hands,
And sends His covenant, with the seals,
To bless the distant heathen lands.

3 Repent and be baptized, He saith,
For the remission of your sins;
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what His gospel means.

4 Our souls He washes in His blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit of our God
Descends like purifying rain.

5 Thus we engage ourselves to Thee,
And seal our covenant with the Lord;
Oh! may the great eternal Three
In heaven our solemn vows record!

515 C. M.

BAPTISM IS NOT REGENERATION.

1 THE sacraments are holy signs
And precious gospel seals;
They 'xhibit what the Lord designs,
And what His word reveals.

2 But these are not themselves the grace
Which signs and seals set forth:
The Supper's not the sacrifice,
Nor water the new birth.

3 The sacraments were never meant
A substitute for grace;
They 're not the truths they represent,
Nor must they take their place.

4 Sinners may publicly profess,
And signs and seals receive,
Of what they never did possess,
Or what they do n't believe.

5 Man may baptize, but 't is the Lord
Regenerates the heart;
None but the Spirit, by His word,
That blessing can impart.

6 Preserve us, Lord, from self-deceit,
From resting on a sign;
Bestow what symbols indicate,
And give us life divine.

7 Let none who preach the gospel hide
This solemn truth from men:
They may with water be baptized,
Yet not be born again.

516 C. M. WATTS.

THE PROMISE TO ABRAHAM.

1 THUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
"I 'll be a God to thee;
I 'll bless thy numerous race, and they
Shall be a seed to me."

2 Abra'm believed the promised grace,
And gave his child to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was sealed with blood.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our forefathers given;
He takes young children to His arms
And calls them heirs of heaven.

4 Our God, how faithful are His ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of His grace,
Blots out His children's name.

5 With the same blessing grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

6 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;
Pour out Thy Spirit on them, Lord!
And wash them in Thy blood.

7 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall Thy salvation come;
And numerous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

8 Thy faithful saints, eternal King!
This precious truth embrace;
To Thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim Thy grace.

517 L. M. WATTS.

BAPTISM SUBSTITUTED FOR CIRCUMCISION.

1 THUS did the sons of Abram pass
Beneath the bloody seal of grace;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's covenant, and His love;
He seals to saints His glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.

3 Their seed is sprinkled with His blood,
Their children set apart for God;
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water poured upon the head.

4 Let every saint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children, in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abram praise.

518 C. M. DOBELL.

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL TO PARENTS.

1 THE Saviour, with inviting voice,
Says, "Let your children come:
For them there's love within My breast,
And in My kingdom room."

2 Lord, at Thy call, we bring our babes,
And give them up to Thee;
Let angels, and let men, behold,
And all our witness be.

3 Now our dear offspring are baptized,
According to His word:
As Abram his did circumcise,
Obedient to the Lord.

4 This water, sprinkled on the child,
Doth a rich emblem show
Of pouring out the Spirit's grace,
To form the heart anew.

519 C. M. PEACOCK: DOBELL.

CHRIST'S LOVE TO CHILDREN.

1 BEHOLD what condescending love
Jesus on earth displays;
To babes and sucklings He extends
The riches of His grace.

2 "Forbid them not," is His command;
Then why should men resist?
Our children now may be baptized;
The church of such consist.

3 With flowing tears and thankful hearts,
We bring them, Lord, to Thee;
Receive them, Jesus, to Thine arms;
Thine may they ever be.

4 Thine may they be, for ever Thine,
Thy ransomed, purchased seed.
Oh! let this seal of sprinkling now,
Be owned of Thee indeed.

5 Here, parents, with thanksgiving view
Your right to what you've done;
Let songs of praises sound aloud
To the great Three in One.

520 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

IMPROVEMENT OF BAPTISM.

1 ATTEND, ye children of your God;
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents, so divine as these,
Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptized into your Saviour's death,
Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ your Lord, ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high.

3 There by His Father's side He sits,
Enthroned, divinely fair;
Yet owns himself your Brother still,
And your Forerunner there.

4 Rise from these earthly trifles, rise
On wings of faith and love;
Above your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.

5 But earth and sin will drag us down,
When we attempt to fly:
Lord, send Thy strong attractive power
To raise and fix us high.

LORD'S SUPPER.

521 L. M. WATTS.

THE INSTITUTION OF THE SUPPER.

1 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed Him to His foes:

2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake;
What love through all His actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace He spake!

3 This is My body, broke for sin,
Receive and eat the living food;
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine:
'T is the new covenant in My blood.

4 For us His flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, He felt the thorn;
And justice poured upon His head
Its heavy vengeance, in our stead.

5 For us His vital blood was spilled,
To buy the pardon of our guilt;
When for black crimes of greatest size,
He gave His soul a sacrifice.

6 Do this, he cried, till time shall end,
In memory of your dying friend:
Meet at My table, and record
The love of your departed Lord.

7 Jesus, Thy feast we celebrate,
We show Thy death, we sing Thy name;
Till Thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

522 C. M. NOEL.

MEET AND REMEMBER ME.

1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;

2 Oh! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him, who died our fears to quell,
Our more than orphan's woe?

3 While yet His anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs He would not flee,
What love His latest words displayed!
"Meet and remember Me."

4 Remember Thee! Thy death, Thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!
Oh, memory! leave no other name
But His recorded there.

523 C. M. WATTS.

THE HEAVENLY FEAST.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors;
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

2 Here every bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

3 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast;
Each of us cries with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

4 Why was I made to hear Thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

5 'T was the same love, that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

6 Pity the hypocrites, O Lord,
Direct them how to come;
Teach them to know and fear Thy word,
And bring the strangers home.

7 We long to see Thy churches full;
That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
Sing Thy redeeming grace.

524 S. M. WATTS.

COMMUNION WITH THE LORD.

1 JESUS invites His saints
To meet around the board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food He gives His flesh;
He bids us drink His blood;
Amazing favour! matchless grace
Of our descending God!

3 The sacred elements
Remain mere wine and bread;
But signify and seal the love
Of Christ our covenant head.

4 This holy bread and wine
Maintains our fainting breath;
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in His death.

5 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and His members one;
We the young children of His love,
And He the first-born Son.

6 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
The body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.

7 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

525 L. M. DAVIES.

LET A MAN EXAMINE HIMSELF.

1 WHAT strange perplexities arise!
What anxious fears and jealousies!
What crowds in doubtful light appear
How few, alas, approved and clear!

2 And what am I? My soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take;
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart, appear?

3 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus formed and living there?
Say, do His lineaments divine,
In thought, and word, and action shine?

4 Searcher of hearts, oh! search me still,
The secrets of my soul reveal:
My fears remove; let me appear
To God, and my own conscience, clear.

5 May I, consistent with Thy word,
Approach Thy table, O my Lord?
May I among Thy saints appear,
Shall I a welcome guest be there?

6 Have I the wedding garment on,
Or do I, naked, stand alone?
Oh! quicken, clothe, and feed my soul,
Forgive my sins, and make me whole.

526 L. M.

PREPARATION.

1 ETERNAL King, enthroned above,
Look down in faithfulness and love;
Prepare our hearts to seek Thy face,
And grant us Thy reviving grace.

2 Long have we heard the joyful call,
But yet our faith and love are small;
Our hearts are torn with worldly cares,
And all our paths are filled with snares.

3 Unworthy to approach Thy throne,
Our trust is fixed on Christ alone;
In Him Thy covenant stands secure,
And will from age to age endure.

4 Oh! let us hear Thy pardoning voice,
And bid our mourning hearts rejoice;
Revive our souls, our faith renew,
Prepare for duties now in view.

5 Make all our spices flow abroad,
A grateful incense to our God;
Let hope, and love, and joy appear,
And every grace be active here.

527 L. M.

PRAYER FOR CHRIST'S PRESENCE.

1 THE broken bread, the blessed cup,
On which we now are called to sup,
Without Thy help and grace divine,
Will prove no more than bread and wine.

2 But come, great Master of the feast,
Dispense Thy grace to every guest:
Direct our views to Calvary,
And help us to remember Thee.

3 Let us with light and truth be blessed,
That on Thy bosom we may rest;
And at Thy Supper each may learn
Thy broken body to discern.

4 Oh! that our souls may now be fed
With Christ, Himself, the living bread;
That we the covenant may renew,
And to our vows be rendered true!

528 C. M. STEELE.

THERE YET IS ROOM.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, He bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms
But see, there yet is room:

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will He bid the soul depart,
That trembles at His feet.

4 In Him the Father reconciled
Invites your souls to come;
The rebel shall be called a child
And kindly welcomed home.

5 Oh! come, and with His children taste
The blessings of His love;
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice
In ecstasies unknown.

7 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls, the grace adore;
Approach, there yet is room.

529 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

THE GREAT SUPPER.

1 THE King of heaven His table spreads,
And blessings crown the board;
Not Paradise, with all its joys,
Could such delight afford.

2 Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given;
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed,
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Ye hungry poor, that long have strayed
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come, from your most obscure retreats,
And grace shall find you room.

4 Millions of souls, in glory now,
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

5 All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

530 L. M. FELLOWS.

INVITATION.

1 COME in, ye blesséd of the Lord,
Ye that believe His holy word;
Come, and receive His heavenly bread,
The food with which His saints are fed.

2 Your Saviour's boundless goodness prove,
And feast on His redeeming love;
Come, all ye happy souls, that thirst,
The last is welcome as the first.

3 Come to His table, and receive
Whate'er a pardoning God can give;
His love through every age endures;
His promise and Himself are yours.

531 8s., 7s. and 4s. EVANS.

IT IS FINISHED.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finished! oh! what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished, all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law!
Finished, all that God has promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul reviving food!
Nothing 's half so sweet and pleasant
As the Saviour's flesh and blood,
"It is finished!"
Christ has borne the heavy load.

5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding lamb!

532 L. M. WATTS.

THE MEMORIALS OF OUR ABSENT LORD.

1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach Him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
Apt to forget His lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, He gave
These kind memorials of His grace.

3 The Lord of life this table spread
With His own flesh, and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless our God.

4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and His love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on Him.

5 While He is absent from our sight,
'T'is to prepare our souls a place;
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near His face.

6 Our eyes look upwards to the hills,
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
We wait Thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.

533 C. M. WATTS.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

1 HOW condescending, and how kind,
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached His heavenly mind,
And pity brought Him down.

2 When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth His dreadful sword,
He gave His soul up to the stroke,
Without a murmuring word.

3 Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love;
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.

4 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we His death record;
And with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

534 C. M. WATTS.

CHRIST THE BREAD OF LIFE.

1 LET us adore th' eternal Word,
'Tis He our souls hath fed;
Thou art the living stream, O Lord,
And Thou th' immortal Bread.

2 Blessed be the Lord, that gives His flesh
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads His table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

3 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath,
Whilst Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

4 The God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death;
Who saves by His redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.

5 To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

535 L. M. DAVIES.

THE FIRST APPROACH.

1 LORD, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine:
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Here, Lord, my flesh, my soul, my all,
I yield to Thee beyond recall;
Accept Thine own, so long withheld
Accept what I so freely yield.

3 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

4 Thine would I live, Thine would I die;
Be Thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
And now I set the solemn seal.

5 Be Thou the witness of my vow,
Angels and men attest it too;
That to Thy board I now repair,
And seal the sacred contract there.

6 Here, at that cross, where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God;
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

7 Do Thou assist a feeble worm,
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

536 C. M. HART.

FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE.

1 THE blessed memorials of Thy grief,
The sufferings of Thy death,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with FAITH.

2 The tokens sent us to relieve
Our spirits, when they droop,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with HOPE.

3 The pledges Thou wast pleased to leave,
Our mournful minds to move,
We come, dear Saviour, to receive,
But would receive with LOVE.

4 Here, in obedience to Thy word,
We take the bread and wine;
The utmost we can do, dear Lord,
For all beyond is Thine.

5 Increase our faith, and hope, and love;
Lord, give us all that's good:
We would Thy full salvation prove,
And share Thy flesh and blood.

537 L. M. HART.

STRUGGLING AGAINST UNBELIEF.

1 PITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
Who would believe Thy gracious word:
But owns his heart, with shame and grief,
A sink of sin and unbelief.

2 Lord, in Thy house, I read, there's room.
And venturing hard, behold I come;
But can there, Saviour! can there be,
Among Thy children, room for me?

3 I eat the bread and drink the wine;
But Oh! my soul wants more than sign!
I faint, unless I feed on Thee,
And drink Thy blood as shed for me.

4 For sinners, Lord, Thou cam'st to bleed;
And I'm a sinner vile indeed;
Lord, I believe Thy grace is free,
Oh! magnify that grace in me.

538 7s. HART.

WE CELEBRATE HIS DYING LOVE.

1 JESUS, once for sinners slain,
From the dead was raised again:
And in heaven is now set down
With His Father on His throne.

2 There He reigns a King supreme,
We shall also reign with Him:
Feeble souls, be not dismayed;
Trust in His almighty aid.

3 He has made an end of sin,
And His blood hath washed us clean;
Fear not, He is ever near;
Now, e'en now, He 's with us here.

4 Thus assembling, we, by faith,
Till He come, show forth His death:
Of His body, bread 's the sign;
And we view His blood in wine.

5 Saints on earth, with saints above,
Celebrate His dying love;
And let every ransomed soul
Sound His praise from pole to pole.

539 L. M. STEELE.

COMMUNION WITH CHRIST AT HIS TABLE.

1 TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
Dear name, by heaven and earth adored!
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet while around His board we meet,
And humbly worship at His feet;
Oh! let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love!

4 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see Thy wondrous love displayed;
Thy broken flesh, Thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

5 Let humble penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish, flow;
And Thy forgiving smiles impart
Life, hope, and joy to every heart. 683

540 L. M. WATTS.

THE GOSPEL FEAST.

1 HOW rich are Thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnished from above;
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heavenly love.

2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast:
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles Thy salvation taste.

3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far and death was nigh!
But, at the gospel call, we came,
And every want received supply.

4 From the high way that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,
Lord, we are come with Thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy Thy presence here.

5 What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the heaven of His abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wanderers back to God!

6 It cost Him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls, it cost His own:
And all the unknown joys He gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown.

7 Our everlasting love is due
To Him that ransomed sinners lost,
And pitied rebels, when He knew
The vast expense His love would cost.

8 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

541 L. M. WATTS.

NOT ASHAMED OF CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

1 AT Thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend Thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns Thy board,
And Thine own flesh feeds every guest.

2 Our faith adores Thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died;
We hope for heavenly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

3 Let the vain world pronounce its shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in His cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He, that was dead, has left His tomb;
He lives, above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till He come.

542 C. M. S. STENNETT.

HIS FLESH IS MEAT INDEED.

1 HERE at Thy table, Lord, we meet,
To feed on food divine;
Thy body is the bread we eat,
Thy precious blood the wine.

2 He, that prepares this rich repast,
Himself comes down and dies;
And then invites us thus to feast
Upon the sacrifice.

3 Here peace and pardon sweetly flow,
O what delightful food!
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler good.

4 The bitter torment He endured
Upon th' accursed tree,
For me, each welcome guest may say,
'T was all sustained for me.

5 Sure there was never love so free,
Dear Saviour, so divine;
Well mayest Thou claim that heart of me,
Which owes so much to Thine!

543 H. M. PHIPPARD.

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

1 YE sin-sick souls, draw near,
And banquet with your King,
His royal bounty share,
And loud hosannas sing:
Here mercy reigns, here peace abounds,
Here 's blood to heal your dreadful wounds.

2 He 's on a throne of grace,
And waits to answer prayer;
What though your sin and guilt
Like crimson doth appear?
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all thy woes.

3 O wondrous love and grace!
Did Jesus died for me?
Were all my numerous debts
Discharged on Calvary?
Yes, Jesus died, the work is done;
He did for all my sins atone.

4 On earth I 'll sing His love,
In heaven I too shall join
The ransomed of the Lord,
In accents all divine;
And see my Saviour face to face,
And ever dwell in His embrace.

544 C. M. WATTS.

THE NEW COVENANT SEALED.

1 THE promise of my Father's love
Shall stand for ever good;
He said, and gave His soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.

2 To this dear covenant of Thy word,
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.

3 The light, and strength, and pardoning grace,
And glory, shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers, are Thine.

4 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'T was purchased with His dying groan,
And ratified in death.

5 Sweet is the memory of His name,
Who blessed us in His will;
And to His testament of love,
Made His own life the seal.

545 L. M. WATTS: TURNER.

THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.

1 OH! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God the Saviour loved and died;
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From His dear wounds, and bleeding side.

2 I would for ever speak his name
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at His Father's throne.

3 All hail! Thou great Immanuel, hail!
Ten thousand blessings on Thy name!
While thus Thy wondrous love we tell,
Our bosoms feel the sacred flame.

4 Come, quickly come, immortal King!
On earth Thy regal honours raise;
The full salvation promised bring,
Then every tongue shall sing Thy praise!

546 L. M. FELLOWS.

THANKSGIVING.

1 THE food on which Thy children live,
Great God, is Thine alone to give;
And we, for grace received, would raise
A sacred song of love and praise.

2 How vast, how full, how rich, how free,
Dear Jesus, Thy rich treasures be!
To the full fountain of our joys
We gladly come for fresh supplies.

3 For this we wait upon Thee, Lord,
For this we listen to Thy word:
Descend, like gentle showers of rain,
Nor let our souls attend in vain.

547 C. M. J. STENNETT.

THE WONDERS OF GRACE.

1 LORD, at Thy table I behold
The wonders of Thy grace;
But most of all admire, that I
Should find a welcome place:

2 I, that am all defiled with sin,
A rebel to my God;
I, that have crucified His Son,
And trampled on His blood!

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That such a soul has room!
My Saviour takes me by the hand,
My Jesus bids me come.

4 Eat, O my friends, the Saviour cries,
The feast was made for you;
For you I groaned, and bled, and died,
And rose, and triumphed too.

5 With trembling faith, and bleeding heart,
Lord, I accept Thy love:
'T is a rich banquet I have had,
What will it be above!

6 Ye saints below, and hosts above,
Join all your praising powers;
No theme is like redeeming love,
No Saviour is like ours.

7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,
I'd give them all to Thee;
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all
Should join the harmony.

8 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God, whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

548 C. M. WATTS.

HOSANNA.

1 SHOUT and proclaim the Saviour's love,
Ye saints, that taste His wine;
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud hosannas join.

2 A thousand glories to our God,
Who gives such joy as this;
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.

3 To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

MISSIONS.

549 C. M. GIBBONS.

PRAYER FOR MISSIONS.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation Thine;
And in Thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, Thy greater love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in Thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around;
Till every tribe, and every soul,
Shall hear the joyful sound?

4 Oh! when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And vassals, long enslaved, become
The freemen of the Lord?

5 When shall the untutored heathen tribes,
A dark bewildered race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn and see His grace?

6 Haste, Sovereign Mercy, and transform
Their cruelty to love;
Soften the tiger to a lamb,
The vulture to a dove!

7 Smile, Lord, on every effort made
To spread the gospel's rays;
And build on sin's demolished thrones,
The temples of Thy praise.

550 C. M. WATTS.

PRAISE FOR SALVATION.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound;
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow, and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

551 H. M. DODDRIDGE.

EFFECTS OF THE GOSPEL.

1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the descending rain!
To heaven from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine;
The harvest bows its golden ears,
The copious seed of future years.

3 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend:
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more."

552 C. M. GIBBONS.

BEAUTY AND STRENGTH OF THE CHURCH.

1 SAY, who is she that looks abroad
Like the sweet blushing dawn,
When with her living lights she paints
The dew-drops of the lawn?

2 Fair as the moon when in the skies,
Serene her throne she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme
In full-orbed glory rides;

3 Clear as the sun, when from the east,
Without a cloud he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat
From his resplendent wings;

4 Tremendous as an host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide displayed, all armed,
All ardent for the foe!

5 This is the church by heaven arrayed
With strength and grace divine;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

553 L. M. VOKE.

PRAYER FOR THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

1 THY people, Lord who trust Thy word,
And wait the smilings of Thy face,
Assemble round Thy mercy-seat,
And plead the promise of Thy grace.

2 We consecrate these hours to Thee,
Thy sovereign mercy to entreat;
And feel some animating hope,
We shall divine acceptance meet.

3 Hast Thou not promised to Thy Son,
That His dominion shall extend;
Till every tongue shall call Him Lord,
And every knee before Him bend?

4 Now let the happy time appear,
The time to favour Zion come;
Send forth Thy heralds far and near,
To call thy banished people home.

554 7s. and 6s. HEBER.

REPLY TO THE CALL OF THE HEATHEN.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain;
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

555 L. M. SHRUBSOLE.

ARM OF THE LORD, AWAKE.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen from Thy throne,
"I am Jehovah, God alone:"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilled,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim,
In every land, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour—LORD OF ALL.

556 C. M. LOGAN.

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LORD.

1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow:
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to His courts we 'll go."

3 The beams that shine on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land:
The King who reigns in Zion's towers,
Shall all the world command.

4 No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore:
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more,

5 Come, then; oh! come from every land,
To worship at His shrine;
And walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

557 7s. and 6s. MONTGOMERY.

BLESSINGS OF CHRIST'S REIGN.

1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son:
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free:
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him on the mountains,
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 For Him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom, still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is—LOVE.

558 C. M. BRISTOL COLL.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

1 LET saints on earth their anthems raise,
Who taste the Saviour's grace:
Let heathens too proclaim His praise,
And crown Him "Prince of Peace."

2 Praise Him who laid His glory by,
For man's apostate race;
Praise Him, who stooped to bleed and die,
And crown Him "Prince of Peace."

3 Ye nations, lay your weapons down,
Let war for ever cease;
Immanuel for your Sovereign own,
And crown Him "Prince of Peace."

4 We soon shall reach the heavenly shore,
To view His lovely face;
His name for ever to adore,
And crown Him "Prince of Peace."

559 8s., 7s. and 4s. W. WILLIAMS.

LONGING FOR THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
Sun of righteousness, arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day,
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.

2 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light!
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase:
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

560 L. M. NOEL.

FOR CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES.

1 MARKED as the purpose of the skies,
The promise meets our anxious eyes,
That heathen worlds the Lord shall know,
And warmed with faith each bosom glow.

2 E'en now the hallowed scenes appear,
E'en now unfolds the promised year;
Lo! distant shores Thy heralds trace,
And bear the tidings of Thy grace.

3 'Midst burning climes and frozen plains,
Where heathen darkness brooding reigns,
Lord, mark their steps, their fears subdue,
And nerve their arm, and clear their view.

4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail:
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge their conquering way.

5 So on the Indian's gloomy night,
The eastern star shall shed her light,
And Jesus' hallowed reign control
The stormy passions of the soul.

6 So shall Messiah's influence cheer
His humble cot, which still is dear;
And heavenly hope his soul pervade,
Though life, and time, and worlds, shall fade.

561 C. M. P. H. BROWN.

CHARGE TO MISSIONARIES.

1 GO messenger of love, and bear,
Upon Thy gentle wing,
The song which seraphs love to hear,
And angels joy to sing.

2 Go to the heart with sin oppressed,
And dry the sorrowing tear;
Extract the thorn that wounds the breast,
The drooping spirit cheer.

3 Go, say to Zion, "Jesus reigns;"
By His resistless power,
He binds His enemies with chains;
They fall to rise no more.

4 Tell how the Holy Spirit flies,
As He from heaven descends,
Arrests His proudest enemies,
And changes them to friends.

562 7s. MONTGOMERY

THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

1 HARK! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord,
God omnipotent, shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the depth unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled!
Sheathed His sword! He speaks, 't is done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway:
He shall reign, when like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away:

Then the end: beneath His rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

563 8s., 7s. and 4s. KELLY.

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE GOSPEL.

1 YES! we trust, the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By His word in every land:
When He chooses,
Darkness flies at His command.

2 Let us hail the joyful season,
Let us hail the dawning ray;
When the Lord appears, there's reason
To expect a glorious day:
At His presence
Gloom and darkness flee away.

3 While the foe becomes more daring,
While He enters like a flood;
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread His truth abroad;
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let Thy people see Thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world in every land:
And the idols
Perish, Lord, at Thy command.

564 H. M. PRATT'S COLL.

ARISE AND SHINE.

1 RISE, gracious God, and shine
In all Thy saving might;
And prosper each design
To spread Thy glorious light:
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth Thy truth may know.

2 Oh! bring the nations near,
That they may sing Thy praise;
Let all the people hear,
And learn Thy holy ways:
Reign, mighty God, assert Thy cause,
And govern by Thy righteous laws.

3 Put forth Thy glorious power;
The nations then will see,
And earth present her store,
In converts born to Thee,
God, our own God, His church will bless,
And earth shall teem with fruitfulness.

565 C. M.

THE DAWNING LIGHT.

1 STRETCH, O my soul, thy ardent wing,
And hail the dawning light;
Behold, what scenes, what visions spring
Of infinite delight.

2 Soon shall the glorious eastern star
Above the mountains rise;
And rays celestial, beaming far,
Illume e'en polar skies.

3 If angels in their sphere rejoice,
One rescued soul to greet,
How will they raise th' enraptured voice,
Whole continents to meet!

4 Siberia spreads her frozen arms,
Released from sin and chains,
And Sharon's rose exhales its charms
On Afric's sultry plains.

5 From Java to the furthest west
The heavenly light shall reach;
And truth divine its power attest
In every clime and speech.

6 Shed, Sun of Righteousness, Thy rays
On every land of night;
Till all the heathen sing Thy praise,
And hail the cheerful light.

566 L. M.

PLEADING FOR THE WORLD.

1 GREAT King of Zion now arise,
Thy glorious promises fulfil;
Behold Thy church in mourning lies,
Yet waiting for Thy mercy still.

2 O God, how long? Thy people cry;
When shall our prayers acceptance gain?
Look from Thy lofty throne on high,
And break the prisoners' heavy chain.

3 Let Asia's millions hear Thy voice,
Send them Thy heralds to proclaim
Salvation, bid them soon rejoice
In Jesus, our Immanuel's name.

4 Let Africa, with all her tribes,
Be rescued from the spoiler's hand;
Nor lust of power, nor golden bribes,
Draw murderers there to waste her land,

5 Let every nation under heaven,
In all their various tongues receive
The glorious gospel Thou hast given,
Renounce their idols, and believe.

567 S. M. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

GLORY OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM.

1 JESUS, the King, shall live,
Shall reign for evermore;
To Him, her gold shall Sheba give,
And all her treasures pour.

2 For Him the ceaseless prayer,
Like sweet perfume, shall rise;
While every day His praise shall bear
Above the lofty skies.

3 As seed on mountains shed,
His rising church shall grow;
Like trees on Lebanon's high head,
Its plenteous harvests show.

4 Her sons a numerous train,
In Zion's gates shall spread,
As grass which fills the verdant plains,
And clothes the flowery mead.

568 L. M. MONTGOMERY.

THE HEATHEN PERISH.

1 THE heathen perish; day by day
Thousands on thousands pass away:
O Christians, to their rescue fly;
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

2 Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live,
What hath your Saviour done for you,
And what, for Him, will ye not do?

3 Thou, Spirit of the Lord, go forth,
Call in the south, wake up the north;
From every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one.

569 8s., 7s. and 4s. WILKS.

GOD WITH US.

1 GOD is with us in our meeting,
Here He makes His mercy known;
While His praises we're repeating,
He approves us as His own.
Hallelujah,
This is heaven begun below.

2 God is with us in our labours,
Forward let us boldly press;
Heathen nations are our neighbours,
Let us soften their distress.
Hallelujah,
God will hence our efforts bless.

3 In His cause we now assemble,
All our hearts and aims are one;
Idol priests begin to tremble,
Idol gods are overthrown.
Hallelujah,
Let Jehovah reign alone.

4 Fired with holy expectation,
Let us spread the gospel wide;
Soon shall every heathen nation
Trust in Jesus crucified.
Hallelujah,
God is still upon our side.

570 8s., 7s. and 4s. MISS. PSALMIST.

PRAYER FOR THE NATIONS.

1 AID us God of love and mercy;
Aid us to extend Thy name:
Aid us, through each heathen nation
All Thy goodness to proclaim;
And to tell them,
That for them a Saviour came.

2 May they know their great Redeemer,
Who for them, though strangers, died;
May they look with deep repentance,
To their Saviour crucified;
Leave their idols,
And desire no God beside.

3 Oh! be there Thy name extended,
And Thy love and mercy known;
Turn them from their vain inventions;
May they live to Thee alone;
And Oh! claim them,
Claim them, Saviour, for Thine own.

571 C. M. LYTE.

LET THE PEOPLE PRAISE THEE.

1 BE merciful to us, O God!
Upon Thy people shine;
And spread Thy saving truth abroad,
Till all that live be Thine.

2 Give light and comfort to Thine own;
And let that light extend,
Till Thy prevailing name be known
To earth's remotest end.

3 Let all the people praise Thee, Lord;
Let all their homage bring:
From sea to sea be Thou adored,
Redeemer, Judge, and King.

4 Let all the people praise Thee, Lord;
Then earth her fruits shall give,
Thy blessing shall on all be poured,
And all to Thee shall live.

572 8s., 7s. and 4s. COTTERELL.

A LIGHT TO LIGHTEN THE GENTILES.

1 O'ER the realms of pagan darkness
Let the eye of pity gaze;
See the kindreds of the people
Lost in sin's bewildering maze;
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

2 Light of them that sit in darkness,
Rise and shine, Thy blessings bring;
Light to lighten all the Gentiles,
Rise with healing in Thy wing,
To Thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

3 May the heathen, now adoring
Idol-gods of wood and stone,
Come, and worshipping before Him,
Serve the living God alone.
Let Thy glory
Fill the earth as floods the sea.

4 Thou, to whom all power is given,
Speak the word; at Thy command,
Let the company of preachers
Spread Thy name from land to land.
Lord, be with them,
Always, to the end of time.

573 8s. and 7s. KELLY.

SEND OUT THY LIGHT.

1 KING of Zion, give the order,
Send Thy light and truth abroad;
Oh! let Zion stretch her border,
Zion favoured of her God.

2 Thou canst form the zealous preacher,
Thou canst light and love impart;
Send Thy word to every creature,
Send it to the sinner's heart.

3 Oh! let many now be ready
To go forth, at Thy command,
Men of faith, approved and steady,
Leaving all at Thy command.

4 Send Thy truth to every region,
Let the distant people hear;
Let them turn from false religion,
And to truth alone give ear.

574 8s. and 7s. PORTER.

CALL TO CHRISTIANS.

1 CHRISTIANS, up! the day is breaking,
Gird your ready armour on;
Slumbering hosts around are waking,
Rouse ye! in the Lord be strong.

2 See the blessed millennial dawning!
Bright the beams of Bethlehem's star;
Eastern lands behold the morning,
Lo! it glimmers from afar.

3 While ye sleep or idly linger,
Thousands sink with none to save;
Hasten! Time's unerring finger
Points to many an open grave.

4 Hark! unnumbered voices crying,
"Save us, or we droop and die!"
Succour bear the faint and dying,
On the winds of mercy fly.

5 Lead them to the crystal fountain,
Gushing with the streams of life;
Guide them to the sheltering mountain,
For the gale with death is rife.

6 O'er the mountain top ascending,
Soon the scattered light shall rise,
Till, in radiant glory blending,
Heaven's high noon shall greet our eyes.

575 8s. and 7s. KELLY.

PROPHECY FULFILLED.

1 HARK! a cry among the nations,
"Come, and let us seek the Lord;
Vain our former expectations,
Vain the idols we adored;
Zion's King is God alone,
Let us bow before His throne." 708

2 See! from every quarter flowing,
Joyful crowds assemble round;
Love in every heart is glowing,
Praise is heard in every sound:
While Jehovah shows His face,
Glory fills the sacred place.

3 Weapons, meant for mutual slaughter,
Now are instruments of peace:
They who taste the living water,
Learn from war and strife to cease:
Jesus reigns! the earth is still!
All the nations do His will.

576 C. P. M. HASTINGS.

PRAYER FOR THE HEATHEN.

1 GOD of the nations, bow Thine ear,
And listen to our fervent prayer,
Through Thy beloved Son:
Build up the kingdom of His grace,
Amid the millions of our race,
And make Thy wonders known.

2 Send forth the heralds in His name,
Bid them a Saviour's love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
Till every land shall hear the sound,
And send the joyful echoes round,
Amid the shades of death.

3 Oh! let the nations rise and bring
Their offerings to th' almighty King,
And trust in Him alone;
Renounce their idols, and adore
The God of gods for evermore,
Upon His lofty throne.

4 The dying millions then shall prove
The matchless power of bleeding love,
And feel their sins forgiven;
Shall join the convert's joyful throng,
And raise on high redemption's song,
Along the path to heaven.

577 8s., 7s. and 4s. KELLY.

FOUNTAIN OF LIVING WATERS.

1 SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain,
Streams of living water flow!
God has opened there a fountain
That supplies the plains below:
They are blesséd,
Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay:
O ye nations!
Hail the long-expected day.

3 Gladdened by the flowing treasure,
All enriching as it goes;
Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose:
Every object
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

4 Trees of life, the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around;
Those who eat are saved from mourning,
Pleasure comes, and hopes abound;
Fair their portion,
Endless life with glory crowned.

578 S. M. WARDLAW'S COLL.

THE TRINITY INVOKED.

1 O LORD, our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blesséd reign.

2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let Thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquests of Thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Extend Thy healing wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 Let all on earth arise,
To God the Saviour sing,
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring!

579 11s. and 10s. HASTINGS.

MILLENNIUM.

1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain:
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Zion, in triumph, begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blessed vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-top echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah, ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

580 7s. and 6s. HASTINGS.

THE GOSPEL BANNER.

1 NOW be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout, Hosanna,
Re-echoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though th' embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm thoughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine.
Ride on, O Lord, victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of Peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes, Thou shalt reign for ever,
O Jesus, King of kings,
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favour,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for Thee are waiting,
The deserts learn Thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

581 7s. and 6s. FERRIS.

SEND THE GOSPEL.

1 SEND, send the gospel message,
In every language send:
Give it a speedy passage,
To gain its glorious end:
God, from on high, commands us
We may not now delay;
The heathen, too, implore us,
They perish day by day.

2 Freely have come our blessings;
How freely still bestowed!
'Tis love, the soul impressing,
Would send these gifts abroad;
We all were outcast aliens,
Exposed to death and wo;
Our distant fathers, pagans,
Bound to their idols too.

3 How can we, to the heathen,
Say, Perish in your sins?
Nor labour now to free them,
And guide to joyful scenes?
How can our hearts so harden,
When we deserve to die,
As not to tell of pardon,
And help to Jesus fly?

4 Proclaim aloud the Saviour;
Far, far let Him be known;
Let each implore His favour,
Let prayer besiege the throne:
In labours, all, assistant
Conspire to spread His grace,
Till lands to us most distant,
Shall learn to seek His face.

582 7s. BOWRING.

TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are?
Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height
See the glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does it beauteous ray,
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Traveller, yes, it brings the day,
Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night:
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams, alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own;
See it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveller, darkness takes its flight:
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

583 7s. and 6s. PRATT'S COLL.

CHRIST'S REIGN ON EARTH.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along:
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,

Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the lofty mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

584 L. M. HASTINGS.

PRAYER FOR LABOURERS.

1 LORD of the harvest, bend Thine ear,
For Zion's heritage appear:
Oh! send forth labourers filled with zeal,
Swift to obey their Master's will.

2 Hast Thou not bid us fervent pray
For help in such a trying day?
Wilt Thou not listen when we cry,
And send the blessing from on high?

3 Our lifted eyes, O Lord, behold
The ripening harvest tinged with gold;
Wide fields are opening to our view,
The work is great, the labourers few.

4 Under the guidance of Thy hand,
Let Zion's sons in many a band
Arise, to bless the dying race,
As heralds of redeeming grace.

5 Bid all their hearts with ardour glow,
As gospel messengers to go,
And publish the inspiring sound
Far as the race of man is found.

6 Lord of the harvest, bid them rise,
Trained by the influence of the skies,
In wisdom, knowledge, grace, to shine,
Till every kingdom shall be Thine.

585 H. M. REED'S COLL.

GLAD TIDINGS.

1 HARK! hark! the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains.
Some new delight in heaven is known,
Loud ring the harps around the throne.

2 Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth His footsteps bend.
He comes to bless our fallen race,
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear! bear the tidings round;
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found;
What pity He can show.
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
Bear the glad news from pole to pole,

4 Strike! strike the harps again,
To greet Immanuel's name;
Arise, ye sons of men,
And loud His grace proclaim.
Angels, and men, wake every string,
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

586 L. M. VOKE.

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

1 BEHOLD, the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive to receive,
The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blessed labour share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days;
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

4 Where'er His hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to His name shall rise;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

587 S. M. PRATT'S COLL.

CHRIST'S REIGN.

1 GREAT heir of David's throne!
Thy royal power assume;
Come, reign in faithful hearts alone,
Thou blessed Redeemer come.

2 Set up Thy throne of grace
In all the heathen's sight,
Thy kingdom of true holiness,
And order it aright.

3 Now, for Thy promise' sake,
O'er earth exalted be:
The kingdom, power, and glory take,
Which all belong to Thee.

4 In zeal for God and man,
Thy full salvation bring:
The universal Monarch reign,
The saints' eternal King.

588 L. M. PRATT'S COLL.

THE SONG OF TRIUMPH.

1 SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies,
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of Thy reign.

3 Oh! let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

589 8s., 7s. and 4s. VIL. HYMNS

SPIRIT SOUGHT.

1 WHO but Thou, almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but till Thou favour,
Heathens will be still the same:
Mighty Spirit,
Witness to the Saviour's name.

2 Thou hast promised, by the prophets,
Glorious light in latter days;
Come, and bless bewildered nations,
Change our prayers and tears to praise;
Promised Spirit,
Round the world diffuse Thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labours,
Must be vain without Thine aid:
But Thou wilt not disappoint us,
All is true that Thou hast said:
Faithful Spirit,
O'er the world Thine influence shed.

590 C. M. VIL. HYMNS.

THY WILL BE DONE.

1 GREAT Saviour, let Thy power divine,
O'er all the earth be known;
Let all to Thee, their will resign,
And make Thy will their own.

2 Perversion marks the guilty way,
Which heathens madly tread:
From all Thy laws they go astray,
And hasten to the dead.

3 Thou, Saviour-God, hast power alone,
To turn their wandering feet,
To bend their souls before Thy throne,
Low at Thy mercy-seat.

4 For, all the power, beneath, above,
Thy wounded hands sustain;
Then sway the sceptre of Thy love,
And let Thy mercy reign.

591 L. M. RIPPON'S COLL.

THE TRUMP OF JUBILEE.

1 WHEN will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyred Lamb?
When shall the captive troops be free,
And keep th' eternal jubilee?

2 Hasten it, Lord, in every land;
Send thou Thine angels, and command,
"Go, sound deliverance, loudly blow
Salvation to the saints below." 719

3 We long to have the day appear,
The promised, great sabbatic year;
When, far from grief and sin and hell,
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.

4 Till then, we will not let Thee rest,
Thou still shalt hear our strong request;
And this our daily prayer shall be,
Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.

592 L. M. VOKE.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OUR KING.

1 BEHOLD, th' expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear;
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

2 Events with prophecies conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire;
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to the sight.

3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In the blessed labour share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

593 8s., 7s. and 4s. HASTINGS.

WHAT NOTES OF SADNESS.

1 WHO can tell what notes of sadness
From the hills and valleys rise,
Where no messages of gladness
Echo from the bending skies;
Where in darkness,
Without hope, the sinner dies. 720

2 Oh! how desolate the dwelling,
Where our God is not revered;
Where no song of praise is swelling,
Nor the voice of prayer is heard;
Where religion's
Cheering rays have ne'er appeared!

3 Where the seeds of sin are growing,
And the paths of folly lie;
Where the streams of death are flowing,
With destruction ever nigh;
Bid the gospel
Wave its peaceful banners high.

594 8s. and 7s. ALLEN.

CALL FOR MISSIONARIES.

1 "GO and preach to every creature!"
Such the Saviour's last command,
Not excepting hue or feature,
Burning clime, or barbarous land.

2 Look to China's countless millions,
Look to Afric's dark-hued race;
Look to Araby's pavilions,
Nation after nation trace.

3 They are sinking, they are dying,
Losing heavenly bliss above;
Loud to us their voice is crying,
"Come, and save us, in your love!"

4 Who is ready now to sever
Bands that round his heart entwine?
Who will go, resolving never,
Under sufferings, to repine?

595 7s. and 6s. HASTINGS.

GO FOR THE MASTER CALLS THEE.

1 GO, for the Master calls thee,
Nor shed one bitter tear;
No bondage hard enthrals thee,
Nor hast thou aught to fear;
To Him we now commend thee,
Who rules above the skies;
Whose blessings will attend thee,
Where'er thy pathway lies.

2 Go, in the midst of dangers,
Declare a Saviour's love;
Till distant heathen strangers
His willing subjects prove;
Till many a crowd assembling,
Shall hearken to His voice;
Confess their guilt with trembling,
And in His name rejoice.

3 Go, for the Master calls thee
Far from thy native home;
Whatever there befalls thee,
Whatever ills may come,
He is thy strong salvation;
His presence thou shalt share;
He'll hear thy supplication,
And answer every prayer.

596 7s. and 6s. PRATT'S COLL.

PRAYER FOR MISSIONARIES AT SEA.

1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean,
And, as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every vale of wo;

Arise, ye gales, and waft them,
Safe to their destined shore;
That men may sit in darkness
And death's black shade no more.

2 O Thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in Thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Deliver them from harm;
Thy presence still be with them
Wherever they may be;
Though far from those who love them,
Let them be nigh to Thee.

597 C. M. MORELL.

MISSIONARIES EXHORTED.

1 GO, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,
Ye favoured men of God;
Go, publish, through Immanuel's name,
Salvation bought with blood.

2 What though your arduous track may lie
Through regions dark as death;
What though, your faith and zeal to try,
Perils beset your path;

3 Yet with determined courage go,
And armed with power divine;
Your God will needful strength bestow,
And on your labours shine.

4 He who has called you to the war,
Will recompense your pains;
Before Messiah's conquering car
Shall mountains sink to plains.

5 Shrink not, though earth and hell oppose,
But plead your Master's cause;
Assured that e'en your mightiest foes
Shall bow before His cross. 723

598 8s., 7s. and 4s. KELLY.

MISSIONARY CALL.

1 MEN of God, go, take your stations,
Darkness broods upon the earth:
Loud proclaim among the nations
Joyful news of heavenly birth.
Bear the tidings
Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

2 Go to men in darkness sleeping;
Tell that Christ is strong to save;
Go to men in bondage weeping;
Publish freedom to the slave:
Tell the dying
Christ has triumphed o'er the grave.

3 What, though earth and hell united
Should oppose the Saviour's reign;
Plead His cause to souls benighted;
Fear ye not the face of men.
Vain the tumult,
Earth and hell will rage in vain.

4 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,
Jesus is your faithful Friend;
And His presence
Shall be with you to the end.

599 S. M. VOKE.

MISSIONARIES ENCOURAGED.

1 YE messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where He leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on His promised aid
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and will prevail,
In spite of all His foes.

4 Go, spread the Saviour's fame,
And tell His matchless grace
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.

5 We wish you in His name,
The most divine success;
Assured that He who sends you forth
Will all your labors bless.

600 8s. and 7s. Miss. Psalmist.

AT THE EMBARKING OF MISSIONARIES.

1 SOFTLY blow, ye favouring breezes,
Winds of heaven propitious smile,
Speed the ship across the ocean,
Safely to her destined isle.
Now she rides the bounding billow,
Proudly urging on her way;
He who holds the storm is with her,
God, the missionary's stay.

2 Fathers! faint not; those departing
To a friendless heathen shore,
Go to toil 'mid scenes of peril,
Where Immanuel toiled before.
Mothers! weep not; those your offspring,
Bound to yonder pagan coast,
Go to reap the noblest laurel,
Go to seek the poor and lost.

3 Who are these that haste to greet Thee,
King of men! in gathering crowds?
Who are these that fly to meet Thee,
Rapidly as summer's clouds?
Lo! the ships of Tarshish, bearing
Nobler freight than Ophir saw;
Thither, where the isles are waiting,
Waiting for Messiah's law.

601 7s. and 6s. LYTE.

THE SALVATION OF ISRAEL.

1 OH! that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal His ancient nation,
To lead His outcasts home.

2 How long the holy city
Shall heathen feet profane?
Return, O Lord, in pity,
Rebuild her walls again.

3 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error,
Release the fettered heart;

4 Let Israel, home returning,
Their lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy church to Thee.

602 8s., 7s. and 4s. KELLY.

ZION COMFORTED.

1 ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands;
Mourning captive,
God Himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee!
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumph end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee,
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

603 L. M.

ISRAEL'S RESTORATION.

1 THE song of Israel is hushed,
And all their tales of triumph told,
And mute is every voice that gushed
In music to their harps of gold.

2 A cloud is on their father's graves,
And darkly spreads o'er Zion's hill;
E'en there, their sons are scorned as slaves,
Or roam like homeless wanderers still.

3 Yet mid the world's tumultuous roar,
Floats clear and sweet the solemn word,
"O virgin daughter, faint no more,
Thy tears are seen, thy prayers are heard."

4 What, though with spirits crushed and broke,
Thy tribes like desert exiles rove,
Though Judah feels the strangers' yoke,
And Ephraim is a heartless dove;

5 Yet, yet, shall Judah's Lion wake,
And the bright day of promise come,
Thy sons their iron bondage break,
And God shall lead the wanderers home.

604 L. M. MERRICK.

PRAYER FOR JACOB'S RACE.

1 ARISE, great God, and let Thy grace
Shed its glad beams on Jacob's race;
Restore the long-lost scattered band,
And call them to their native land.

2 Their misery let Thy mercy heal,
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal;
O God of Israel, hear our prayer,
And grant them still Thy love to share,

3 Thy quickening Spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart,
While Israel's rescued tribes in Thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

605 L. M. MISS. PSALMIST.

HELP FOR ISRAEL.

1 OH! why should Israel's sons, once blessed,
Still roam the scorning world around?
Disowned of Heaven, by men oppressed,
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground.

2 O God of Jacob, view their race;
Back to Thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek Thy slighted grace,
To hail in Christ their promised King.

3 While Judah views his birthright gone,
With contrite shame his bosom move,
The Saviour he denied, to own.
The Lord he crucified, to love.

4 Haste, glorious day, expected long.
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour;
With eager feet one temple throng:
One God, with grateful praise, adore.

606 C. P. M. C. WESLEY.

PLEA FOR ISRAEL.

1 THE promise we for Israel plead,
Oh! that the once belovéd seed
Back to their Lord might come!
Now bid them look on Thee and mourn;
Where'er dispersed, collect and turn,
And bring Thy wanderers home.

2 To Jews the gospel faith impart,
And pastors after Thine own heart,
Thine ancient flock to feed
With knowledge of the Crucified,
The Lord, who by their malice died,
And suffered in their stead.

607 L. M. HYDE.

HOPE FOR ISRAEL.

1 ISRAEL, thy mournful night is past,
Thy bitter cup wrung out at last;
A day of rest to thee is given,
The promise is laid up in heaven.

2 The Lord will not forget the grace
Reserved for faithful Abram's race;
His love their wanderings shall restore,
And guide them, that they stray no more.

3 Israel! 't is thine accepted day,
Thy God, Himself, prepares the way;
Behold His ensign from afar,
Behold the light of Jacob's star.

4 That star, which once o'er Bethlehem rose,
A token on thy mountains glows;
The morn of earth's blessed jubilee
Shed its sweet early light on thee.

5 And Thou, who once on Israel's ground
A homeless wanderer wast found,
Redeemer, on Thy heavenly throne,
Still call that ancient church Thine own.

6 Bid her departed light return,
Thy holy splendour round her burn;
From prostrate Judah's ruins, raise
A living temple to Thy praise.

608 11s. FITZGERALD'S COLL.

ZION ENCOURAGED.

1 DAUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more,
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled, like the chaff, from the scourge that pursued them,
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the power that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout; for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free!

609 7s. KELLY.

ZION ENLARGED.

1 "GIVE us room, that we may dwell,"
Zion's children cry aloud;
See their numbers, how they swell,
How they gather like a cloud!

2 Oh! how bright the morning seems,
Brighter, from so dark a night;
Zion is like one that dreams,
Filled with wonder and delight.

3 Lo, thy sun goes down no more,
God Himself will be thy light;
All that caused thee grief before
Buried lies in endless night.

Zion, now arise and shine,
Lo, thy light from heaven is come;
These that crowd from far are thine,
Give thy sons and daughters room.

REVIVAL.

610 8s. and 7s. KELLY.

THE LORD'S VINEYARD.

1 SEE the vineyard lately planted
By Thy hand, O Lord of hosts!
Let Thy people's prayer be granted,
Keep it safe from hostile boasts;
Hear, Oh! hear us when we pray,
Keep Thy vineyard night and day.

2 Drooping plants revive and nourish;
Let them thrive beneath Thy hand;
Let the weak grow strong, and flourish,
Blooming fair at Thy command;
Let the fruitful yield thee more,
Laden with a faithful store.

3 Further, Lord, be Thou entreated;
Plant the barren waste around;
Let Thy work be thus completed,
And no fruitless spot be found;
Let the earth a vineyard be,
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

611 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

THE VALLEY OF DRY BONES.

1 LOOK down O God, with pitying eye,
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughtered heaps around.

2 And can these mouldering corpses live?
And can these dead, dry bones revive?
That, mighty God, to Thee is known,
That wondrous work is all Thine own.

3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain,
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till Thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 Oh! let Thy Spirit come and breathe
New life through all the realms of death!
Dry bones shall then obey Thy voice,
Shall move, shall waken, and rejoice.

5 Loud let the gospel-trumpet blow,
Let all the isles their Saviour know:
Oh! call the nations from afar;
Make earth's remotest ends draw near.

6 Then shall each age and rank agree
To raise their shouts of praise to Thee;
The church will know, while loud she sings,
That in her God are all her springs.

612 8s. and 7s. RYLAND.

DECLENSION OF RELIGION LAMENTED.

1 ONCE, O Lord, Thy garden flourished,
Every part looked gay and green;
Then Thy word our spirits nourished,
Happy seasons we have seen!

2 But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord Thy help is greatly needed,
Help can only come from Thee.

3 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,
Thou canst make them bloom again:
Oh! permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain!

613 8s., 7s. and 4s. NEWTON.

PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.

1 SAVIOUR, visit Thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation,
Unless Thou return again.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from Thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of Thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent.
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed Thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares,

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive Thy work afresh.

614 L. M. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

GIVE HIM NO REST.

1 O GOD of Zion, from the skies,
In mercy bow Thy gracious ear;
While Zion's watchmen raise their cries,
Do Thou, almighty Father, hear!

2 Since Thy remembrancers they are,
Why should Thy servants give Thee rest,
Until, in answer to their prayer,
Thy church is with Thy favour blessed?

3 For this, O Lord a suppliant crowd
Here at Thy sacred footstool wait;
For this we lift our voices loud,
And ask and knock at mercy's gate.

4 Look down with a propitious eye,
Of those that seek Thee, now be found;
Bid unbelief and sorrow fly,
And make our joy and praise abound.

615 L. M. E. SCOTT.

THE SPIRIT IMPLORED.

1 FOREVER shall my fainting soul,
O God, Thy just displeasure mourn?
Thy grievéd Spirit, long withdrawn,
Will He no more to me return?

2 Once I enjoyed, O happy time!
The heartfelt visits of His grace;
Nor can a thousand varying scenes,
The sweet remembrance quite efface.

3 Beneath His warming, quickening beams,
The icy rock dissolved away;
New life diffused through all my powers,
And darkness yielded to the day.

4 When justice waved his dreadful sword,
And guilt and fear my soul oppressed,
He sprinkled o'er a Saviour's blood,
And whispered pardon to my breast.

5 Great Source of light and peace, return,
Nor let me mourn or sigh in vain;
Come, re-possess this longing heart,
With all the graces of Thy train.

6 This temple, hallowed by Thy hands,
Once more be with Thy presence blessed;
Here be Thy grace anew displayed,
And this, Thy everlasting rest.

616 8s. and 7s. HASTINGS

RETURNING BACKSLIDERS.

1 LORD, we bow with deep contrition,
Low before Thy throne of grace;
Hear us in Thy kind compassion,
While we seek Thy smiling face.

2 Where but to a bleeding Saviour,
Should we come for life and peace?
Nothing but Thy boundless favour
Can our burdened souls release.

3 Thou hast witnessed our transgression,
Thou hast seen our load of guilt;
Witness now our deep confession,
Thou, whose precious blood was spilt.

4 Ah! this sin of covenant breaking,
Canst Thou, wilt Thou, Lord, forgive?
Shall we hear Thy mercy speaking?
Canst Thou bid us look and live?

5 Pardon, peace and consolation,
At Thy bleeding cross we see;
There we take an humble station,
Lord, we look alone to Thee.

617 8s. and 7s. WATERBURY.

SEEKING REVIVAL.

1 MET, O God, to ask Thy presence,
Join our souls to seek Thy grace;
Oh! deny us not, nor spurn us,
Guilty rebels, from Thy face.

2 May Thy people wake from slumber,
Ere their lamps shall fail and die;
Bridegroom of the church, awake them,
Rouse them by the midnight cry.

3 Let conviction seize the careless,
Through their souls Thine arrows dart;
Let Thy truth, so long neglected,
Break and melt the flinty heart.

4 O thou kind, forgiving Spirit,
Comforter, on Thee we call;
Cheer the saint, alarm the sinner,
Oh! revive, revive us all.

618 C. M. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

SEEKING REVIVAL.

1 WE now, O Lord, approach Thy throne,
To open all our grief:
Now send Thy promised mercy down,
And grant us quick relief.

2 Thou never saidst to Jacob's seed,
"Seek ye my face," in vain;
And canst Thou now deny Thine aid
When burdened souls complain?

3 The same Thy power, Thy love the same,
Unmoved the promise shines:
Eternal truth surrounds Thy name,
And guards the precious lines.

4 Though Satan rage, and flesh rebel
And unbelief arise,
We 'll wait around Thy footstool still,
For Thou wilt hear our cries.

619 8s. and 7s. MADAN'S COLL.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death;
Come, and by Thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath:
The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring light upon our eyes.

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing;
Life and joy Thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart;

Come and manifest Thy favour
To the ransomed, helpless race;
Come, Thou glorious God and Saviour,
Come and bring the gospel-grace.

3 Save us, in Thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins;
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into Thy perfect peace.

620 L. M. KINGSBURY.

MINISTERS' AND PEOPLE'S PRAYER.

1 GREAT Lord of all Thy churches, hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;
Perfumed by Thee, Oh! may it rise,
Like fragrant incense to the skies.

2 May every pastor from above
Be new inspired with zeal and love,
To watch Thy flock, Thy flock to feed,
And sow with care the precious seed.

3 Revive Thy churches with Thy grace,
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our souls inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

4 May young and old Thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear Thy voice and live,
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

5 May aged saints, matured with grace,
Abound in fruits of holiness;
And when transplanted to the skies,
May younger in their stead arise.

6 Thus we our suppliant voices raise;
And weeping sow the seed of praise,
In humble hope that Thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

621 C. M. BATHURST.

SPIRIT OF HOLINESS.

1 SPIRIT of holiness, look down,
Our fainting hearts to cheer;
And when we tremble at Thy frown,
Oh! bring Thy comforts near.

2 The fear which Thy convictions wrought,
Oh! let Thy grace remove;
And may the souls, which Thou hast taught
To weep, now learn to love.

3 Now let Thy saving mercy heal
The wounds it made before;
Now on our hearts impress Thy seal,
That we may doubt no more.

4 Complete the work Thou hast begun,
And make our darkness light,
That we a glorious race may run,
Till faith be lost in sight.

5 Then, as our wandering eyes discern
The Lord's unclouded face,
In fitter language we shall learn
To sing triumphant grace.

622 S. M. P. H. Brown.

PRAYER FOR A REVIVAL.

1 O LORD, Thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By Thy restoring power.

2 Oh! let Thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer,
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend Thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry:
Oh! come and bring salvation near;
Our souls on Thee rely.

623 S. M. Bethune.

SPIRIT SOUGHT.

1 OH! for the happy hour
When God will hear our cry,
And send, with a reviving power,
His Spirit from on high.

2 We meet, we sing, we pray;
We listen to the word
In vain; we see no cheering ray,
No cheering voice is heard.

3 Our prayers are faint and dull,
And languid all our songs;
When once with joy our hearts were full,
And rapture tuned our tongues.

4 While many crowd Thy house,
How few around Thy board
Meet to record their solemn vows,
And bless Thee as their Lord!

5 Thou, Thou alone canst give
Thy gospel sure success;
Canst bid the dying sinner live
Anew in holiness.

6 Come, then, with power divine,
Spirit of life and love;
Then shall our people all be Thine,
Our church, like that above.

624 8s. and 7s. HASTINGS.

SPIRITUAL HARVEST.

1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing still the precious seed,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
All his labour shall succeed.
Then will fall the rain of heaven,
Then the sun of mercy shine;
Precious fruits will then be given,
Through an influence all divine.

2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Nor let fears thy mind employ;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again, the fields are whitening;
Sure the harvest time is near.

625 L. M. NEWTON.

HOPING FOR A REVIVAL.

1 WHILE I to grief my soul gave way
To see the work of God decline,
Methought I heard the Saviour say,
"Dismiss thy fears, the ark is Mine.

2 Though for a time I hid my face,
Rely upon My love and power;
Still wrestle at the throne of grace,
And wait for a reviving hour.

3 Take down thy long-neglected harp,
I've seen thy tears and heard thy prayer:
The winter season has been sharp,
But spring shall all its wastes repair."

4 Lord I obey, my hopes revive:
Come, join with me, ye saints, and sing;
Our foes in vain against us strive,
For God will help and triumph bring.

626 7s. C. WESLEY.

CONVERTS MULTIPLIED.

1 WHO are these that come from far,
Swifter than a flying cloud?
Thick as flocking doves they are,
Eager in pursuit of God;
Trembling as the storm draws nigh,
Hastening to the place of rest;
See them to their windows fly,
To the ark of Jesus' breast.

2 Who are these but sinners poor,
Conscious of their low estate;
Sin-sick souls, who for their cure
On the good Physician wait;

Fallen, who bewail their fall,
  Proffered mercy who embrace,
Listening to the gospel-call,
  Longing to be saved by grace.

3 For his mate the turtle moans,
  For his God the sinner sighs;
Hark! the music of his groans,
  Humble groans that pierce the skies;
Surely God their sorrows hears,
  Every accent, every look;
Treasures up their gracious tears,
  Notes their sufferings in His book.

4 He, who hath their cure begun,
  Will He now despise their pain?
Can He leave His work undone,
  Bring them to the birth in vain?
No; we all, who seek, shall find;
  We, who ask, shall all receive;
Be to Christ in spirit joined,
  With Him ever, ever live.

DEDICATIONS.

627 H. M. FRANCIS.

ON OPENING A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

1 IN sweet exalted strains,
  The King of glory praise,
O'er heaven and earth He reigns,
  Through everlasting days:
He, with a nod, the world controls,
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.

2 To earth He bends His throne,
  His throne of grace divine;

Wide is His bounty known,
And wide His glories shine:
Fair Salem, still His chosen rest,
Is with His smiles and presence blessed.

3 Then, King of glory, come,
And with Thy favour crown
This temple as Thy dome,
This people as Thine own:
Beneath this roof, oh! deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

4 Here may Thine ears attend
Our interceding cries;
And grateful praise ascend
All fragrant to the skies!
Here may Thy word melodious sound,
And spread the joys of heaven around!

5 Here may th' attentive throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love!
And converts join the song
Of seraphim above!
And willing crowds surround the board,
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

6 Here may our unborn sons
And daughters sound Thy praise;
And shine, like polished stones,
Through long succeeding days!
Here, Lord, display Thy saving power,
While temples stand and men adore!

628 L. M. MONTGOMERY.

SOLOMON'S PRAYER.

1 HERE, in Thy Name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for Thee:
Oh! make it now Thy fixed abode,
And guard it long from error free.

2 Here, when Thy people seek Thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear Thou, in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
And when Thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when Thy messengers proclaim
The blessed gospel of Thy Son;
Still by the power of His great name,
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna to their heavenly King;
Let heaven, with earth, the strain prolong,
Hosanna, let the angels sing.

5 But will, indeed, Jehovah deign
Here to abide, no transient guest!
Here will our great Redeemer reign,
And here the Holy Spirit rest?

6 Thy glory never hence depart:
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come in every heart,
In every bosom fix Thy throne.

629 7s. MONTGOMERY.

LAYING A CORNER-STONE.

1 LORD of hosts, to Thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise;
Thou Thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and prayer.

2 Let the living here be fed
With Thy word, the heavenly bread;
Here, in hope of glory blessed,
May the dead be laid to rest.

3 Here to Thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal Thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

4 Hallelujah! earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah! hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall end.

630 C. M. REED.

THE SPIRIT INVOKED.

1 SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house Thy home;
Descend with all Thy gracious power,
Oh! come, Great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light: to us reveal
Our sinfulness and wo,
And lead us in the paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire; and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be,
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dew; and sweetly bless
This consecrated hour;
May barrenness rejoice to own
Thy fructifying power.

5 Come as a dove; and spread Thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love:
And let the church on earth become
Blessed as the church above.

6 Come as the wind with "rushing sound,"
And Pentecostal grace,
That all of women born may see
The glory of Thy face.

7 Spirit divine, attend our prayer,
And make this house Thy home:
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,
Oh! come, Great Spirit, come!

631 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

BIRTH PLACE OF SAINTS.

1 THIS house, O Lord, for Thee we raise,
Long may it echo with Thy praise;
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.

2 Hear let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the glories of His train;
While power divine His word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer His friends.

3 And in the great decisive day,
When Thou the nations shalt survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

632 C. M. PRATT'S COLL.

DEDICATION.

1 WITHIN this house, O Lord our God,
In glory now appear;
Make it a place of Thine abode,
And shed Thy blessings here.

2 When we Thine awful seat surround,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart;
And let Thy gospel's joyful sound
With power reach every heart.

3 Here let the blind their sight obtain,
Here give the mourners rest;
Let Jesus here triumphant reign,
Enthroned in every breast.

4 Here let the voice of sacred joy
And humble prayer arise;
Till higher strains our tongues employ,
In realms beyond the skies.

633 C. M. NEWTON.

OPENING A HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

1 O SHEPHERD of Thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display:
Thou that hast given a house of prayer,
Now give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls, let holy peace
And love and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease;
The wounded spirit heal.

3 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of the Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

4 And may the gospel's joyful sound,
By Thine almighty grace,
Awaken slumbering sinners round
To come and fill the place.

MORNING AND EVENING.

634 L. M. KENN.

MORNING THANKSGIVING.

1 WAKE and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

2 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

3 Lord! I my vows to Thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

635 S. M. E. SCOTT.

A MORNING HYMN.

1 SEE how the mounting sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,
With every brightening ray.

2 Thus would my rising soul
Her heavenly Parent sing;
And to her great Original,
Her humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down
  Beneath His guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
  My kind Preserver near!

4 Thus doth Thine arm support,
  This weak defenceless frame;
But whence such favours, Lord, to me
  All worthless as I am?

5 Oh! how shall I repay
  The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
  The pleasing, painful load.

6 Dear Saviour, to Thy cross
  I bring my sacrifice;
Cleansed by Thy blood, it shall ascend
  With fragrance to the skies.

7 My life I would anew
  Devote, O Lord, to Thee:
And in Thy service wish to spend
  A long eternity.

636 C. M. WATTS.

A MORNING SONG.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
  Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay,
  To Him that rules the skies.

2 Night unto night His name repeats,
  The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heaven on which He sits,
  To turn the seasons round.

3 'Tis He supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak His praise:
My sins would rouse His wrath to flame,
And yet His wrath delays.

4 On a poor worm Thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crushed me dead,
But mercy held Thine hand.

5 A thousand wretched souls are fled,
Since the last setting sun;
And yet Thou lengthenest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

6 Great God, let all my hours be Thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

637 C. M. WATTS.

FOR MORNING AND EVENING.

1 HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand,
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.

2 That was a most amazing Power
That raised us with a word;
And every day, and every hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.

4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day;
For death stands ready at the door,
To take our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin,
To God's avenging law;
We own Thy grace, immortal King!
In every gasp we draw.

6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night,
Beneath His shady wings.

638 L. M. EDMESTON.

SABBATH EVENING.

1 ANOTHER day has passed along,
And we are nearer to the tomb:
Nearer to join the heavenly song,
Or hear the last eternal doom.

2 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,
And soft the sunbeams lingering there;
For these blessed hours the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

3 The time, how lovely and how still;
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

4 Season of rest; the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts in love;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

5 Nor will our days of toil be long;
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod,
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

639 7s. HASTINGS.

EVENING HYMN.

1 NOW from labour and from care,
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord, I would converse with Thee:
Oh! behold me from above;
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and woe,
Wither all my earthly joys:
Naught can charm me here below
But my Saviour's melting voice:
Lord, forgive, Thy grace restore,
Make me Thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quickening power,
Grateful notes to Thee I raise,
Oh! accept my song of praise.

640 L. M. STEELE.

AN EVENING SONG.

1 GREAT God, to Thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh! let Thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise!

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle rolling hour
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of Thy love,
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus: His dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

5 Let this blessed hope mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy name.

641 C. M. MASON.

THE EVENING SACRIFICE.

1 NOW, from the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up,
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.

3 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

4 Lord of our days, whose hand hath set
New time upon our score;
Thee may we praise for all our time,
When time shall be no more.

642 C. M. KIRK WHITE.

EVENING WORSHIP.

1 O LORD, another day has flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before Thy throne,
To bless Thy fostering hand.

2 And wilt Thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for Thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.

3 And Jesus, Thou Thy smiles wilt deign,
As we before Thee pray;
For Thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they,

4 Oh! let Thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace!

5 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely Thine,
A flock by Jesus led;
The sun of holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

6 And Thou wilt turn our wandering feet,
And Thou wilt bless our way;
Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
The dawn of lasting day.

643 7s. NEWTON.

SATURDAY EVENING.

1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On th' approaching Sabbath day:
Day of all the week best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour
  Through the week, our praise demand:
Guarded by Almighty power,
  Fed, and guided by His hand:
Though ungrateful we have been,
Only made returns of sin.

3 While we pray for pardoning grace,
  Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show Thy reconciled face,
  Shine away our sin and shame:
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this night with Thee.

4 When the morn shall bid us rise,
  May we feel Thy presence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
  When we in Thy house appear:
There afford us Lord a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

5 May Thy gospel's joyful sound,
  Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
  Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

THE YEAR.

644 C. M. WATTS.

FRAIL LIFE AND SUCCEEDING ETERNITY.

1 THEE we adore, eternal Name!
  And humbly own to Thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
  What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves the small number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath at first it gave!
Whate'er we do, where'er we go,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5 Great God! on what a slender thread
Hangs everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!

6 Infinite joy or endless woe
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death!

7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

645 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

NEW YEAR.

1 GOD of our lives, Thy constant care
With blessings crowns each opening year;
Our guilty lives Thou dost prolong,
Awake anew our annual song.

2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since from this day the changing sun,
Through his last yearly period run!

3 Our breath is Thine, eternal God;
'Tis Thine to fix our souls' abode;
We hold our lives from Thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.

4 To Thee our spirits we resign;
Make them and own them still as Thine;
So shall they smile secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.

646 L. M. SHOVELLER

PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR.

1 BLESSED be th' eternal Infinite!
Whose skill conducts this rolling sphere;
Who rules our day, who guards our night,
And guides the swift revolving year!

2 Our race are falling every hour,
While we distinguished yet appear;
'Tis of Thy matchless love and power,
That we are spared another year.

3 Oh! for a sweet refreshing time;
Saviour! Thy people wish Thee near;
Come and our joys shall be sublime,
While we begin another year.

4 May Thy good Spirit be our guide,
While thus we stay as pilgrims here;
Nor let us from our God backslide,
As we have done the former year.

5 Strengthen our faith, increase our love,
Fill us with godly, filial fear,
And to Thy waiting children prove
Thy grace through every fleeting year.

6 This truth impress on every soul,
That vast eternity is near;
That time's swift moments onward roll,
To bring the last, the closing year.

7 When nature in a blaze shall die,
Or death conclude our being here;
Then to our Jesus may we fly,
To spend a never-ending year.

647 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

COMMITTING THE NEW YEAR TO GOD.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported, still we stand;
The opening year Thy mercy shows,
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By His incessant bounty fed,
By His unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be Thou our joy, and Thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

5 When death shall interrupt our songs,
And silence these our mortal tongues,
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds, our souls shall boast.

648 7s. NEWTON.

WE SPEND OUR YEARS AS A TALE.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.

2 Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

3 As the wingéd arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies,
Darts and leaves no trace behind:

4 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

5 Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.

6 Bless Thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with Thee above.

649 8s., 7s. and 4s. BULMER.

NEW YEAR.

1 THROUGH another year conducted,
Unto Thee our song we raise;
For Thy rich unbounded kindness
Thee we humbly join to praise:
Lord, assist us
Still to walk in wisdom's ways.

2 While again we bow before Thee,
Using here the means of grace;
While in worship we adore Thee,
In this oft-frequented place,
Oh! permit us
To behold the Saviour's face.

3 While the word of life is preached,
May Thy Spirit now descend;
Thus enlivened, thus distinguished,
May this year in mercy end;
And Jehovah
Be our everlasting Friend.

650 L. M. DOBELL'S COLL.

THE SEASONS.

1 THY providence, great God, we praise;
How good and great are all Thy ways!
Thy bounty crowns our passing years,
And dissipates our anxious fears.

2 Thy promise stands for ever fast,
While sun, and moon, and earth shall last;
The laws of seasons shall endure
Till time and stars are known no more.

3 Summer and winter, cold and heat,
And night and day in order meet;
Seed-time and harvest, each succeed,
To prove Thy love, supply our need.

4 When years are past, and seasons o'er,
We still shall prove Thy covenant sure;
And in the shining realms above
Adore Thy goodness and Thy love.

651 C. M. STEELE.

SPRING.

1 WHEN beauty clothes the fertile vale,
And birds their chorus sing,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the day of spring!

2 Oh! let my inmost heart confess,
With grateful joy and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field and grove.

3 Inspired to praise, my soul would join
Glad nature's cheerful song:
While love and gratitude combine
To tune my joyful tongue.

4 And faith exults, that yet the spring
Of righteousness and praise,
Our Saviour, God, will surely bring,
And in all nations raise.

652 C. M. NEEDHAM.

THE JOY OF THE HARVEST.

1 TO praise the ever-bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all thy powers:
He calls, and at His voice come forth
The smiling harvest-hours.

2 His covenant with the earth He keeps;
My tongue His kindness sing;
Summer and winter know their time,
His harvest crowns the spring.

3 Well pleased, the toiling swains behold
The waving yellow crop;
With joy they bear the sheaves away,
And sow again in hope.

4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
The seeds of righteousness;
Smile on my soul, and with Thy beams
The ripening harvest bless.

5 Then in the last great harvest, I
Shall reap a glorious crop;
The harvest shall by far exceed
What I have sowed in hope.

653 L. M. DOBELL'S COLL

HARVEST SONG.

1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year;
Thy favour still has crowned our days,
And we would celebrate Thy praise.

2 The harvest song would we repeat;
Thou givest us the finest wheat;
The joys of harvest we have known:
The praise, O Lord, is all Thine own.

3 Our tables spread, our garners stored,
Oh! give us hearts to bless Thee, Lord;
Forbid it, Source of light and love,
That hearts and lives should barren prove.

4 Another harvest comes apace;
Ripen our spirits by Thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow,
The sickle gives to lay us low.

5 That so, when angel reapers come
To gather sheaves to Thy blessed home,
Our spirits may be born on high,
To Thy safe garner in the sky.

654 L. M. BEDDOME.

HARVEST IMPROVED.

1 LIFT up your joyful eyes, and see,
A plenteous harvest all around,
The crop matured and not a grain
Shall useless fall upon the ground.

2 A harvest of immortal souls,
Prepared by sovereign grace and power;
Nor heat nor cold, nor winds nor storms,
Shall hurt, nor birds of prey devour.

3 An arm divine protects the saints,
Omniscience rests on their abode;
Christ will conduct them safely home,
Their kind Protector and their God.

4 O happy day, when every sheaf,
Ripened for glory shall be found;
When all the saints are gathered in,
The joy of harvest shall resound!

655 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

THE SEASONS CROWNED WITH GOODNESS.

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Thy praise shall every voice employ,
While in Thy temple we appear
To hail Thee sovereign of the year,

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies,

3 The flowery spring at Thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
While winters, softened by Thy care,
No face of want or horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in Thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those brighter courts we soar
Where days and years revolve no more.

656 8s. and 7s. BISHOP HORNE.

AUTUMN.

1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound.

2 "Sons of Adam, once in Eden,
Where, like us, he blighted fell,
Hear the lesson we are reading;
Mark the awful truth we tell.

3 Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.

4 What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you;
Summer gives to autumn place.

5 Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
Heaven and earth shall pass away."

6 On the tree of life eternal,
Oh! let all our hopes be laid!
This alone, for ever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.

657 C. M. STEELE.

WINTER.

1 STERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round;
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,
Late with gay verdure crowned!

2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart;
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.

3 My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confined in cold inactive chains,
How desolate and sad!

4 Return, O blissful Sun, and bring
Thy soul reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness, cheerful day.

5 Oh! happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns;
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains!

6 Great Source of light, Thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seat of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

YOUTH AND AGE.

658 S. M. PRATT'S COLL.

PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

1 FROM earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared;
And still we live to sing Thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.

2 To learn and do Thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the paths of future life,
Command Thy light to shine.

3 While taught Thy word of truth,
May we that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blessed name believe.

4 Oh! let us never tread,
The broad destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory and to God.

659 S. M. VIL. HYMNS.

CALL TO YOUTH.

1 MY son, know thou the Lord,
Thy father's God obey;
Seek His protecting care by night,
His guardian hand by day.

2 Call, while He may be found,
Oh! seek Him while He's near;
Serve Him with all thy heart and mind,
And worship Him with fear.

3 If thou wilt seek His face,
His ear will hear thy cry;
Then shalt thou find His mercy sure,
His grace for ever nigh.

4 But if thou leave Thy God,
Nor choose the path to heaven;
Then shalt thou perish in thy sins,
And never be forgiven.

660 C. M. BEDDOME.

DISCRETION.

1 FRAIL youth are in a slippery path,
Beset with mighty foes;
Surrounded with disease and death,
Unnumbered sins and woes.

2 Their passions war against the soul,
And lead their feet astray;
Submitting to the world's control,
They shun the narrow way.

3 To vanities of time and sense,
Their youthful hearts are prone;
How difficult to draw them thence,
To seek a heavenly crown!

4 Great God, the work is wholly Thine,
To guide our erring youth;
Do Thou their wandering hearts incline
To seek the ways of truth.

5 Restrain impetuous passions, Lord;
Upward direct their eyes;
Give them a heart to know Thy word,
And all Thy counsels prize.

661 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

YOUNG INVITED TO CHRIST.

1 YE hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays His radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 "The soul that longs to see My face,
Is sure My love to gain;
And those that early seek My grace
Shall never seek in vain."

4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with Thee?
What beauty should command my love
Like what in Christ I see?

5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind;
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

662 C. M. LOGAN.

IMPORTANCE OF THE SEASON OF YOUTH.

1 OH! in the morn of life, when youth,
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms,
That beauty can disclose;

2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved:

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways;

4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret, deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest:
Oh! then improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blessed!

663 S. M.

SWEETNESS OF EARLY PIETY.

1 SWEET is the time of Spring,
When nature's charms appear;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the opening year.

2 But sweeter far the spring
Of wisdom, and of grace,
When children bless and praise their King,
Who loves the youthful race.

3 Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky,
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning beams are nigh.

4 But sweeter far the dawn
Of piety in youth:
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn,
Before the light of truth.

5 Sweet is the early dew,
  Which gilds the mountain tops;
And decks each plant and flower we view,
  With pearly, glittering drops.

6 But sweeter far the scene,
  On Zion's holy hill;
When there the dew of youth is seen,
  Its freshness to distil.

7 Sweet is the opening flower,
  Which just begins to bloom,
Which, every day and every hour,
  Fresh beauties will assume.

8 But sweeter that young heart,
  Where faith, and love, and peace,
Blossom and bloom in every part,
  With sweet and varied grace.

9 Oh! may life's early SPRING,
  And MORNING, ere they flee,
Youth's DEW, and its fair BLOSSOMING,
  Be given, my God, to Thee.

664 L. M. VIL. HYMNS.

YOUTH WARNED.

1 YE lovely bands of blooming youth,
Warned by the voice of heavenly truth,
Now yield to Christ your youthful prime,
With all your talents and your time.

2 Think on your end, nor thoughtless say,
"I'll put far off the evil day;"
Ah! not a moment's in your power,
And death stands ready at the door.

3 Eternity! how near it rolls,
Count the vast value of your souls;
Beware! and count the awful cost,
What they have gained whose souls are lost.

4 Pride, sinful pleasures, lusts and snares,
Beset your hearts, your eyes, your ears,
Take the alarm, the danger fly,
Lord, save me, be your earnest cry.

665 C. M. C. WESLEY.

MIDDLE AGE.

1 AND have I measured half my days,
And half my journey run,
Nor tasted the Redeemer's grace,
Nor yet my work begun?

2 The morning of my life is past:
The noon is almost o'er:
The night of death approaches fast,
When I can work no more.

3 O Thou, who seest and knowest my grief,
Thyself unseen, unknown,
In mercy help my unbelief,
And melt my heart of stone.

4 Regard me with a gracious eye,
The long-sought blessing give;
And bid me, at the point to die,
Behold Thy face, and live.

666 C. M. WILLIAM'S COLL.

PRAYER OF THE AGED.

1 ETERNAL God! enthroned on high!
Whom angel hosts adore:
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh,
Thy presence I implore.

2 Oh! guide me down the steep of age,
And keep my passions cool;
Teach me to scan the sacred page,
And practise every rule.

3 My flying years time urges on,
What's human must decay:
My friends, my young companions, gone,
Can I expect to stay?

4 Ah! no, then soothe the mortal hour,
On Thee my hope depends;
Support me with almighty power,
While dust to dust descends.

667 C. M. LOGAN.

THE AGED RESTING ON GOD.

1 ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,
On Thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

2 In early years Thou wast my Guide,
And of my youth the Friend;
And as my days began with Thee,
With Thee my days shall end.

3 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

4 Therefore in life I'll trust to Thee,
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing Thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

MARINERS.

668 8s., 7s. and 4s. SEAMEN'S HYMNS.

FAR, FAR AT SEA.

1 STAR of peace to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me,
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for Thee,
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to Thee;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star Divine, oh! safely guide him,
Bring the wanderer home to Thee;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

669 C. M. SEL. HYMNS.

PRAYER FOR SEAMEN.

1 WE come, O Lord, before Thy throne,
And, with united pleas,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the seas.

2 Oh! may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to Thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow
Like rain-drops in the sea.

3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above,
Of everlasting rest.

670 L. M. WATTS.

THE SEAMAN'S SONG.

1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad?
With hardy mariners survey
The unknown regions of the sea.

2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favour of the wind;
Till God command, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.

3 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Bereaved of hope, to God they cry;
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

4 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
And stormy tempests cease to rage;
The grateful band their fears give o'er,
And hail with joy their native shore.

5 Oh! may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord;
Let them their purest offerings bring,
And in His church His glory sing.

671 H. M. TOPLADY'S COLL.

THE CHRISTIAN'S VOYAGE.

1 JESUS, at Thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep;
For Thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with Thee and Thine.

2 What though the seas are broad?
What though the waves are strong?
What though tempestuous storms
Distress me all along?
Yet what are seas or stormy wind,
Compared to Christ, the sinner's Friend?

3 Christ is my Pilot wise,
My compass is His word,
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord:
I trust His faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.

4 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie;
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with His eye;
How can I sink with such a prop,
That bears the world and all things up?

5 Come, heavenly wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
To waft me from below,
To heaven, my destined place:
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

NATIONAL.

672 L. M. DAVIES.

ON A NATIONAL FAST IN WAR.

1 WHILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,
We view the terrors of the sword,
Oh! whither shall the helpless fly?
To whom, but Thee, direct their cry?

2 The suffering sinner's cries and tears
Are grown familiar to Thine ears:
Oft has Thy mercy sent relief,
When all was fear and hopeless grief.

3 On Thee, our guardian God, we call,
Before Thy throne of grace we fall;
And is there no deliverance there?
And must we perish in despair?

4 See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
To our forsaken God we turn;
Oh! spare our guilty country, spare
The church, which Thou hast planted here.

5 We plead Thy grace, indulgent God,
We plead Thy Son's atoning blood,
We plead Thy gracious promises:
And are they unavailing pleas?

6 These pleas, presented at Thy throne,
Have brought ten thousand blessings down,
On guilty lands in helpless woe;
Let them prevail to save us too.

673 L. M. BEDDOME.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

1 WAR, horrid war, deep stained in blood,
Still pours its havoc through our land;
Almighty God, restrain the flood;
Say "'t is enough!" and stay Thine hand.

2 Let peace descend with balmy wing,
And all her blessings round us shed;
Our liberties be well secured,
And commerce lift its fainting head.

3 Let the loud cannon cease to roar,
The warlike trump no longer sound;
The din of arms be heard no more,
Nor human blood pollute the ground.

4 Let hostile troops drop from their hands,
The useless sword, the glittering spear;
And join in friendship's sacred bands,
Nor one dissentient voice be there.

5 Thus save, O Lord, a sinking land;
Millions of tongues shall then adore,
Resound the honours of Thy name,
And spread Thy praise from shore to shore.

674 C. M. STEELE.

HUMILIATION FOR NATIONAL SINS.

1 SEE, gracious Lord, before Thy throne,
Thy mourning people bend!
'T is on Thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2 Tremendous judgments from Thy hand
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! For truths divine,
See error, guilt and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4 Oh! turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,
By Thy resistless grace;
Then shall our hearts obey Thy word,
And humbly seek Thy face.

5 Then, should insulting foes invade,
We shall not sink in fear;
Secure of never-failing aid,
Since God, our God, is near.

675 C. M. LEECH: WATTS.

A PRAYER DURING GENERAL SICKNESS.

1 DEATH, with his dread commission sealed,
Now hastens to his arms;
In awful state he takes the field,
And sounds his dire alarms.

2 Attendant plagues around him throng,
And wait his high command;
And pains, and dying groans, obey
The signal of his hand.

3 With cruel force he scatters round
His shafts of deadly power;
While the grave waits his destined prey,
Impatient to devour.

4 Diseases are Thy servants, Lord,
They come at Thy command:
We'll not attempt a murmuring word,
Against Thy chastening hand.

5 Yet, may we plead with humble cries,
Remove Thy sharp rebukes:
Our strength consumes, our spirit dies,
Through Thy repeated strokes.

6 In anger, Lord, rebuke us not,
Withdraw these dreadful storms:
Nor let Thy fury grow so hot,
Against poor feeble worms.

7 Oh! hear when dust and ashes speak,
And pity all our pain;
Oh! save us, for Thy mercy's sake,
And send us health again.

676 C. M. GIBBONS.

THANKSGIVING FOR VICTORY.

1 TO Thee, who reignest supreme above,
And reignest supreme below,
Thou God of wisdom, power, and love,
We our successes owe.

2 The thundering horse, the martial band,
Without Thine aid were vain;
And victory flies at Thy command
To crown the bright campaign.

3 Thy mighty arm, unseen, was nigh,
When we our foes assailed;
'T is Thou hast raised our honours high,
And o'er their hosts prevailed.

4 Their mounds, their camps, their lofty towers
Into our hands are given;
Not from desert nor strength of ours,
But through the grace of heaven.

5 The Lord of hosts, our Helper, lives;
His name be ever blessed:
'T is His own arm the victory gives;
He grants His people rest.

677 L. M. STEELE.

THANKSGIVING FOR NATIONAL PEACE.

1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies,
A word of Thine almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise:
Thy smile is life, Thy frown is death.

2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and noise, and tumult reign;
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter spreads the hostile plain;

3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their power;
Thy word the angry nations own,
And noise and war are heard no more.

4 Then peace returns with balmy wing,
Sweet peace! with her what blessings fled
Glad plenty laughs, the valleys sing.
Reviving commerce lifts her head.

5 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,
All move subservient to Thy will;
And peace and war await Thy word,
And Thy sublime decrees fulfil.

6 To Thee we pay our grateful songs,
Thy kind protection still implore;
Oh! may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,
Confess Thy goodness, and adore.

678 C. M. DODDRIDGE

THANKSGIVING FOR HEALTH AFTER PESTILENCE.

1 SOVEREIGN of life, we own Thy hand,
In this late chastening stroke;
And, since we've smarted by Thy rod,
Thy presence we invoke.

2 To Thee in our distress we cried,
And Thou hast bowed Thine ear;
The pestilence Thou hast removed,
And brought deliverance near.

3 Unfold, ye gates of righteousness;
That, with the pious throng,
We may record our solemn vows,
And tune our grateful song.

4 Praise to the Lord! who staved the sword,
And said, "it is enough;"
Praise to the Lord! who makes His saints
Triumphant e'en in death.

5 Our God, in Thine appointed hour
Those heavenly gates display;
Where pain and sickness, fear and death,
For ever flee away.

6 There, while the nations of the blessed,
With raptures, bow around;
Our anthems to delivering grace,
In sweeter strains shall sound.

679 8s. HASTINGS.

THANKSGIVING.

1 LET gratitude waken the song,
And swell the harmonious lyre,
Let praise the sweet anthem prolong,
And joy every bosom inspire!
What favours around us have flowed,
Unmeasured, unspeakably great,
By Heaven in rich mercy bestowed
On man in his fallen estate!

2 The earth with rich verdure is crowned,
The fruits in their fulness appear,
The songs of the reapers resound,
And plenty encircled the year;
The blessings of freedom are ours,
And knowledge and virtue increase,
No foe is invading our shores,
We live with the nations at peace.

3 The sound of the gospel is heard:
The Scriptures their treasures unfold,
While thousands believe in the word,
More precious than silver or gold:
No fierce persecutions arise,
The heart and the conscience to bind;
That wisdom which heaven supplies,
The weakest believer may find.

4 Let gratitude waken the song,
And swell the harmonious lyre.
Let praise the sweet anthem prolong,
And joy every bosom inspire:
A nation so favoured of God,
Should ever acknowledge His hand;
Should send His salvation abroad,
His gospel to every land.

680 7s. HARTFORD SEL.

SWELL THE ANTHEM.

1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song,
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to our heavenly King.

2 Blessings from His liberal hand,
Flow around this happy land;
Guarded by His watchful eye,
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

681 6s. and 4s. STRONG.

INDEPENDENCE ODE.

1 FREEMEN, awake the song!
Gladly the strain prolong,
Welcome this day!
It tells of glory won,
By deeds of valour done;
Shout till the setting sun
Sheds its last ray.

2 Our happy land we sing,
Your joyful tribute bring,
The song to swell;
Sing of our country's worth,
The place of freedom's birth,
The noblest spot on earth;
Her blessings tell.

3 Tell how Jehovah's care,
Guarded our blessings rare,
Till this bright hour:
And still secure from harm,
Held by His mighty arm,
And free from all alarm,
We trust His power.

4 Science her power exerts,
And treasures rich imparts:
Ennobling truth,
Whence holy influence springs,
Upon her heaven-plumed wing,
Bright burnished armour brings,
To guard our youth.

5 Our youth, our country's gems,
Their lustre brightly beams
For coming days:
Let virtue's wreath be twined
Round each: and every mind,
The lamp of knowledge find,
To gild their ways.

6 May blessed religion's light,
Unfading, changeless, bright,
Their guide-star be:
And, as to age they move,
Our Father's arm of love
Guide them to realms above,
Where all are free.

MARRIAGE.

682 C. M. BERRIDGE.

A WEDDING HYMN.

1 SINCE Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast;
Dear Lord, we ask Thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with Thy favour crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best;
Their substance bless; and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

4 In purest love their souls unite,
That they, with christian care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

5 Oh! may each soul assembled here,
Be married, Lord, to Thee,
Clad in Thy robes, made white and fair,
To spend eternity.

683 L. M. PROUD.

THEY SHALL BE ONE.

1 WITH cheerful voices rise and sing
The praises of our God and King;
For He alone can minds unite
In mutual love and pure delight.

2 Oh! may this pair increasing find
Substantial pleasures of the mind;
Happy in all things may they be,
And both united, Lord, to Thee.

3 So may they live, as truly one,
And when their work on earth is done,
Rise hand in hand to heaven, and share
The joys of love for ever there.

MISCELLANEOUS.

684 7s. NEWTON.

A PRAYER AT PARTING.

1 FOR a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer,
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep;
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In Thy strength may we be strong,
Sweeten every cross and pain;
And our wasting lives prolong,
In Thy peace to meet again.

4 Then if Thou Thy help afford,
Ebenezers shall be reared;
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who our poor petitions heard.

686 C. M. CAMPBELL'S COLL.

PARTING OF FRIENDS.

1 THROUGH Christ, when we together came
In singleness of heart,
We met, O Jesus, in Thy name,
And in Thy name we part.

2 We part in body, not in mind,
Our minds continue one;
And each to each, in Jesus joined,
We happily go on.

3 Oh! may Thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
In all our travels still
Direct, and be our constant guard
To Zion's holy hill.

4 Oh! what a joyful meeting there,
Beyond these changing shades;
White are the robes we then shall wear,
And crowns upon our heads.

5 Hasten, O Lord, and bring the day
When we shall dwell at home;
Come, O Redeemer, come away;
O Jesus, quickly come!

686 C. M. REED.

RE-UNION OF FRIENDS.

1 COME, let us strike our harps afresh,
To great Jehovah's name;
Sweet be the accents of our tongues,
When we His love proclaim.

2 'T was by His bidding we were called
In pain awhile to part:
'T is by His care we meet again,
And gladness fills our heart.

3 Blessed be the hand that has preserved
Our feet from every snare;
And blessed the goodness of the Lord,
Which to this hour we share.

4 Oh! may the Spirit's quickening power
Now sanctify our joy,
And warm our zeal in works of love,
Our talents to employ.

5 Fast, fast our moments fly away,
Soon shall our wanderings cease;
And with our Father we shall dwell,
A family of peace.

687 H. M. C. WESLEY.

BIRTH-DAY DEDICATION.

1 God of my life, to Thee
My cheerful soul I raise,
Thy goodness bade me be,
And still prolongs my days:
I see my natal hour return,
And bless the day that I was born.

2 A clod of living earth,
I glorify Thy name;
From whom alone my birth
And all my blessings came;
Creating and preserving grace,
Let all that is within me praise.

3 My soul and all its powers,
Thine, wholly Thine, shall be;
All, all my happy hours
I consecrate to Thee;
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am,
Shall magnify my Maker's name.

4 Long as I live on earth,
To Thee, Oh! let me live;
To Thee my every breath
In thanks and blessings give;
Me to Thine image now restore,
And I shall praise Thee evermore.

688 C. M. MOTHERS' H. B.

A BIRTH DAY PRAYER.

1 SWIFT as the winged arrow flies,
My time is hastening on;
Quick as the lightning from the skies,
My wasting moments run.

2 My follies past, O God, forgive,
My every sin subdue;
And teach me, henceforth, how to live
With glory in my view.

3 'T were better I had not been born,
Than live without Thy fear;
For they are wretched and forlorn
Who have their portion here.

4 But thanks to Thine unbounded grace,
That in my early youth
I have been taught to seek Thy face,
And know the way of truth.

5 Oh! let Thy Spirit lead me still
Along the happy road;
Conform me to Thy holy will,
My Father and my God.

6 Another year of life is past;
My heart to Thee incline,
That if this year should be my last,
It may be wholly Thine.

689 8s. and 6s. HASTINGS.

SONG OF DELIVERANCE.

1 I LOVE the Lord, whose gracious ear
Was open to my cry;
He bade me, in the time of fear,
Upon His grace rely.
Long as I live I'll trust His care,
To Him address my fervent prayer.

2 Death's sorrows had encompassed me,
I felt the pains of hell;
On every side was misery,
My woes no tongue could tell.
Then I broke forth without control,
"Lord, I beseech Thee, save my soul."

3 Tender and gracious is His name;
Our God is ever kind;
The meek shall His protection claim,
The humble, mercy find;
Unto Thy rest, my soul, return.
The bounties of Thy God discern.

4 The Lord hath kept my soul from death,
Preserved my eyes from tears,
My feet from falling, where beneath
Were spread the fowler's snares;
Living I'll walk before the Lord;
His name for ever be adored.

690 H. M. NEWTON.

SUCCESS OF HANNAH'S PRAYERS.

1 WHEN Hannah, pressed with grief,
Poured forth her soul in prayers:
She quickly found relief,
And songs succeeded tears;
Like her, in every trying case,
Let us approach the throne of grace.

2 When she began to pray,
Her heart was pained and sad;
But ere she went away
Was comforted and glad:
In trouble, what a resting-place,
Have they who know the throne of grace!

3 Eli her case mistook;
How was her spirit moved
By his unkind rebuke!
But God her cause approved.
We need not fear a creature's face,
While welcome at a throne of grace.

4 Men have not power nor skill
With troubled souls to bear;
Though they express good will,
Poor comforters they are:
But swelling sorrows sink apace,
When we approach the throne of grace.

5 Thousands have often tried,
And with success were crowned;
Not one has been denied,
But all an answer found.
Let us by faith their footsteps trace,
And hasten to the throne of grace.

691 C. M. WATTS.

THE SONG OF SIMEON.

1 LORD, in Thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
Oh! make our joys the same!

2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was filled,
When fondly in his withered arms
He clasped the holy child!

3 "Now I can leave this world," he cried,
"Behold, Thy servant dies!
I've seen Thy great salvation, Lord,
And close my peaceful eyes.

4 This is the light prepared to shine
Upon the Gentile lands;
Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
To break their slavish bands."

5 Jesus! the vision of Thy face
Hath overpowering charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

6 When flesh shall fail, and heart-strings break
Sweet will the minutes roll;
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul.

692 C. M. WATTS.

THE SONG OF HEZEKIAH.

1 WHEN we are raised from deep distress,
Our God deserves a song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are opened wide in vain,
If He, who holds the keys of death,
Commands them fast again.

3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse
Our minds with slavish fears;
Our days are past, and we shall lose
The remnant of our years.

4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we mourn:
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5 Jehovah speaks the healing word,
And no disease withstands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at His commands.

6 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore:
He casts our sins behind His back,
And they are found no more.

693 L. M. WATTS.

THE SONG OF MARY.

1 OUR souls shall magnify the Lord,
In God the Saviour we rejoice;
While we repeat the Virgin's song,
May the same Spirit tune our voice!

2 The Highest saw her low estate,
And mighty things His hand hath done;
His overshadowing power and grace
Makes her the mother of His Son.

3 Let every nation call her blessed,
And endless years prolong her fame:
But God alone must be adored;
Holy and reverend is His name.

4 To those that fear and trust the Lord.
His mercy stands for ever sure;
From age to age His promise lives,
And the performance is secure.

5 He spake to Abram and his seed,
"In thee shall all the earth be blessed;"
The memory of that ancient word
Lay long in His eternal breast.

6 But now, no more shall Israel wait,
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn:
Lo, the desire of nations comes!
Behold, the promised Seed is born!

694 7s. MONTGOMERY.

THE THREE MOUNTAINS.

1 WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim His holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.

3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep, and gaze my soul away;
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

695 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

FAMILY RELIGION.

1 FATHER of all, Thy care we bless,
Which crowns our families with peace;
From Thee they spring, and by Thy hand
They have been, and are still sustained.

2 To God, most worthy to be praised,
Be our domestic altars raised;
Who, Lord of heaven, scorns not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

3 To Thee may each united house,
Morning and night, present its vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught Thy precepts and Thy grace.

4 Oh! may each future age proclaim
The honours of Thy glorious name;
While, pleased and thankful, we remove
To join the family above.

696 C. M. ADDISON.

THE TRAVELLER'S HYMN.

1 HOW are Thy servants blessed, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence!

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care;
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When, by the dreadful tempests borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to Thy will:
The sea, that roars at Thy command,
At Thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

697 L. M. CAWOOD.

CALL OF SAMUEL.

1 IN God's own house, by silent night,
The lamp of God was burning bright;
And there, by viewless angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

2 A voice unknown the stillness broke,
"Samuel!" it called, and thrice it spoke;
He rose, he asked whence came the word:
From Eli? No; it was the Lord.

3 Thus early called to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod;
Prophetic visions fired his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were blessed.

4 Speak, Lord! and from our earliest days
Incline our hearts to love Thy ways;
Thy wakening voice has reached our ear,
Speak, Lord, to us; Thy servants hear.

5 And ye, who know the Saviour's love,
And richly all His mercies prove,
Your timely, friendly aid afford,
That we may early serve the Lord.

698 C. M.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

1 IN God the Father I believe,
Who heaven and earth did frame,
By His almighty Word; His praise
And glory to proclaim.

2 I do believe in Jesus Christ,
God's only Son, our Lord,
Begotten from eternity,
The everlasting Word.

3 I in the Holy Ghost believe,
A Person true, and One,
In essence, power, eternity,
With Father and with Son.

4 An holy catholic Church I own,
The heirs of heaven designed;
By union all to Christ their head,
And one another joined.

5 Redemption through the blood of Christ,
I heartily embrace;
A full forgiveness of my sins,
The gift of sovereign grace.

6 The Resurrection of the dead,
Sincerely I maintain;
My soul and body glorified,
With Christ shall live and reign.

7 The hopes of everlasting Life
My fainting soul sustain;
To this I set my solemn seal,
And say, in truth, Amen!

8 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

699 C. M. BEDDOME.

PUBLIC PROFESSION.

1 YE men and angels, witness now,
Before the Lord we speak:
To Him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break.

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor, from His cause will we depart,
Nor ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on His grace rely;
May He, with our returning wants,
All needful aid supply.

4 Oh! guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in Thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn Thou our prayers to praise.

DEATH.

700 C. M. HOSKINS.

TIME IS SHORT.

1 THE time is short! the season near,
When death will us remove;
To leave our friends, however dear,
And all we fondly love.

2 The time is short! sinners, beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of great salvation hear,
While it is called to-day.

3 The time is short! ye rebels, now
To Christ the Lord submit;
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

4 The time is short! ye saints, rejoice;
The Lord will quickly come:
Soon shall ye hear the Bridegroom's voice,
To call you to your home.

5 The time is short! it swiftly flies,
The hour is just at hand,
When we shall mount above the skies,
And reach the wished-for land.

6 The time is short! the moment near
When we shall dwell above;
And be for ever happy there,
With Jesus, whom we love.

701 7s. and 6s. BURTON.

HOW SHORT MY TIME IS.

1 TIME is winging us away,
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day
A journey to the tomb;
Youth and vigour soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that 's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

702 L. M. STEELE.

TO-DAY.

1 THAT awful hour will soon appear;
Swift on the wings of time it flies;
When all that pains or pleases here
Will vanish from my closing eyes.

2 Death calls my friends, my neighbours hence,
None can resist the fatal dart:
Continual warnings strike my sense,
And shall they fail to reach my heart?

3 Think, O my soul, how much depends
On the short period of to-day;
Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away!

4 Lord of my life, inspire my heart
With heavenly ardour, grace divine;
Nor let Thy presence e'er depart;
For strength, and life, and death, are Thine.

793 C. M. BULMER.

MAN'S DAYS ARE AS GRASS.

1 DEATH! what a solemn word to all!
What mortal things are men!
We just arise, and soon we fall,
To mix with earth again.

2 'Twas sin that brought in all our wo,
And gave to death his power;
Hence all our painful sorrows flow,
Till life's departing hour.

3 'Tis God that fixes each event
Of varying life or death;
By Him revolving years are lent,
Or He arrests our breath.

4 Thankful we own Thy goodness past,
Thou sovereign Lord of all,
Watching may each be found at last,
To hear the bridegroom's call.

5 Oh! fit us for Thy righteous will,
Thy mercy, Lord, impart;
Help us Thy pleasure to fulfil,
And yield Thee all our heart.

704 S. M. BULMER'S COLL.

OUR DAYS, A HAND-BREADTH.

1 BEFORE us to the grave
How many hence have gone!
Nor could a friend, a brother, save,
Or ransom, even one.

2 We followed their remains,
As some will follow ours,
Where mortals rest from all their pains,
Nor count the tedious hours.

3 Since in their house below
Our bodies soon must lie,
Our latter end, Lord, make us know,
And teach us how to die.

4 By faith may we receive
Our pardon through Thy blood,
A righteousness, which Thou canst give,
A hope, divinely good.

5 Our triumph in Thy name,
Shall thus be rendered sure;
And we shall celebrate Thy fame
While endless years endure.

705 L. M. NEWTON.

THE TOLLING BELL.

1 OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepared, should I be call to die?"

2 Only this frail and fleeting breath
Preserves me from the jaws of death;
Soon as it fails, at once I 'm gone,
And plunged into a world unknown.

3 Then leaving all I loved below,
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate
And fix my everlasting state.

4 Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in Thee;
Apply Thy blood, Thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.

5 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
If saved from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
"Perhaps it next may toll for me."

6 Rather my spirit would rejoice,
And long, and wish to hear Thy voice;
Glad when it bids me earth resign,
Secure of heaven, if Thou art mine.

706 7s. HASTINGS.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

1 SINNER, is thy soul prepared
For the solemn hour of death?
Couldst thou, if no longer spared,
Calmly yield thy fleeting breath?
Couldst thou meet thy God in peace,
With thy follies unforgiven;
Or obtain one moment's bliss,
If admitted into heaven?

2 Art thou ready to depart?
Would the heavenly prize be sure
To an unbelieving heart,
To a soul by sin impure?
Can a sinner, unrenewed,
Ever plead atoning blood;
Can a rebel, unsubdued,
Ever reach heaven's blessed abode?

3 Ready, in thy guilt to die!
Ready, evermore to dwell
In a world of misery,
In the burning depths of hell!
They alone can look, with joy,
For a glorious reward,
Who on earth their souls employ
In the service of the Lord.

707 C. P. M. C. WESLEY.

THE TWO WORLDS.

1 LO! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or, shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress:
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be to late;
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When Thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at Thy bar:
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

5 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live,
And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight
And hope in full supreme delight
And everlasting love.

708 L. M. MEDLEY.

ETERNITY.

1 ETERNITY! stupendous theme!
Compared herewith, our life's a dream:
Eternity! O awful sound;
A deep, where all our thoughts are drowned!

2 Eternity! the dread abode,
And habitation of our God;
His glory fills the vast expanse
Beyond the reach of mortal sense.

3 But an eternity there is
Of dreadful woe, or joyful bliss:
And, swift as time fulfils its round,
We to eternity are bound.

4 What countless millions of mankind
Have left this fleeting world behind!
They're gone; but where? ah! pause and see:
Gone to a long eternity!

5 Sinner, canst thou for ever dwell
In all the fiery deeps of hell?
And is death nothing, then, to thee,
Death, and a dread eternity?

6 Ye gracious souls, with joy look up;
In Christ rejoice, your glorious hope;
This everlasting bliss secures,
God and eternity are yours.

709 L. M. MONTGOMERY.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

1 WHERE are the dead? In heaven or hell
Their disembodied spirits dwell;
Their perished forms, in bonds of clay,
Reserved until the judgment day.

2 WHO are the dead? The sons of time,
In every age, and state, and clime;
Renowned, dishonoured or forgot,
The place that knew them knows them not.

3 WHERE are the living? On the ground
Where prayer is heard and mercy found;
Where, in the compass of a span,
The mortal makes th' immortal man.

4 WHO are the living? They whose breath
Draws every moment nigh to death;
Of endless bliss or woe the heirs:
Oh! what an awful lot is theirs!

5 Then timely warned, let us begin
To follow Christ and flee from sin;
Daily grow up in Him our head,
Lord of the living and the dead.

710 S. M MONTGOMERY.

ISSUES OF LIFE AND DEATH.

1 OH! where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of earth to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
  There is a life above;
Unmeasured by the flight of years,
  And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
  Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh! what eternal horrors hang
  Around the second death!

5 Lord, God of truth and grace,
  Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be driven from Thy face,
  And evermore undone.

6 Here would we end our quest,
  Alone are found in Thee,
The life of perfect love, the rest
  Of immortality.

711 C. M. WATTS.

DEATH DREADFUL OR DELIGHTFUL.

1 DEATH! 't is a melancholy day,
  To those that have no God;
When the poor soul is forced away,
  To seek her last abode.

2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes;
  For guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies,
  To darkness, fire and pain.

3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
  Ye stubborn sinners fear;
Lest ye be driven from earth, and dwell
  A long for ever there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face;
And thou, my soul, look downward too,
And sing recovering grace.

5 He is a God of sovereign love,
That promised heaven to me;
And taught my thoughts to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for Thy right hand,
Then come the joyful day;
Come, death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

712 C. M. WATTS.

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

1 STOOP down, my thoughts that use to rise,
Converse awhile with death;
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.

2 His quivering lip hangs feebly down,
His pulses faint and few,
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.

3 But Oh! the soul that never dies,
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And trace its wondrous way.

4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphant there;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
Oh! for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above. 808

6 Jesus, to Thy dear faithful hand
My naked soul I trust;
My flesh shall wait for Thy command,
To drop into my dust.

713 C. M. WATTS.

A VOICE FROM THE TOMBS.

1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound;
My ears attend the cry:
"Ye living men, come view the ground,
Where you must shortly lie.

2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers!
The tall, the wise, the reverend head
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To fit our souls to fly,
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

714 C. M. CRUDEN.

IMPATIENCE FOR DEATH SINFUL.

1 WHY thus impatient to be gone?
Such wishes breathe no more.
Let Him who locked thy spirit in,
When meet, unbolt the door.

2 Why wouldst thou snatch the victor's palm,
Before the conquest's won?
Or wish to seize th' immortal prize,
Ere yet the race is run?

3 Inglorious wish, to haste way,
And leave thy work undone!
To serve thy Lord will please no less
Than praising round the throne.

4 While thou art standing in the field,
For bliss thou 'lt riper grow;
Then wait the Lord's appointed time,
Till He shall bid thee go.

715 L. M. H. M. WILLIAMS.

TO DEPART IS FAR BETTER.

1 WHILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,
And faints my much-loved Lord to see;
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 't is far better to depart.

3 Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home;
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.

4 That blissful interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at His feet;
Raised in His arms to view His face
Through the full beamings of His grace:

5 As with a seraph voice to sing,
To fly as on a cherub's wing;
Performing with unwearied hands,
The present Saviour's high commands.

6 Yet with these prospects full in sight,
We'll wait Thy signal for the flight;
For while Thy service we pursue,
We find a heaven in all we do.

716 L. M. EVANS' COLL.

PRAYING FOR A SICK MINISTER.

1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down;
Avert Thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

2 Restore him, sinking to the grave,
Stretch out Thine arm, make haste to save,
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.

3 Bound to each soul by tenderest ties,
In every breast his image lies:
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.

4 Yet, if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears cannot prevail;
Be Thou his strength, be Thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

717 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

COMFORT UNDER THE LOSS OF MINISTERS.

1 WHAT though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade;
What though the Prophet and the Priest
Be numbered with the dead!

2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young;
The watchful eye in darkness closed
And mute th' instructive tongue:

3 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comforts to impart;
His eye still guides us, and His voice
Still animates our heart.

4 Then let our drooping hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh!

718 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

DEATH OF A MINISTER.

1 TO Thee, O God, when creatures fail,
Thy flock deserted flies;
And on th' eternal Shepherd's care,
Our steadfast hope relies.

2 When o'er Thy faithful servant's dust,
Thy saints assembled mourn,
In speedy tokens of Thy grace,
O Zion's God, return.

3 The powers of nature all are Thine,
And Thine the aids of grace;
Thine arm has borne Thy churches up
Through each succeeding race.

4 Display Thy sacred influence here,
And here Thy suppliants bless;
And change to strains of thankful praise
Our accents of distress.

5 With faithful heart, with skilful hand,
May this Thy flock be fed;
And, persevering in Thy ways,
To Zion's mount be led.

719 C. M. CONDER'S COLL.

DEATH OF PASTORS.

1 WHY should our tears in sorrow flow,
When God recalls His own;
And bids them leave a world of wo,
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blessed;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 The flock must feel the shepherd's loss,
And miss his tender care;
But they who bear with joy the cross,
The crown shall brightest wear.

5 And is not He who called them home,
Still to His church most nigh,
To bid successive labourers come,
And all her need supply?

6 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recalled His own;
But let our hearts in every wo,
Still say, "Thy will be done."

720 C. M. KNIGHT.

DEATH OF A YOUNG CHILD.

1 ALAS! how changed that lovely flower,
Which bloomed and cheered my heart!
Fair fleeting comfort of an hour,
How soon we're called to part!

2 And shall my bleeding heart arraign
That God, whose ways are love?
Or vainly cherish anxious pain
For {him / her} who rests above?

3 No! let me rather humbly pay
Obedience to His will,
And with my inmost spirit say,
"The Lord is righteous still."

4 From adverse blasts, and lowering storms,
{His / Her} favoured soul He bore;
And with yon bright, angelic forms
{He / She} lives, to die no more.

5 Why should I vex my heart, or fast?
No more {he'll / she'll} visit me;
My soul will mount to {him / her} at last,
And there my child I'll see.

6 Prepare me, blessed Lord, to share
The bliss Thy people prove;
Who round Thy glorious throne appear,
And dwell in perfect love.

721 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

COMFORT FOR BEREAVED PARENTS.

1 YE mourning saints, whose streaming tears
Flow o'er your children dead;
Say not, in transports of despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

2 If, cleaving to that darling dust,
In fond distress ye lie,
Rise, and with joy and reverence view
A heavenly parent nigh.

3 Though, your young branches torn away,
Like withered trunks ye stand,
With fairer verdure shall ye bloom,
Touched by the Almighty's hand.

4 "I'll give the mourner," saith the Lord,
"In My own house a place;
No names of daughters nor of sons
Could yield so high a grace.

5 Transient and vain is every hope
A rising race can give;
In endless honour and delight
My children all shall live."

6 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears,
Through which Thy face we see;
And bless those wounds, which through our hearts
Prepare a way for Thee.

722 C. M. STEELE.

DEATH OF A YOUTH.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
Which pity must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
Oh! may this truth, impressed
With awful power—I too must die—
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more:
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour!
To-morrow, death may come.

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray!

5 Oh! let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

723 C. M. STEELE.

THE FLOWER FADETH.

1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

2 Death spreads his withering, wintry arms,
And beauty smiles no more:
Ah! where are now those rising charms,
Which pleased our eyes before?

3 That once-loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs;
We weep, our earthly comforts fled,
And withered all our joys.

4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

5 Cease, then, fond nature, cease thy tears;
The Saviour dwells on high:
There everlasting spring appears,
There joys shall never die.

724 C. M. S. STENNETT.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

1 'TIS Jesus speaks,—I fold, says He,
These lambs within My breast:
Protection they shall find in Me,
In Me be ever blessed.

2 Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve My love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

3 Their feeble frames, My power shall raise,
And mould with heavenly skill:
I'll give them tongues to sing My praise,
And hands to do My will.

4 His words the happy parents hear,
And shout with joy divine,
"O Saviour, all we have and are
Shall be for ever Thine."

725 7s. SIGOURNEY

EARLY LOST EARLY SAVED.

1 MOURN not ye, whose child hath found
Purer skies and holier ground;
Flowers of bright and pleasant hue,
Free from thorns, and fresh with dew.

2 Mourn not ye, whose child hath fled
From this region of the dead,
To yon winged angel-band,
To a better, fairer land.

3 Knowledge in that clime doth grow
Free from weeds of toil and wo,
Joys which mortals may not share;
Mourn ye not, your child is there.

726 S. M.

DEATH OF A PIOUS CHILD.

1 WHEN sickness, pain, and death
Come o'er a godly child,
How sweetly, then, departs the breath!
The dying pang, how mild!

2 It gently sinks to rest,
As once it used to do
Upon its tender mother's breast,
And as securely too.

3 The spirit is not dead,
Though low the body lies;
But, freed from sin and sorrow, fled
To dwell beyond the skies.

4 That death is but a sleep
Beneath a Saviour's care;
And He will surely safely keep
The body resting there.

727 C. M. WATTS.

THE VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

2 They die in Jesus, and are blessed;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sin released,
And freed from every snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord:
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

728 L. M. MEDLEY.

THEY REST FROM THEIR LABOURS.

1 SAINTS in their graves lie down in peace,
No more by sin or hell oppressed:
The wicked there from troubling cease,
And there the weary are at rest.

2 Thrice happy souls, who're gone before
To that inheritance divine!
They labour, sorrow, sigh no more,
But bright in endless glory shine.

3 There shall we join the blissful throng,
And meet our dearest friends again;
And, all eternity, our song
To Jesus raise, and with Him reign.

729 S. M. WATTS.

TRIUMPH OVER DEATH.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh;
Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches o'er my dust,
Till He shall bid me rise.

4 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine;
And every shape, and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore His grace below,
And sing His power above.

6 Dear Lord! accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise,
With our immortal tongues.

730 C. M. WATTS.

THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign:
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There, everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

731 L. M. BARBAULD.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

1 HOW blessed the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm, which life, nor death, destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies,
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blessed the righteous when he dies!

732 C. M. WATTS.

A CROWN LAID UP FOR ME.

1 DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?

2 With heavenly weapons, I have fought
The battles of the Lord;
Finished my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.

3 God hath laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to see
Th' appearance of His Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
From every ill design;
And to His heavenly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To Him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise—Amen.

733 C. M. WATTS.

FUNERAL CONSOLATIONS.

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven declares
To those in Christ who die!
Released from all their earthly cares,
They reign with Him on high.

2 Then, why lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms!
Death's but the servant Jesus sends
To call us to His arms.

3 If sin be pardoned, we're secure,
Death has no sting beside;
The law gave sin its strength and power,
But Christ, our ransom, died!

4 The graves of all His saints He blessed,
When in the grave He lay;
And rising thence, their hopes He raised
To everlasting day!

5 Then joyfully, while life we have,
To Christ, our life, we'll sing;
Where is thy victory, O grave?
And where, O death, thy sting?

734 C. M. WATTS.

DYING LIKE MOSES IN THE EMBRACES OF GOD.

1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were called to go
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land;
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath;
And lose my life amid the charms
Of so divine a death.

735 C. M. STEELE.

I COMMIT MY SOUL TO THEE.

1 WHEN death appears before my sight,
In all his dire array;
Unequal to the dreadful fight,
My courage dies away.

2 But see, my glorious Friend is nigh!
My Lord, my Saviour lives:
Before Him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.

3 He left His dazzling throne above,
To meet the tyrant's dart;
And Oh! amazing power of love!
Received it in His heart!

4 Now for the eye of faith divine,
To pierce beyond the grave!
To see that Friend, and call Him mine,
Whose arm is strong to save.

5 Lord, I commit my soul to Thee;
Accept the sacred trust;
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch my sleeping dust:

6 Till that illustrious morning come,
When all Thy saints shall rise,
And clothed in full, immortal bloom,
Attend Thee to the skies.

7 When Thy triumphant armies sing
The honour of Thy name;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With glory to the Lamb:

8 Oh! let me join th' enraptured lays,
And with the blissful throng
Resound salvation, power and praise,
In everlasting song!

736 C. M. NEWTON.

PRESENT WITH THE LORD.

1 IN vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint
When he resigns his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks;
We scarce can say, "He's gone,"
Before the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her heavenward flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much, and this is all, we know,
They are supremely blessed,
Have done with sin, and care, and wo,
And with the Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold His name they praise,
His presence always view;
And, if we here their footsteps trace,
There we shall praise Him too.

737 8s. and 7s. COLLYER.

CONSOLATION.

1 O YE mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those ye love;
Pain and death, and night and anguish,
Enter not the world above:
While in darkness ye are straying,
Lonely in the deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round th' immortal spirit's head.

2 O, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those ye love:
Far removed from pain and anguish,
They are chanting hymns above;
Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high;
In His glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

738 7s. MONTGOMERY.

ANGELIC WELCOME.

1 "SPIRIT, leave thy house of clay;
Lingering dust, resign thy breath;
Spirit, cast thy chains away,
Dust, be thou dissolved in death:"
Thus th' almighty Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies;
Thus the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransomed captive flies.

2 "Prisoner, long detained below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blessed,
Welcome from a world of wo,
Welcome to a land of rest!"

Thus the choir of angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high;
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky.

3 Grave, the guardian of our dust;
Grave, the treasury of the skies;
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise.
Hark! the judgment trumpet calls,
"Soul, rebuild thy house of clay;
Immortality thy walls,
And eternity thy day!"

739 8s. COWPER.

LONGING TO BE WITH CHRIST.

1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh! bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to His throne.

2 My Saviour, whom absent I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power:

3 Dissolve Thou these bonds that detain
My soul from her portion in Thee;
Oh! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in Thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline:

5 Oh! then shall the veil be removed,
And round me Thy brightness be poured;
I shall see Him whom absent I loved,
Whom not having seen, I adored.

740 C. M. WATTS.

DEATH SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY.

1 OH! for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours!
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips shall sing,
Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure,
Death has no sting beside;
The law is sin's condemning power,
But Christ my ransom died.

4 Now to the God of victory,
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors while we die,
Through Christ, our living Head.

741 C. M. SPIR. SONGS.

CONSOLATION.

1 WHILE here I sit at Jesus' feet,
Amid the vale of tears;
I'll trust His grace, and sing His praise,
Nor yield to doubts and fears.

2 And can it be that I shall see
My Saviour face to face?
For ever prove His boundless love,
And endless anthems raise?

3 The thought shall still my musings fill,
By cares and sorrows pressed;
The blessed hope shall lift me up,
The hope of endless rest.

4 When God appears to wipe the tears
From every pilgrim's eye,
What tongue can tell the joys they 'll feel,
Throughout eternity?

742 C. M. TOPLADY.

MY FLESH SHALL REST IN HOPE.

1 'TIS sweet to rest in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

2 There shall my disimprisoned soul
Behold Him and adore;
Be with His likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more:

3 Shall see Him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt was lain;
His love intense, His merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.

4 Soon, too, my slumbering dust shall hear
The trumpet's quickening sound;
And by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At His right hand be found.

5 Oh! may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay,
Till from her sinful cage dismissed,
My spirit flies away.

743 S. M. WASHBOURNE.

HOPE IN DEATH.

1 THIS world of sin and death
Is not to be our home;
No; by the light of precious faith,
We seek a world to come.

2 Jesus is gone before,
And shows our feet the way;
His death has made an open door
To everlasting day.

3 Our load of earthly care,
Temptation, grief, and pain,
Will never find admittance there,
Or break our peace again.

4 We may behold the tomb,
And songs of victory sing;
For death itself has lost its gloom,
Since Christ destroyed its sting.

5 Oh! may we walk by faith,
Till hence our souls remove;
Then, by its light, rejoice in death,
And find our home above.

744 S. M. BETHUNE.

IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE.

1 IT is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And 'midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
  The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
  Of boundless liberty.

4 It is not death to fling
  Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong, exulting wing,
  To live among the just.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of Life!
  Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
  To reign with Thee on high.

745 8s. and 7s. C. WESLEY.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

1 HAPPY soul! thy days are ended,
  All thy mourning days below;
Go by angel guards attended,
  To the sight of Jesus go.
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
  Lo! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of His merit,
  Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
  To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To His uttermost salvation,
  To His everlasting rest.
For the joy He sets before thee,
  Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live the life of glory,
  Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

746 C. M. LOGAN.

THE REST OF THE GRAVE.

1 HOW still and peaceful is the grave!
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last.

2 The wicked there from troubling cease,
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

3 There rest the prisoners, now released
From slavery's sad abode;
No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.

4 There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there, in peace, the ashes mix,
Of those who once were foes.

5 All, levelled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb;
Till God in judgment calls them forth,
To meet their final doom.

747 Irreg. MILMAN.

BURIAL ANTHEM.

1 BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

2 The toilsome way thou 'st travelled o'er,
And borne the heavy load;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach His blessed abode,
Thou 'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus
Upon his Father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

3 Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ,
And the Holy Spirit, fail;
And there thou 'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

748 12s. and 11s. HEBER.

FUNERAL HYMN.

1 THOU art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
Thy Saviour has passed through its portals before thee.
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side,
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die — for the sinless has died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave! and its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
But the mild rays of paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heardst was the seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide;
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

749 8s. and 7s. S. F. Smith.

DEATH OF A SISTER.

1 SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us;
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But t'is God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

750 L. M. MACKAY.

SLEEPING IN JESUS.

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his cruel sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blessed;
No fear, no wo shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.

RESURRECTION.

751 L. M. DODDRIDGE.

COMFORT FROM THE RESURRECTION.

1 BLESSED Jesus, source of every grace,
From far to view Thy smiling face,
While absent thus by faith we live,
Exceeds all joys that earth can give.

2 But Oh! what ecstasy unknown
Fills the wide circle round Thy throne,
Where every rapturous hour appears
Nobler than millions of our years!

3 Millions by millions multiplied
Shall ne'er Thy saints from Thee divide;
But the bright legions live and praise
Through all Thy own immortal days.

4 O happy dead, in Thee that sleep,
Though o'er their mouldering dust we weep!
O faithful Saviour, who shalt come
That dust to ransom from the tomb!

5 While Thine unerring word imparts
So rich a cordial to our hearts,
Through tears our triumphs shall be shown,
Though round their graves, and near our own.

752 C. M. WATTS.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE JUST.

1 HOW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just;
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

2 Faith sees the Lord of Glory come,
With flaming guards around;
The skies divide to make Him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

3 Faith hears the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
And lo! the graves obey;
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

4 They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the midway air;
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore Him there.

5 Oh! may our humble spirits stand
Among them clothed in white!
The meanest place at His right hand
Is infinite delight.

6 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!

753 L. M. WATTS.

HOPE IN THE RESURRECTION.

1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept,—God's dying Son
Passed through the grave and blessed the bed;
Rest here, blessed saint, till from His throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn,
Attend O earth! His sovereign word;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form,
Called to ascend and meet the Lord.

754 C. M. KIRK WHITE.

PROSPECT OF THE RESURRECTION.

1 THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains, in solitude,
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
The storms of life shall beat.

4 These ashes poor, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise, and break
The long and dreary sleep.

5 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

JUDGMENT.

755 8s., 7s. and 4s. NEWTON.

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

1 DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round.
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You, who long for His appearing,
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine.

3 At His call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea:
All the powers of nature, shaken
By His looks, prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

4 Horrors past imagination
Will surprise your trembling heart,
When you hear your condemnation,
"Hence, accursed wretch, depart!
Thou with Satan
And his angels have thy part!

5 But to those who have confesséd,
Loved and served the Lord, below;
He will say, "Come near, ye blesséd,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever
Shall my love and glory know."

6 Under sorrows and reproaches,
May this thought our courage raise!
Swiftly God's great day approaches,
Sighs shall then be changed to praise:
We shall triumph
When the world is in a blaze.

756 L. M. HEBER.

THE LORD SHALL COME.

1 THE Lord shall come! the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake;
And withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

2 The Lord shall come! but not the same
As once in lowliness He came;
A silent lamb before His foes,
A weary man and full of woes.

3 The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

4 Can this be He, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene, the crucified?

5 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks hide us, mountains on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!

757 C. M. DODDRIDGE.

THE FINAL DAY.

1 THE day approaches, O my soul,
The great decisive day,
Which from the verge of mortal life
Shall bear thee far away.

2 Another day more awful dawns;
And, lo! the Judge appears;
Ye heavens, retire before His face,
And sink, ye darkened stars.

3 Yet does one short preparing hour,
One precious hour remain;
Awake, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.

4 We one and all must shortly die,
And at Thy bar appear;
Now be our intercourse improved
To mutual profit here.

5 For this, Thy temple, Lord, we throng,
For this Thy board surround;
Here may our service be approved,
And in Thy presence crowned.

758 L. M. W. SCOTT.

THAT DAY OF WRATH.

1 THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead.

3 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

759 S. M. BEDDOME.

BEHOLD! HE COMETH.

1 BEHOLD the day is come,
The righteous Judge is near,
And sinners, trembling at their doom,
Shall soon their sentence hear.

2 Angels in bright attire
Conduct Him through the skies;
Darkness and tempests, smoke and fire,
Attend Him as He flies.

3 How awful is the sight,
How loud the thunders roar!
The sun forbears to give his light,
And stars are seen no more.

4 The whole creation groans,
But saints arise and sing,
They are the ransomed of the Lord,
And He their God and king.

760 C. M. WATTS.

ANTICIPATED JUDGMENT.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour make haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear Thy voice
Pronounce the word, Depart!

3 Oh! wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste His love.

4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
I hang upon Thy breast;
Without a gracious smile from Thee,
My spirit cannot rest.

5 Oh! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on Thy hands;
Show me some promise in Thy word,
Where my salvation stands.

761 S. M. DODDRIDGE.

THE TERROR OF THE LORD.

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before His face
Astonished, shrink away?

3 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread.

4 Ye sinners, seek His grace,
His wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of His cross,
And find salvation there.

5 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

762 8s., 7s. and 6s. SPIR. SONGS.

A VISION OF JUDGMENT.

1 DARK brood the heavens o'er thee,
Black clouds are gathering fast;
In awful power thy God has come,
Thy days of mirth are past.

2 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee,
Red flames are bursting round;
Bright lightnings flash, loud thunders roar;
How shakes the trembling ground!

3 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee,
Behold the Judge appears;
Unnumbered millions throng around,
Raised from the dust of years.

4 Dark brood the heavens o'er thee,
Soon thou wilt hear thy doom;
Destruction opens wide for thee,
Thy chosen, final home.

5 Yet stay, the vision lingers;
Why, sinner, wilt thou die?
Dark brood the heavens, but mercy waits.
This hour to Jesus fly!

763 7s. KELLY.

CHRIST'S SECOND ADVENT.

1 HARK! that shout of rapturous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud;
Jesus comes, and through the sky
Angels tell their joy aloud.

2 Hark! the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad through sea and land:
Let His people now rejoice,
Their redemption is at hand.

3 See the Lord appears in view,
Heaven and earth before Him fly;
Rise, ye saints, He comes for you,
Rise to meet Him in the sky.

4 Go, and dwell with Him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest;
Happy in a Saviour's love,
Ever blessing, ever blessed.

764 10s. R. MONTGOMERY.

RESURRECTION AND JUDGMENT.

1 HARK! from the deep of heaven a trumpet sound
Thunders the dizzy universe around;
From north to south, from east to west it rolls,
A blast that summons all created souls.

2 And swift as ripples rise upon the deep,
The dead awaken from their dismal sleep;
The sea has heard it; coiling up, with dread,
Myriads of mortals rush from out her bed.

3 The graves fly open, and with awful strife
The dust of ages startles into life;
All who have breathed, or moved, or seen or felt,
All they around whose cradles kingdoms knelt;

4 Tyrants and warriors, who were throned in blood,
The great and mean, the glorious and the good,
Are raised, from every isle, and land, and tomb,
To hear the changeless and eternal doom.

765 L. M. DAVIES.

END OF THE WORLD.

1 HOW great, how terrible that God,
Who shakes creation with His nod!
He frowns, and earth's foundations quake,
And all the wheels of nature break.

2 Crushed under guilt's oppressive weight,
This globe now totters to its fate;
Trembles beneath her guilty sons,
And for deliverance heaves and groans.

3 Ah! see the glorious, dreadful day
That takes th' enormous load away;
See skies, and stars, and earth, and seas
Sink in one universal blaze.

4 Where now, ah! where shall sinners seek
For shelter in the general wreck?
Can falling rocks conceal them now,
When rocks dissolve like melting snow?

5 In vain for pity now they cry,
In lakes of liquid fire they lie;
There on the burning billows tossed,
For ever, ever, ever lost.

6 But saints, undaunted and serene,
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene;
Your Saviour lives, though worlds expire,
And earth and skies dissolve on fire.

766 8s. and 7s., Irr. COLLYER.

THE HOUR OF HIS JUDGMENT IS COME.

1 GREAT God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created;
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated;
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding;
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created;
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated;
Beneath His cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

HEAVEN.

767 C. M. STEELE.

NO SIN IN HEAVEN.

1 FAR from these gloomy scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair, distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.

3 There, pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

4 No clouds these blissful regions know,
Realms ever bright and fair,
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

5 There, all the millions of His saints
Shall in one song unite;
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

6 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

768 L. M. GIBBONS.

ETERNAL LIFE.

1 ETERNAL life! how sweet the sound
To sinners, who deserve to die!
Proclaim the bliss the world around,
And shout the joys, ye worlds on high.

2 Eternal life! how will it reign,
When, mounting from this breathless clod,
The soul, discharged from sin and pain,
Ascends t' enjoy its Father, God!

3 Eternal life! how will it bloom
In beauty on that blissful day,
When rescued from the imprisoning tomb,
A glory clothes our rising clay!

4 Eternal life! Oh! how refined
The joy! the triumph how divine!
When saints, in body and in mind,
Shall in the Saviour's image shine!

5 Holy and heavenly be that soul,
Where dwells a hope so high as this;
How should we long to reach the goal,
And seize the prize of endless bliss!

769 C. M. BEDDOME.

THE WORLD OF BLISS.

1 THERE is a world of perfect bliss,
Above the starry skies;
Fatigued with sorrows and with sins,
I thither lift mine eyes.

2 'Tis there the weary are at rest,
And all is peace within;
The mind with guilt no more oppressed,
The conscience calm and clean.

3 Farewell to earth and earthly things,
In vain they tempt my stay;
Come, angels, spread your downy wings,
And bear me swift away.

4 I long to see my Father's face,
And love and sing like you;
Adieu, adieu, my dearest friends;
Vain world, once more adieu!

770 C. P. M. TOPLADY'S COLL.

THE HEAVENLY PROSPECT.

1 REJOICING now in glorious hope
We stand, and from the mountain top,
View all the land below;
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow.

2 A land where sin shall ne'er invade.
Nor doubts shall cast a gloomy shade,
With every blessing crowned;
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,
And keeps His own in perfect peace.
And all His praise resound.

3 May we this better land possess,
When in this howling wilderness,
No longer we shall rove;
Lord, help us humbly to rejoice,
In hope we there shall hear Thy voice,
And sing redeeming love.

771 8s. and 6s. Irr. TAPPAN.

A HOME FOR WEARY SOULS.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above in heaven. 850

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up her tearful eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

772 11s. MUHLENBERGH.

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

1 I WOULD not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin;
Temptation without and corruption within;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway: no, welcome the tomb;
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest, till He bid me arise
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;

5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour, and brethren, transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul?

773 C. M. MASON.

HOPE OF HEAVEN.

1 WHAT have I in this barren land?
My Jesus is not here;
Mine eyes will ne'er be blessed, until
My Jesus doth appear.

2 My Jesus is gone up to heaven,
To get a place for me;
For 't is His will, that where He is
His followers should be.

3 Canaan I view from Pisgah's top;
Of Canaan's grapes I taste;
My Lord, who sends them to me here,
Will send for me at last.

4 I have a God that changeth not;
Why should I be perplexed?
My God, who owns me in this world,
Will own me in the next.

5 My dearest friends, they dwell above;
Them will I go to see;
And all my friends in Christ below
Will soon come after me.

774 C. M. TAPPAN.

HEAVENLY REST.

1 THERE is an hour of hallowed peace,
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'T is then the soul is freed from fears
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows,
On that celestial shore.

4 There, purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There, they, who oft have sown in tears,
Shall reap again in joy.

775 C. M. WATTS.

THE HOPE OF HEAVEN SUPPORTING.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

776 C. M. DICKSON.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 Oh! when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend;
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin, nor sorrow, know;
Blessed seats! through wild and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joy shall see.

777 7s. RAFFLES.

ALL TEARS WIPED AWAY.

1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above,
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love.
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
Torturing pain, and heavy woe.

2 Oft the big unbidden tear,
Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
Told in eloquence sincere,
Tales of wo they could not speak.
But these days of weeping o'er,
Past this scene of toil and pain,
They shall feel distress no more,
Never, never weep again!

3 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark! their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to Jesus' love!
Happy spirits! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind!

4 All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows!
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast!
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrows, in eternal rest!

778 L. M. DUNCAN: KENT.

THE SONG OF THE REDEEMED IN HEAVEN.

1 BEHOLD the saints beloved of God!
Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood;
Brighter than angels, lo, they shine,
Their glories splendid and sublime!

2 Through tribulation great they came,
They bore the cross, and scorned the shame;
Now in the living temple blessed,
With God they dwell, on Him they rest.

3 Hunger they ne'er shall feel again,
Nor pain, nor thirst shall they sustain;
To wells of living water led,
By God the Lamb for ever fed.

4 While everlasting ages roll,
Eternal love shall feast the soul;
And scenes of bliss, for ever new,
Rise in succession to their view.

5 Here, all who suffered sword or flame,
For truth, or Jesus' lovely name,
Shout victory now, and hail the Lamb,
And bow before the great I AM.

6 Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme;
They sing the wonders of His name;
To Him ascribing power and grace,
Dominion and eternal praise.

7 To Him who loved them to the end,
Their surety, sacrifice, and friend;
To Him who washed them in His blood,
And made them kings and priests to God!

8 "Amen," they cry, "'t is He alone,
Who rightly fills His Father's throne,
To Him be glory;" and again
Repeat His praise, and say, "Amen!"

9 Oh! sweet employ, to sing and trace
Th' amazing heights and depths of grace!
To spend, from sin and sorrow free,
A blissful, vast eternity!

10 Oh! what a grand, exalted song,
When every tribe and every tongue,
Redeemed by blood, with Christ appear,
And join in one full chorus there.

11 My soul anticipates the day;
Would stretch her wings and soar away,
To aid the song, the palm to bear,
And bow, the chief of sinners, there.

779 11s. DENHAM.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

1 'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there 's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice-precious Jesus, whose love cannot
'cease!
Though oft from Thy presence in sadness I
roam,
I long to behold Thee, in glory at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with Thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be at peace, when I'm with Thee at
home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh! give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 Whate'er Thou deniest, Oh! give me Thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at Thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.

6 I long, dearest Lord, in Thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in Thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions, to praise Thee at home.

780 8s. and 7s. KELLY.

YONDER WORLD OF JOY.

1 WHAT is life! 't is all a vapour;
Soon it vanishes away;
Life is but a dying taper;
Oh! my soul, why wish to stay?
Why not spread Thy wings, and fly,
Straight to yonder world of joy!

2 See that glory how resplendent,
Brighter far than fancy paints;
There, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly,
Straight to yonder world of joy.

3 Joyful crowds His throne surrounding,
Sing with rapture of His love,
Through the heavens His praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

4 Go, and share His people's glory;
'Mid the ransomed crowd appear;
Thine, a joyful, wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

781 L. M. BEDDOME.

BLISS OF HEAVEN.

1 IN heaven the heart o'erflows with love,
And every eye beholds its God;
The passions now no longer rove,
The soul is washed in Jesus' blood.

2 Sin is for ever banished thence,
Ecstatic raptures fill the mind;
The low delights of flesh and sense,
Are changed for pleasures all refined.

3 Oceans of bliss incessant roll,
Nor Satan tempts, nor tyrants frown;
No transient clouds o'erspread the soul,
And guilt and grief are never known.

4 Oh! could we drop this cumbrous clay,
Soon would we climb the upper road;
On wings of love fly swift away,
Till we shall reach the throne of God.

782 C. M. BEDDOME.

SAINTS ABOVE.

1 VIEW the bright ranks in order stand,
And round the throne appear;
Now free from each polluting sin,
And each distracting care.

2 They know no grief, nor suffer pain,
Their sighs are turned to songs;
Celestial love inflames their souls,
And praise employs their tongues.

3 In Jesus' righteousness arrayed,
How beautiful and fair!
Rich the enjoyments they partake,
And bright the crowns they wear.

4 Could I but hope at length to join
The spirits of the just,
I'd trample on this empty world,
Nor cleave to earth and dust.

783 C. M. WATTS.

HOLINESS OF HEAVEN.

1 NOR eye has seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love His Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in His word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No lying lips, nor envious eye,
Can taste or see the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
Where all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

784 C. M. TOPLADY.

HAPPINESS OF DEPARTED SAINTS.

1 HOW happy are the souls above,
From sin and sorrow free!
With Jesus they are now at rest,
And all His glory see!

2 "Worthy the Lamb," aloud they cry,
"That brought us here to God"
In ceaseless hymns of praise, they shout
The virtue of His blood.

3 Sweet gratitude inspires their songs,
Ambitious to proclaim,
Before the Father's awful throne,
The honours of the Lamb.

4 With wondering joy they recollect
Their fears and dangers past;
And bless the wisdom, power, and love,
Which brought them safe at last.

5 Lord, let the merit of Thy death
To me be likewise given;
And I, with them, will shout Thy praise
Eternally in heaven.

785 7s. MONTGOMERY

WHAT ARE THESE IN WHITE ROBES?

1 WHAT are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song:
"Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod,
These from great affliction came,
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with His eternal name;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them, the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead.
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fear;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tear.

786 7s.

RISING SAINTS.

1 FROM the roaring surge they come,
From the darksome depths of wo,
Peril, weariness, and shame,
Marked their chosen lot below.

2 Sinking in the ocean brine,
Jesus caught them from the flood;
Lo! how bright their garments shine,
Blanched in their Redeemer's blood.

3 Where is now the streaming tear?
Where the pang, the secret groan?
Sin nor sorrow mingle here,
Shadeless splendour gilds the throne.

4 Like the rush of ocean storm,
High the thundering chorus blends;
Rich with life, with rapture warm,
Low the adoring circle bends.

5 One their Lord, and one their song,
Saint and seraph there combine;
Christian, be thy faith as strong,
Rest as glorious shall be thine.

787 8s. and 7s. KELLY

JOY IN JESUS' REIGN.

1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices,
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, He sits on yonder throne,
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms Thy saints on earth.
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it, love divine.

3 King of glory, reign for ever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own.
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;
Bring, Oh! bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our king."

788 11s. C. Wesley.

GLORY TO THE LAMB.

1 YE servants of God, your master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
Yet still He is nigh, His presence we have:
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 Salvation to God, who sits on His throne;
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son;
Immanuel's praises the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right;
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, and infinite love.

DOXOLOGIES.

1 L. M. WATTS.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit; Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

2 L. M. KENN.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

3 C. M. TATE AND BRADY.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore;
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

4 C. M. WATTS.

TO praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

5 S. M. BEDDOME.

TO the eternal Three,
In will and essence One:
To Father, Son, and Spirit be
Co-equal honours done.

6 H. M. WATTS.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise,
Glory to God the Son,
And to the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, | Thy name we sing,
Eternal King, | While faith adores.

7 L. P. M. WATTS.

NOW to the great, and sacred Three,
The Father, Son and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Through all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

8 C. P. M. TATE AND BRADY.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore;
Be glory as in ages past,
And now it is, and so shall last,
When time shall be no more.

9 7s. C. WESLEY.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as His love;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

10 7s.

PRAISE the name of God most high,
Praise Him all below the sky,
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As though countless ages past,
Evermore His praise shall last.

11 8s. and 7s.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heavén.
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise:
At it was, and is, be givén,
Glory through eternal days.

12 8s., 7s. and 4s. RIPPON'S COLL.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Thou, the God whom we adore,
May we all Thy love inherit,
To Thine image us restore,
Vast Eternal!
Praises to Thee evermore.

13 10s. and 11s. TATE AND BRADY.

BY all holy spirits that fill the wide heaven,
And saints upon earth, let praises be given
To God, in three persons, the God we adore,
As it has been, now is, and shall be e'ermore.

14 11s. and 8s.

ALL praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,
All praise to the Spirit, thrice blessed.
The Holy, Eternal, Supreme Three in One,
Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

15 11s.

O FATHER Almighty, to Thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blessed,
All glory and worship from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

16 8s. and 7s. NEWTON.

APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION.

1 MAY the grace of Christ the Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union,
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

17 L. M. NEWTON.

THE PEACE OF GOD. PHIL. 4: 7.

1 THE peace, which God alone reveals,
And by His word of grace imparts,
Which only the believer feels,
Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.

2 And may the holy Three in One,
The Father, Word, and Comforter,
Pour an abundant blessing down,
On every soul assembled here.

18 7s. and 6s. *Trochaic.*

TO the Father, to the Son,
And Spirit, ever blessed,
Everlasting Three in One,
All worship be addressed.
Praise from all above, below,
As throughout the ages past,
Now is given, and shall be so
While endless ages last.

19 7s. and 6s. *Iambic.* J. M. FERRIS.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit,
  The God whom we adore,
Be loftiest praises given,
  Now and for ever more.
Earth join with heaven in singing
  The praise of pardoning love,
Till the loud anthem swelling
  Shall reach the courts above.

20 7s. and 6s. *Iambic.* BETHUNE.

FROM all in earth and heavén,
  To God, the Three in One,
Be boundless glory given,
  And ceaseless service done;
Coëqual praise to Father,
  To Son and Spirit be;
One God, they reign together,
  In holy Trinity.

21 6s. and 4s. MADAN'S COLL.

TO the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
  Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
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THE

DOCTRINAL STANDARDS

AND

LITURGY,

OF THE

Reformed Church in America.

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DOCTRINAL STANDARDS.

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THE

CATECHISM

OR

METHOD OF

INSTRUCTION IN THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

AS THE SAME IS TAUGHT IN

The Reformed Churches and Schools in Holland, and in America.

I. LORD'S DAY.

Question 1. WHAT is thy only comfort in life and death?

Answer. That I with body and soul, *a* both in life and death, *b* am not my own, but belong *c* unto my faithful Saviour Jesus Christ, who, with his precious *d* blood, hath fully *e* satisfied for all my sins, and delivered *f* me from all the power of the devil; and so preserves me *g* that without the will of my heavenly Father, not a hair *h* can fall from my head; yea, that all things must be *i* subservient to my salvation; and therefore, by his Holy Spirit, he also assures me *j* of eternal life, and makes *k* me sincerely willing and ready henceforth, to live unto him.

a 1 Cor. 6: 19, 20. *b* Rom. 14: 7, 8, 9. *c* 1 Cor. 3: 23. *d* 1 Pet. 1: 18, 19. *e* 1 John 1: 7. *f* 1 John 3: 8. Heb. 2: 14, 15. *g* John 6: 39, and 10: 28, 29. *h* Luke 21: 18. Mat. 10: 30. *i* Rom. 8: 28. *j* 2 Cor. 1: 22, and 5: 5. *k* Rom. 8: 14, and 7: 22.

Q. 2. How many things are necessary for thee to know, that thou, enjoying this comfort, mayest live and die happily?

A. Three *l*; the first, how great *m* my sins and miseries are: the second, how I may be delivered *n* from all my sins and miseries: the third, how I shall express my gratitude *o* to God for such deliverance.

l Luke 24: 47. *m* 1 Cor. 6: 10, 11. John 9: 41. Rom. 3: 10, 19. *n* John 17: 3. *o* Eph. 5: 8, 9, 10.

II. LORD'S DAY.

The First Part.—Of the Misery of Man.

Q. 3. Whence knowest thou thy misery?

A. Out of the law of God. *a*

a Rom. 3: 20.

Q. 4. What doth the law of God require of us?

A. Christ teaches us that briefly, Matt. 22: 27–40. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy mind, and with all thy strength. *b* This is the first and the great command; and the second is like to this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commands hang the whole law and the prophets."

b Luke 10: 27.

Q. 5. Canst thou keep all these things perfectly?

A. In *c* no wise; for I am prone by nature to *d* hate God and my neighbour.

c Rom. 3: 10. 1 John 1: 8. *d* Rom. 8: 7. Tit. 3: 3.

III. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 6. Did God then create man so wicked and perverse?

A. By no means; but God created man good, *a* and after his own image, in *b* righteousness, and true holiness, that he might rightly know God his Creator, heartily love him, and live with him in eternal happiness to glorify and praise him. *c*

a Gen. 1: 31. *b* Gen. 1: 26, 27. Col. 3: 10. Eph. 4: 24. *c* Eph. 1: 6. 1 Cor. 6: 20.

Q. 7. Whence then proceeds this depravity of human nature?

A. From the fall and disobedience of our first parents, Adam and Eve, *d* in Paradise; hence our nature has become so corrupt, that we are all conceived and born in sin. *e*

d Gen. 3: 6. Rom. 5: 12, 18, 19. *e* Psa. 51: 5. Gen. 5: 3.

Q. 8. Are we then so corrupt that we are wholly incapable of doing any good, and inclined to all wickedness?

A. Indeed we *f* are, except we are regenerated by the Spirit of God. *g*

f Gen. 6: 5. Job 14: 4 and 15: 14, 16. *g* John 3: 5. Eph. 2: 5.

IV. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 9. Doth not God then do injustice to man, by requiring from him, in his law, that which he cannot perform?

A. Not at *a* all; for God made man capable *b* of performing it; but man, by the instigation *c* of the devil, and his own wilful disobedience, *d* deprived himself and all his posterity of those divine gifts.

a Rom. 3: 5, 6. *b* Eccl. 7: 29. *c* John 8: 44. 2 Cor. 11: 3. Gen. 3: 4, 7. *d* Rom. 5: 12.

Q. 10. Will God suffer such disobedience and rebellion to go unpunished?

A. By no *e* means: but is terribly displeased *f* with our original as well as actual sins: and will punish them in his just judgment, temporally and eternally, as he hath declared, *g* "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things, which are written in the book of the law, to do them."

e Psa. 5: 5. *f* Rom. 1: 18. Deut. 28: 15. Heb. 9: 27. *g* Deut. 27: 26. Gal. 3: 10.

Q. 11. Is not God then also merciful?

A. God is indeed *h* merciful, but also *i* just; therefore his justice requires, *j* that sin, which is committed against the most high majesty of God, be also punished with extreme, that is, with everlasting *k* punishment, both of body and soul.

h Ex. 34: 6. *i* Ex. 20: 5. Deut. 32: 4. *j* Psa. 5: 5, 6. *k* Gen. 2: 17. Matt. 25: 46. Rom. 6: 23.

V. LORD'S DAY.

The Second Part.—Of Man's Deliverance.

Q. 12. Since then, by the righteous judgment of God, we deserve temporal and eternal punishment; is there no way by which we may escape that punishment, and be again received into favour?

A. God will have his justice *a* satisfied: and therefore we must make this full *b* satisfaction, either by ourselves, or by another.

a Ex. 34: 7. *b* Deut. 24: 16. 2 Cor. 5: 14, 15.

Q. 13. Can we ourselves then make this satisfaction?

A. By no *c* means; but on the contrary we *d* daily increase our debt.

c Job 9: 2, 3. Rom. 3: 20. *d* Hosea 12: 1. Mat. 6: 12. Isa. 64: 6.

Q. 14. Can there be found anywhere, one who is a mere creature, able to satisfy for us?

A. None; for first, God will not punish any other creature for the sin *e* which man hath committed; and further, no mere creature can sustain the burden of God's eternal wrath against sin, so as to *f* deliver others from it.

e Ezek. 18: 20. *f* Psa. 130: 3. Psa. 49: 7, 8.

Q. 15. What sort of a mediator and deliverer then must we seek for?

A. For one who is very man, *g* and perfectly righteous; and yet more powerful than all creatures; that is, one who is also very *h* God.

g 1 Cor. 15: 21. Rom. 8: 3. *h* Rom. 9: 5. Isa. 7: 14.

VI. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 16. Why must he be very man, and also perfectly righteous?

A. Because the justice of God requires that the same human nature, which hath sinned, should *a* likewise make satisfaction for sin; and one, who is himself a sinner, *b* cannot satisfy for others.

a Rom. 5: 12, 15. *b* 1 Pet. 3: 18. Isa. 53: 11.

Q. 17. Why must he in one person be also very God?

A. That he might, by the power of his Godhead, *c* sustain in his human nature, the burden of God's wrath; and might *d* obtain for, and restore to us, righteousness and life.

c 1 Pet. 3: 18. Acts 2: 24. Isa. 53: 8. *d* 1 John 1: 2. Jer. 23: 6. 2 Tim. 1: 10. John 6: 51.

Q. 18. Who then is that Mediator, who is in one person both very God, and a real righteous man?

A. Our Lord Jesus *e* Christ: "who of God is made unto *f* us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

e Mat. 1: 23. 1 Tim. 3: 16. Luke 2: 11. *f* 1 Cor. 1: 30.

Q. 19. Whence knowest thou this?

A. From the holy Gospel, which God himself revealed first *g* in Paradise; and afterwards published by the Patriarchs *h* and Prophets; and was pleased to represent, by the shadows *i* of sacrifices and the other ceremonies of the law; and lastly, has accomplished *j* by his only begotten Son.

g Gen. 3: 15. *h* Gen. 22: 17, 18, and 28: 14. Rom. 1: 2. Heb. 1: 1. *i* John 5: 46. Heb. 10: 7, 8, 9. *j* Rom. 10: 4. Heb. 1: 2 and 13: 8.

VII. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 20. Are all men then, as they perished in Adam, saved by Christ?

A. No; only *a* those who are ingrafted into him, and receive *b* all his benefits by a true faith.

a Mat. 1: 21. Isa. 53: 11. John 10: 14, 15. *b* John 1: 12, 13. Rom. 11: 20. Heb. 10: 39.

Q. 21. What is true faith?

A. True faith is not only a certain knowledge, *c* whereby I hold for truth all that God has revealed to us in his word, but also an assured *d* confidence, which the Holy *e* Ghost works by the Gospel, *f* in my heart; that not only to others, but to me also, *g* remission of sin, everlasting righteousness *h* and salvation, are freely given by God, *i* merely of grace, only for the sake of Christ's merits.

c John 6: 69. John 17: 3. Heb. 11: 3, 6. *d* Eph. 3: 12. *e* Rom. 1: 16 and 4: 16. 1 Cor. 12: 9. Gal. 5: 22. Acts 16: 14. Matt. 16: 17. John 3: 5. *f* Rom. 10: 10, 17. Matt. 9: 2. *g* Rom. 4: 24, 25 and 5: 1. *h* Gal. 2: 20. Eph. 2: 8. *i* Rom. 3: 24, 25, 26.

Q. 22. What is then necessary for a Christian to believe?

A. All things *j* promised us in the Gospel, which the articles of our Catholic undoubted Christian faith briefly teach us.

j John 20: 31. Mat. 28: 19, 20.

Q. 23. What are these articles?

A. I. *I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth:*

II. *And in Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son, our Lord:*

III. *Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary:*

IV. *Suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead and buried: He descended into hell:*

V. *The third day he rose again from the dead.*

VI. *He ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty:*

VII. *From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.*

VIII. *I believe in the Holy Ghost:*

IX. *I believe in the holy Catholic Church: the communion of saints:*

X. *The forgiveness of sins:*

XI. *The resurrection of the body.*

XII. *And the life everlasting.* AMEN.

VIII. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 24. How are these articles divided?

A. Into three parts; the first *a* is of God the Father. and our creation; the second *b* of God the Son, and our redemption; the third *c* of God the Holy Ghost, and our sanctification.

a Gen. 1. *b*. 1 Pet. 1: 18, 19. *c* 1 Pet. 1: 2, 22.

Q. 25. Since there is but one only *d* divine essence, why speakest thou of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost?

A. Because God hath so *e* revealed himself in his word, that these three distinct persons are the one only true and eternal God.

d Deut. 6: 4. *e* Gen. 1: 26. Isa. 61: 1. John 14: 6, 17. 1 John 5: 7. John 1: 18. Mat. 28: 19. 2 Cor. 13: 14. Eph. 2: 18. Rom. 1: 4, 5.

IX. LORD'S DAY.

Of God the Father.

Q. 26. What believest thou when thou sayest, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth?"

A. That the eternal Father of our Lord Jesus Christ (who *a* of nothing made heaven and earth, with all that is in them: who likewise upholds and *b* governs the same by his eternal counsel and providence), is for the sake of Christ his Son, my God and my Father; on whom I rely so entirely, that I have no doubt, but he will provide me with all things necessary *c* for soul and body: and further, that he will make whatever evils he sends upon me, in this valley of tears, *d* turn out to my advantage; for he is able to do it, being almighty *e* God, and willing, being a *f* faithful Father.

a Gen. 1 and 2. Psa. 33: 6. *b* Psa. 115: 3. Matt. 10: 29. Heb. 1: 3. John 5: 17. *c* John 1: 12, 16. Rom. 8: 15, 16. Gal. 4: 5, 6. Eph. 1: 5. 1 John 3: 1. *d* Rom. 8: 28. *e* Job 22: 25. Rom. 4: 21. *f* Matt. 6: 26 and 7: 11. 2 Cor. 6: 18.

X. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 27. What dost thou mean by the providence of God?

A. The almighty and every where present power *a* of God; whereby, as it were by his hand, he *b* upholds and governs heaven, earth, and all creatures; so that herbs and grass, rain *c* and drought, fruitful *d* and barren years, meat and drink, *e* health and sickness, *f* riches and poverty, yea, and all things *g* come not by chance, but by his fatherly hand.

a Acts 17: 25–28. *b* Heb. 1: 3. *c* Jer. 5: 24. *d* Acts 14: 17. *e* Job 5: 18. John 9: 3. *f* Prov. 22: 2. Job 1: 21. *g* Matt. 10: 29, 30. Eph. 1: 11.

Q. 28. What advantage is it to us to know that God has created, and by his providence doth still uphold all things?

A. That we may be patient *h* in adversity; thankful *i* in prosperity; and that in all things, which may hereafter befall us, we place our firm *j* trust in our faithful God and Father, that nothing shall *k* separate us from his love: since all creatures are so in his hand that without his will they *l* cannot so much as move.

h Rom. 5: 3. Psa. 39: 9. *i* Deut. 8: 10. 1 Thess. 5: 18. *j* Rom. 5: 3–6. *k* Rom. 8: 38, 39. *l* Job 1: 12 and 2: 6. Isa. 10: 15.

XI. LORD'S DAY.

Of God the Son.

Q. 29. Why is the Son of God called JESUS, that is a Saviour?

A. Because he saveth us, and delivereth us from our *a* sins; and likewise, because we ought not to seek, neither can find *b* salvation in any other.

a Matt. 1: 21. *b* Acts 4: 12.

Q. 30. Do such then believe in Jesus the only Saviour, who seek their salvation and happiness of saints, of themselves, or any where else?

A. They do not; for though they boast of him in words, yet in deeds they deny *c* Jesus the only deliverer and Saviour; for one of these two things must be true, that either Jesus is not a complete Saviour; or that they, who by a true faith receive this Saviour, must find all things in him *d* necessary to their salvation.

c 1 Cor. 1: 13, 31. Gal. 5: 4. *d* Col. 2: 20. Isa. 9: 6, 7. Col. 1: 19, 20.

XII. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 31. Why is he called CHRIST, that is, anointed?

A. Because he is ordained of God the Father, and *a* anointed with the Holy Ghost, to be our *b* chief Prophet and teacher; who has fully revealed to us the secret counsel and will of God concerning our redemption; and to be our only High Priest, *c* who by the one sacrifice of his body has redeemed us, and makes continual *d* intercession with the Father for us; and also to be our eternal King, *e* who governs us by his word and Spirit, and who defends and *f* preserves us in (the enjoyment of) that salvation, he has purchased for us.

a Heb. 1: 9. *b* Deut. 18: 18. Acts 3: 22. John 1: 18 and 15: 15. Matt. 11: 27. *c* Psa. 110: 4. Heb. 7: 21 and 10: 14. *d* Rom. 8: 34. *e* Psa. 2: 6. Luke 1: 33. *f* Matt. 28: 18. John 10: 28.

Q. 32. But why art thou called a Christian?

A. Because I am a member of Christ *g* by faith, and thus am partaker *h* of his anointing; that so I may *i* confess his name and present myself a living *j* sacrifice of thankfulness to him: and also that with a free and good conscience I may fight against sin and *k* Satan in this life: and afterwards *l* reign with him eternally over all creatures.

g 1 Cor. 6: 15. *h* 1 John 2: 27. Joel 2: 28. *i* Matt. 10: 32. *j* Rom. 12: 1. *k* Eph. 6: 11, 12. 1 Tim. 1: 18, 19. *l* 2 Tim. 2: 12.

XIII. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 33. Why is Christ called the only begotten Son of God, since we are also the children of God?

A. Because Christ alone is the eternal and natural Son of *a* God; but we are children *b* adopted of God, by grace, for his sake.

a John 1: 1. Heb. 1: 2. Gal. 4: 4. Psa. 2: 7. *b* Rom. 8: 15–17. Eph. 1: 5, 6.

Q. 34. Wherefore callest thou him our Lord?

A. Because he hath redeemed us both soul and body, from all our sins, not with gold or silver, *c* but with his precious blood, and hath delivered us from all the power of the devil; and thus hath made us his own property.

c 1 Pet. 1: 18, 19. 1 Cor. 6: 20.

XIV. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 35. What is the meaning of these words, "He was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary?"

A. That God's eternal Son, who *a* is, and continueth true and eternal *b* God, took upon him the very nature *c* of man, of the flesh and *d* blood of the Virgin Mary, by the operation of the Holy Ghost; *e* that he might also be the true seed of David *f* like unto his brethren in all things, *g* sin excepted.

a John 1: 1. Col. 1: 15. Heb. 1: 5. *b* Rom. 9: 5. 1 John 5: 20. Heb. 1: 8. *c* John 1: 14. Gal. 4: 4. *d* Matt. 1: 18. Luke 1: 35. *e* Acts 2: 30. Rom. 1: 3. *f* Heb. 2: 17. Phil. 2: 7. *g* Heb. 4: 15.

Q. 36. What profit dost thou receive by Christ's holy conception and nativity?

A. That he is our *g* mediator; and with his innocence and perfect holiness, covers in the sight of *h* God, my sins, wherein I was conceived and brought forth.

g Heb. 2: 16, 17. 1 Tim. 2: 5. *h* Psa. 32: 1. 1 Cor. 1: 30. Rom. 8: 34.

XV. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 37. What dost thou understand by the words, "He suffered?"

A. That he, all the time that he lived on earth, but especially at the end of his life, *a* sustained in body and soul, the wrath of God against the sins of all mankind: that so by his passion, as the only *b* propitiatory sacrifice, he might redeem our body and soul from everlasting damnation, and obtain for us the favour of God, righteousness and eternal life.

a 1 Pet. 2: 24. Isa. 53: 12. *b* 1 John 2: 2. Rom. 3: 25.

Q. 38. Why did he suffer under Pontius Pilate, as his judge?

A. That he, being innocent, and yet condemned *c* by a temporal judge, might thereby free us from the severe judgment of God to which we were exposed. *d*.

c Luke 23: 14. John 19: 4. Psa. 69: 4. *d* Gal. 3: 13,

Q. 39. Is there any thing more in his being crucified than if he had died some other death?

A. Yes [there is]; for thereby I am assured, that he took on him the curse which lay upon me; for the death of the cross was *e* accursed of God.

e Deut. 21: 23. Gal. 3: 13.

XVI LORD'S DAY.

Q. 40. Why was it necessary for Christ to humble himself even unto death?

A. Because with respect to the justice and truth of God, satisfaction for our sins could be made *a* no otherwise than by the death of the Son *b* of God.

a Gen. 2: 17. Heb. 9: 22. *b* Heb. 2: 9, 10. Phil. 2: 8. Luke 24: 26.

Q. 41. Why was he also "buried?"

A. Thereby to prove that he *c* was really dead.

c Acts 13: 29. Mark 15: 43–46.

Q. 42. Since then Christ died for us, why must we also die?

A. Our death is not a satisfaction for our sins, but only an abolishing of sin, and a passage into *d* eternal life.

d John 5: 24. Phil. 1: 23.

Q. 43. What further benefit do we receive from the sacrifice and death of Christ on the cross?

A. That by virtue thereof, our old man is crucified, dead, and *e* buried with him; that so the corrupt inclinations of the flesh may no more *f* reign in us; but that we may *g* offer ourselves unto him a sacrifice of thanksgiving.

e Rom. 6: 6, 7, &c. *f* Rom. 6: 12. *g* Rom. 12: 1.

Q. 44. Why is there added, "he descended into hell?"

A. That in my greatest temptations, I may be assured, and wholly comfort myself in this, that my Lord Jesus Christ, by his inexpressible anguish, pains, terrors, and hellish agonies, in which he was plunged during all his sufferings, but especially on the cross, hath *h* delivered me from the anguish and torments of hell.

h Isa. 53: 10. Matt. 27: 46.

XVII. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 45. What doth the resurrection of Christ profit us?

A. First, by his resurrection he hath overcome death, that he might *a* make us partakers of that righteousness which he had purchased for us by his death; secondly, we are also by his power *b* raised up to a new life; and lastly, the resurrection of Christ is a *c* sure pledge of our blessed resurrection.

a 1 Cor. 15: 16. Rom. 4: 25. *b* Rom. 6: 4. Col. 3: 1, &c. *c* 1 Cor. 15. Rom. 8: 11.

XVIII. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 46. How dost thou understand these words, "he ascended into heaven?"

A. That Christ, in sight of his disciples, was *a* taken up from earth into heaven; and that he continues *b* there for our interest, until he come again to judge the quick and the dead.

a Acts 1: 9. Mark 16: 19. *b* Heb. 4: 14. Rom. 8: 34. Eph. 4: 10.

Q. 47. Is not Christ then with us even to the end of the world, as he hath promised?

A. Christ is very man and very God: with respect to his *c* human nature, he is no more on earth; but with respect to his *d* Godhead, majesty, grace and Spirit, he is at no time absent from us.

c Acts 3: 21. John 3: 13. John 16: 28. *d* Matt. 28: 20.

Q. 48. But if his human nature is not present, wherever his Godhead is, are not then these two natures in Christ separated from one another?

A. Not at all; for since the Godhead is incomprehensible and *e* omnipresent, it must necessarily follow that *f* the same is not limited with the human nature he assumed, and yet remains personally united to it.

e Acts 7: 49. Psa. 139: 7–10. *f* Matt. 28: 20. John 16: 28 and 17: 11. John 3: 13.

Q. 49. Of what advantage to us is Christ's ascension into heaven?

A. First that he is our *g* advocate in the presence of his Father in heaven; secondly, that we have our flesh in heaven, as a sure pledge that he, as the head, will also *h* take up to himself us, his members; thirdly, that he *i* sends us his Spirit as an earnest, by whose power we "seek the things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God, *j* and not things on earth."

g Heb. 9: 24. 1 John 2: 1. Rom. 8: 34. *h* John 14: 2. Eph. 2: 6. *i* John 14: 16. 2 Cor. 1: 22. 2 Cor. 5: 5. *j* Col. 3: 1. Phil. 3: 20.

XIX. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 50. Why is it added "and sitteth at the right hand of God?"

A. Because Christ is ascended into heaven for this end, that he might there *a* appear as head of his Church, by whom the Father *b* governs all things.

a Eph. 1: 20–22. Col. 1: 18. *b* Matt. 28: 18. John 5: 22.

Q. 51. What profit is this glory of Christ, our head, unto us?

A. First, that by his Holy Spirit he *c* poureth out heavenly graces upon us his members: and then that by his power he defends *d* and preserves us against all enemies.

c Eph. 4: 8. *d* Psa. 2: 9. John 10: 28.

Q. 52. What comfort is it to thee that "Christ shall come again to judge the quick and the dead?"

A. That in all my sorrows and persecutions, with uplifted head *e* I look for the very same person, who before offered himself for my sake to the tribunal of God, and hath removed all curse from me, to come as judge from heaven: who shall cast all his *f* and my enemies into everlasting condemnation, but shall translate *g* me with all his chosen ones to himself, into heavenly joys and glory.

e Luke 21: 28. Rom. 8: 23, 24. 1 Thess. 4: 16. *f* 2 Thess. 1: 6–9. Matt. 25: 41 *g* Matt. 25: 34.

XX. LORD'S DAY.

Of God the Holy Ghost.

Q. 53. What dost thou believe concerning the Holy Ghost?

A. First, that he is true and coëternal God with the Father and the

a Son: secondly, that he is also given *b* me, to *c* make me by a true faith, partaker of Christ and all his benefits, that he may *d* comfort me and *e* abide with me for ever.

a Gen. 1: 2. Isa. 42: 16. Matt. 28: 19. *b* 1 Cor. 3: 16. 2 Cor. 1: 22. *c* Gal. 3: 14. 1 Pet. 1: 2. *d* Acts 9: 31. *e* John 14: 16. 1 Pet. 4: 14.

XXI. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 54. What believest thou concerning the "Holy Catholic Church" of Christ?

A. That the Son of God *a* from the *b* beginning to the end of the world, gathers, *c* defends, and *d* preserves to himself by his *e* Spirit and word, out of the *f* whole human race, a *g* Church chosen to everlasting life, agreeing in true faith; and that I am and for ever shall remain, a *h* living member thereof.

a John 10: 11. *b* Gen. 26: 4. *c* Rom. 9: 24. Eph. 1: 10. *d* John 10: 16. *e* Isa. 59: 21. *f* Deut. 10: 14, 15. *g* Acts 13: 48. *h* 1 Cor. 1: 8, 9. Rom. 8: 35, etc.

Q. 55. What do you understand by "the communion of saints?"

A. First, that all and every one who believes, being members of Christ, are in common, *i* partakers of him and of all his riches and gifts: secondly, that every one must know it to be his duty, readily and *j* cheerfully to employ his gifts, for the advantage and salvation of other members.

i 1 John 1: 3, 4. John 15: 5. 1 Cor. 12: 13. *j* 1 Cor. 13: 5. Phil. 2: 4–6.

Q. 56. What believest thou concerning "the forgiveness of sins?"

A. That God for the sake of *k* Christ's satisfaction, will no more *l* remember my sins, neither my corrupt nature, against which I have to struggle all my life long; but will graciously impute to me the righteousness of Christ, that I may never be *m* condemned before the tribunal of God.

k 1 John 2: 2. 2 Cor. 5: 19, 21. *l* Jer. 31: 34. Psa. 103: 3, 4, 10, 11. Rom. 8: 1–3. *m* John 3: 18. Rom. 8: 34.

XXII. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 57. What comfort doth the "resurrection of the body" afford thee?

A. That not only my soul after this life shall be immediately taken *a* up to Christ its head; but also, that this my body, being raised by the power of Christ, shall be reunited with my soul, and *b* made like unto the glorious body of Christ.

a Luke 23: 43. Phil. 1: 23. *b* 1 Cor. 15: 53. Job 19: 25, 26. Phil. 3: 21.

Q. 58. What comfort takest thou from the article of "life everlasting?"

A. That *c* since I now feel in my heart the beginning of eternal joy, after this life, *d* I shall inherit perfect salvation, which *e* "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man" to conceive; and that, to praise God therein for ever!

c 2 Cor. 5: 2, 3, 6. Rom. 14: 17. *d* Psa. 16: 11. 1 Pet. 1: 5, 9. *e* 1 Cor. 2: 9.

XXIII. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 59. But what doth it profit thee now that thou believest all this?

A. That I am righteous in Christ before God, and an heir of eternal life. *a*

a Rom. 5: 1. 1: 17. John 3: 36.

Q. 60. How art thou righteous before God?

A. Only *b* by a true faith in Jesus Christ: so that, though my conscience accuse me, that I have grossly transgressed all the commands of God, and *c* kept none of them, and am still *d* inclined to all evil; notwithstanding, God, without any *e* merit of mine, but only of mere *f* grace, *g* grants and *h* imputes to me, the perfect *i* satisfaction, righteousness and holiness of Christ; even so, as if I never had had, nor committed any sin: yea, as if I had fully *j* accomplished all that obedience which Christ hath accomplished for me; *k* inasmuch as I embrace such benefit with a believing heart.

b Rom. 3: 22, etc. Gal. 2: 16. Eph. 2: 8, 9. *c* Rom. 3: 9, etc. *d* Rom. 7: 23. *e* Rom. 3: 24. *f* Tit. 3: 5. Eph. 2: 8, 9. *g* Rom. 4: 4, 5. 2 Cor. 5: 19. *h* Rom. 4: 24. *i* Rom. 3: 24, 25. *j* 2 Cor. 5: 21. *k* Rom. 3: 28. John 3: 18.

Q. 61. Why sayest thou, that thou art righteous by faith only?

A. Not that I am acceptable to God on account of the *l* worthiness of my faith; but because only the satisfaction, righteousness and holiness of Christ is my righteousness before *m* God; and that I cannot receive *n* and apply the same to myself in any other way than by faith only.

l Psa. 16: 2. Eph. 2: 8, 9. *m* 1 Cor. 1: 30. 1 Cor. 2: 2. *n* 1 John 5: 10.

XXIV. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 62. But why cannot our good works be the whole or part of our righteousness before God?

A. Because that the righteousness, which can be approved of before the tribunal of God, must be absolutely perfect, and in all respects *a* conformable to the divine law: and also that our best works in this life are all imperfect and *b* defiled with sin.

a Gal. 3: 10. Deut. 27: 26. *b* Isa. 64: 6.

Q. 63. What! do not our good works merit, which yet God will reward in this and in a future life?

A. This reward is not of merit, but of grace. *c*

c Luke 17: 10.

Q. 64. But doth not this doctrine make men careless and profane?

A. By no means: for it is impossible that those who are implanted into Christ by a true faith, should not bring forth fruits of *d* thankfulness.

d Matt. 7: 17, 18. John 15: 5.

XXV. LORD'S DAY.

Of the Sacraments.

Q. 65. Since then we are made partakers of Christ and all his benefits by faith only, whence doth this faith proceed?

A. From the Holy Ghost, who works *a* faith in our hearts by the preaching of the gospel, and *b* confirms it by the use of the sacraments.

a Eph. 2: 8 and 6: 23. Phil. 1: 29. *b* Matt. 28: 19. Rom. 4: 11.

Q. 66. What are the sacraments?

A. The sacraments are holy visible signs and seals, appointed of God for this end, that by the use thereof he may the more fully declare and seal to us the promise of the gospel, viz: that he grants us freely the remission of sin and *c* life eternal, for the sake of that one sacrifice of Christ, accomplished on the cross.

c Gen. 17: 11. Rom. 4: 11. Ex. 12: Lev. 6: 25. Acts 22: 16 and 2: 38. Matt. 26: 28.

Q. 67. Are both word and sacraments, then, ordained and appointed for this end, that they may direct our faith to the sacrifice of Jesus Christ on the cross, as the only ground of our salvation?

A. Yes, indeed: for the Holy Ghost teaches us in the gospel, and assures us by the sacraments, *d* that the whole of our salvation depends upon that one sacrifice of Christ which he offered for us on the cross.

d Rom. 6: 3. Gal. 3: 27.

Q. 68. How many sacraments has Christ instituted in the new covenant or testament?

A. *e* Two: namely, holy baptism and the holy supper.

e 1 Cor. 10: 2–4.

XXVI. LORD'S DAY.

Of Holy Baptism.

Q. 69. How art thou admonished and assured by holy baptism, that the one sacrifice of Christ upon the cross is of real advantage to thee?

A. Thus: That Christ appointed *a* this external washing with water, adding thereto this *b* promise, that I am as certainly washed by his blood and Spirit from all the pollution of my soul, that is, from all my sins, as I am *c* washed externally with water, by which the filthiness of the body is commonly washed away.

a Matt. 28: 19. Acts 2: 38. *b* Mark 16: 16. Matt. 3: 11. Rom. 6: 3. *c* Mark 1: 4. Luke 3: 3.

Q. 70. What is it to be washed with the blood and Spirit of Christ?

A. It is to receive of God the remission of sins, freely, for the sake of Christ's blood, which he *d* shed for us by his sacrifice upon the cross: and also to be renewed by the Holy Ghost, and sanctified to be members of Christ; that so we may more and more die unto sin, and *e* lead holy and unblamable lives.

d Heb. 12: 24. 1 Pet. 1: 2. Rev. 1: 5. *e* John 1: 33. Rom. 6: 4. Col. 2: 11.

Q. 71. Where has Christ promised us that he will as certainly wash us by his blood and Spirit, as we are washed with the water of baptism?

A. In the institution of baptism which is thus expressed, "*f* go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, *g*," "he that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned." This promise is also repeated, where the scripture calls baptism "the *h* washing of regeneration, and the washing *i* away of sins."

f Matt. 28: 19. *g* Mark 16: 16. *h* Tit. 3: 5. *i* Acts 22: 16.

XXVII. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 72. Is, then, the external baptism with water, the washing away of sin itself?

A. Not at all: for the *a* blood of Jesus Christ only, and the Holy Ghost, cleanse us from all *b* sin.

a Matt. 3: 11. 1 Pet. 3: 21. *b* 1 John 1: 7. 1 Cor. 6: 11.

Q. 73. Why then doth the Holy Ghost call baptism "the washing of regeneration," and "the washing away of sins?"

A. God speaks thus not without great cause, to wit, not only thereby to teach us, that as the filth of the body is purged away by water, so our sins are *c* removed by the blood and Spirit of Jesus Christ; but especially, that by *d* this divine pledge and sign he may assure us, that we are spiritually cleansed from our sins, as really as we are externally washed with water.

c Rev 1: 5. 1 Cor. 6: 11. *d* Mark 16: 16. Gal. 3: 27.

Q. 74. Are infants also to be baptized?

A. Yes; for since they, as well as the adult, are included in the *e* covenant and *f* Church of God; and since *g* redemption from sin by the blood of Christ, and the *h* Holy Ghost, the author of faith is promised to them no less than to the adult; they must therefore by baptism, as a sign of the covenant, be also admitted into the Christian Church; and be distinguished *i* from the children of infidels, as was done in the old covenant or testament by *j* circumcision, instead of which, *k* baptism is instituted in the new covenant.

e Gen. 17: 7. Acts 2: 39. *f* 1 Cor. 7: 14. Joel 2: 16. *g* Matt. 19: 14. *h* Luke 1: 15. Psa 22: 10. Acts 2: 39. *i* Acts 10: 47. 1 Cor. 12: 13 and 7: 14. *j* Gen. 17: 14. *k* Col. 2: 11–13.

Of the Holy Supper of our Lord Jesus Christ.

XXVIII. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 75. How art thou admonished and assured in the Lord's supper, that thou art a partaker of that one sacrifice of Christ, accomplished on the cross, and of all his benefits?

A. Thus: That Christ has commanded me and all believers, to eat of this broken bread, and to drink of this cup, in remembrance of him; *a* adding these promises: first, that his body was offered and broken on the cross for me, and his blood shed for me, as certainly as I see with my eyes, the bread of the Lord broken for me, and the cup communicated to me: and further, that he feeds and nourishes my soul to everlasting life, with his crucified body and shed blood, as assuredly as I receive from the hands of the minister, and taste with my mouth the bread and cup of the Lord, as certain signs of the body and blood of Christ.

a Matt 26: 26–28. Mark 14: 22–24. Luke 22: 19, 20. 1 Cor. 10: 16 and 11: 23–25.

Q. 76. What is it then to eat the crucified body, and drink the shed blood of Christ?

A. It is not only to embrace with a believing heart all the sufferings and death of Christ, and thereby to *b* obtain the pardon of sin and life eternal; but also, besides that, to become more and more *c* united

to his sacred body, by the Holy Ghost, who dwells both in Christ and in us; so that we, *d* though Christ is in heaven and we on earth, are notwithstanding "Flesh of his flesh, and bone of *e* his bone;" and that we live *f* and are governed for ever by one Spirit, as members of the same body are by one soul.

b John 6: 35, 40, 47, 48, 50, 51, 53, 54. *c* John 6: 55, 56. *d* Acts 1: 9–11 and 3: 21. 1 Cor. 11: 26. *e* Eph. 5: 29–32. 1 Cor. 6: 15, 17, 19. 1 John 3: 24. *f* John 6: 56–58. Eph. 4: 15, 16.

Q. 77. Where has Christ promised that he will as certainly feed and nourish believers with his body and blood, as they eat of this broken bread, and drink of this cup?

A. In the institution of the supper, which is thus expressed; *g* "The Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat; this is my body, which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of me: after the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, this *h* cup is the new testament in my blood; *i* this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For, as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come."

This promise is repeated by the holy apostle Paul, where he says, *j* "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? for we, being many, are one bread and one body, because we are all partakers of that one bread."

g 1 Cor. 11: 23. Matt. 26: 26. Mark 14: 22. Luke 22: 19. *h* Ex. 24: 8. Heb. 9: 20. *i* Ex. 13: 9. 1 Cor. 11: 26. *j* 1 Cor. 10: 16, 17.

XXIX. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 78. Do then the bread and wine become the very body and blood of Christ?

A. Not at all: *a* but as the water in baptism is not changed into the blood of Christ, neither is the washing away of sin itself, being only the sign and confirmation thereof appointed of God; so the bread in the Lord's supper is not changed into the very *b* body of Christ; though agreeably to the *c* nature and properties of sacraments, it is called the body of Christ Jesus.

a 1 Cor. 10: 1–4. 1 Pet. 3: 21. John 6: 35, 62, 63. *b* 1 Cor. 10: 16, etc., and 11: 20, etc. *c* Gen. 17: 10, 11, 14. Ex. 12: 26, 27, 43, 48. Acts 7: 8. Matt. 26: 26. Mark 14: 24.

Q. 79. Why then doth Christ call the bread his body, and the cup his blood, or the new covenant in his blood; and Paul the "Communion of the body and blood of Christ?"

A. Christ speaks thus, not without great reason, namely, not only thereby to teach us, that as bread and wine support this temporal life, so his crucified body and shed blood are the true meat and drink, whereby our souls are *d* fed to eternal life; but more especially by these visible signs and pledges to assure us, that we are as really partakers of this true body and blood (by the operation of the Holy Ghost) as we *e* receive by the mouths of our bodies these holy signs in remembrance of him; and that all his sufferings *f* and obedience are as certainly ours, as if we had in our own persons suffered and made satisfaction for our sins to God.

d John 6: 51, 55, 56. *e* 1 Cor. 10: 16, 17 and 11: 26–28. Eph. 5: 30. *f* Rom. 5: 9, 18, 19 and 8: 4.

XXX. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 80. What difference is there between the Lord's supper and the popish mass?

A. The Lord's supper testifies to us, that we have a full pardon of all sin *a* by the only sacrifice of Jesus Christ, which he himself has once accomplished on the cross; and that we by the Holy Ghost are ingrafted *b* into Christ, who, according to his human nature, is now not on earth, but in *c* heaven, at the right hand of God his Father, and will there *d* be worshipped by us: but the mass teacheth, that the living and dead have not the pardon of sins through the sufferings of Christ unless Christ is also daily offered for them by the priests; and further, that Christ is bodily under the form of bread and wine, and therefore is to be *e* worshipped in them; so that the mass, at bottom, is nothing else than a *f* denial of the one sacrifice and sufferings of Jesus Christ, and an accursed idolatry.

a Heb. 7: 27 and 9: 12, 26. Matt. 26: 28. Luke 22: 19, 28. 2 Cor. 5: 21. *b* 1 Cor. 6: 17 and 12: 13. *c* Heb. 1: 3 and 8: 1, etc. *d* Col. 3: 1. Phil. 3: 20. Luke 24: 52, 53. Acts 7: 55. *e* In canone Missæ and de consecra. distinct. 2. Concil. Trid. Sess. 13. 15. *f* Isa. 1: 11, 14. Matt. 15: 9. Col. 2: 22, 23. Jer 2: 13.

Q. 81. For whom is the Lord's Supper instituted?

A. For those who are truly sorrowful *g* for their sins, and yet trust that these are forgiven them for the sake of Christ; and that their remaining infirmities *h* are covered by his passion and death; and who also earnestly *i* desire to have their faith more and more strengthened, and their lives more holy; but hypocrites, and such as turn not to God, with sincere hearts, eat and *j* drink judgment to themselves.

g Matt. 5: 3, 6. Luke 7: 37, 38 and 15: 18, 19. Isa 66: 2. *h* Psa. 103: 3. *i* Psa. 116: 12–14. 1 Pet. 2: 11, 12. *j* 1 Cor. 10: 20, etc., and 11: 28, etc. Tit. 1: 16. Psa. 50: 15, 16.

Q. 82. Are they also to be admitted to this supper, who, by confession and life, declare themselves infidels and ungodly?

A. No: for by this, the covenant of God would be profaned, and his wrath *k* kindled against the whole congregation: therefore it is the duty of the Christian Church, according to the appointment of *l* Christ and his apostles, to exclude such persons, by the keys of the kingdom of heaven, till they show amendment of life.

k 1 Cor. 10: 21 and 11: 30, 31. Isa. 1: 11 13. Jer. 7: 21. Psa. 50: 16, 22. *l* Matt. 18: 17, 18.

XXXI LORD'S DAY.

Q. 83. What are *a* the keys of the kingdom of heaven?

A. The preaching *b* of the holy Gospel, and Christian discipline, *c* or excommunication out of the Christian Church: by these two, the kingdom of heaven is opened to believers, and shut against unbelievers.

a Matt. 16: 19. *b* John 20: 23. *c* Matt. 18: 15–18.

Q. 84. How is the kingdom of heaven opened and shut by the preaching of the holy Gospel?

A. Thus: when according to the command of *d* Christ, it is declared and publicly testified to all and every believer, that, whenever they *e* receive the promise of the gospel by a true faith, all their sins are

really forgiven them of God, for the sake of Christ's merits; and on the contrary, when it is declared and testified to all unbelievers, and such as do not sincerely repent, that they stand exposed to the wrath of God, and eternal *f* condemnation, so long as they are *g* unconverted; according to which testimony of the gospel, God will judge them both in this and the life to come.

d Matt. 28: 19. *e* John 3: 18, 36. Mark 16: 16. *f* 2 Thess. 1: 7–9. *g* John 20: 21–23. Matt. 16: 19. Rom. 2: 2, 13–17.

Q. 85. How is the kingdom of heaven shut and opened by Christian discipline?

A. Thus: when according *h* to the command of Christ, those, who under the name of Christians, maintain doctrines or practices *i* inconsistent therewith, and will not, after having been often brotherly admonished, renounce their errors and wicked course of life, are complained of to the Church, *j* or to those, who are thereunto *k* appointed by the Church: and if they despise their admonition, *l* are by them forbid the use the sacraments: whereby they are excluded from the Christian Church, and by God himself from the kingdom of Christ; and when they promise and show real amendments, are again *m* received as members of Christ and his Church.

h Matt. 18: 15. *i* 1 Cor. 5: 12. *j* Matt. 18: 15–18. *k* Rom. 12: 7–9. 1 Cor. 12: 28. 1 Tim. 5: 17. 2 Thess. 3: 14. *l* Matt. 18: 17. 1 Cor. 5: 3–5. *m* 2 Cor. 2: 6–8. 10: 11. Luke 15: 18.

THE THIRD PART.

Of Thankfulness.

XXXII. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 86. Since then we are delivered from our misery, merely of grace, through Christ, without any merit of ours, why must we still do good works?

A. Because Christ, having redeemed and delivered us by his blood, also renews us by his Holy Spirit, after his own image; that so we may testify by the whole of our conduct, our gratitude *a* to God for his blessings, and that he may be *b* praised by us; also, that every one may be *c* assured in himself of his faith, by the fruits thereof; and that, by our godly conversation, others may be *d* gained to Christ.

a 1 Cor. 6: 19, 20. Rom. 6: 13 and 12: 1, 2. 1 Pet. 2: 5, 9, 10. *b* Matt. 5: 16. 1 Pet. 2: 12. *c* 2 Pet. 1: 10. Gal. 5: 6, 24. 1 Pet. 3: 1, 2. Matt. 5: 16. Rom. 14: 19.

Q. 87. Cannot they then be saved, who continuing in their wicked and ungrateful lives, are not converted to God?

A. By no means: for the holy Scripture declares *e* that no unchaste person, idolater, adulterer, thief, covetous man, drunkard, slanderer, robber, or any such like, shall inherit the kingdom of God.

e 1 Cor. 6: 9, 10. Eph. 5: 5, 6. 1 John 3: 14, 15. Gal. 5: 21.

XXXIII. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 88. Of how many parts doth the true conversion of man consist?

A. Of two parts; of *a* the mortification of the old, and of the quickening of the new man.

a Rom. 6: 4–6. Eph. 4: 22, 23. Col. 3: 5. 1 Cor. 5: 7.

Q. 89. What is the mortification of the old man?

A. It is a *b* sincere sorrow of heart, that we have provoked God by our sins, and more and more to hate and flee from them

b Psa. 51: 3, 8, 17. Luke 15: 18. Rom. 8: 13. Joel 1: 12, 13.

Q. 90. What is the quickening of the new man?

A. It is a sincere joy of heart in God, through Christ, *c* and with love and *d* delight to live according to the will of God in all good works.

c Rom. 5: 1, 2 and 14: 17. Isa. 57: 15. *d* Rom. 6: 10, 11. 1 Pet. 4: 2. Gal. 2: 20.

Q. 91. But what are good works?

A. Only those which proceed from a true *e* faith, are performed according to the *f* law of God, and to his *g* glory; and not such as are *h* founded on our imaginations, or the institutions of men.

e Rom. 14: 23. *f* 1 Sam. 15: 22. Eph. 2: 2, 10. *g* 1 Cor. 10: 31. *h* Deut. 12: 32. Ezek. 20: 18. Matt. 15: 9.

XXXIV. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 92. What is the law of God?

A. God spake all these words, *Exod.* xx., *Deut.* v., saying, I am the LORD thy God which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Com. *Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*

II. *Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, nor any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I, the LORD thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.*

III. *Thou shalt not take the name of the LORD thy God in vain: for the LORD will not hold him guiltless, that taketh his name in vain.*

IV. *Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the LORD thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the LORD blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.*

V. *Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land, which the LORD thy God giveth thee.*

VI. *Thou shalt not kill.*

VII. *Thou shalt not commit adultery.*

VIII. *Thou shalt not steal.*

IX. *Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.*

X. *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house; thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.*

Q. 93. How are these ten commands divided?

A. Into two *a* tables: the *b* first of which teaches us, how we must behave towards God; the second, what duties we owe to our neighbour.

a Ex. 34: 28, 29. Deut. 4: 13 and 10: 3, 4. *b* Matt. 22; 37–39.

Q. 94. What doth God enjoin in the first command?

A. That I, as sincerely as I desire the salvation of my own soul, avoid and flee from all *c* idolatry, sorcery, *d* soothsaying, superstition, *e* invocation of saints, or any other creatures; and learn *f* rightly to know the only true God; *g* trust in him alone; with humility *h* and patience *i* submit to him; *j* expect all good things from him only; *k* love, *l* fear, and *m* glorify him with my whole heart: so that I renounce *n* and forsake all creatures, rather than *o* commit even the least thing contrary to his will.

c 1 Cor. 6: 9, 10 and 10: 7, 14. Lev. 18: 21. *d* Deut. 18: 10–12. *e* Matt. 4: 10. Rev. 19: 10. *f* John 17: 3. *g* Jer. 17: 5, 7. *h* Heb. 10: 36. Col. 1: 11. Rom. 5: 3, 4. Phil. 2: 14. *i* 1 Pet. 5: 5, 6. *j* Psa. 104: 27. Isa. 45: 7. James 1: 17. *k* Deut. 6: 5. Matt. 22: 37. *l* Deut. 6: 13. Matt. 10: 28. *m* Matt. 5: 16. *n* Matt. 5: 29, 30. Acts 5: 29. Matt. 10: 37. *o* Matt. 5: 19.

Q. 95. What is idolatry?

A. Idolatry is, instead of or besides that one true God, who has manifested himself in his word, to contrive or have any other object, in which men place their trust. *p*

p 2 Chron. 16: 12. Phil. 3: 19. Gal. 4: 8. Eph. 2: 12. Col. 3: 5.

XXXV. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 96. What doth God require in the second command?

A. That we in no wise *a* represent God by images, nor worship *b* him in any other way than he has commanded in his word.

a Deut. 4: 15. Isa. 40: 18. Rom. 1: 23, etc. Acts 17: 29. *b* 1 Sam. 15: 23. Deut. 12: 30.

Q. 97. Are images then not at all to be made?

A. God neither can, nor *c* may be represented by any means: but as to creatures, though they may be represented, yet God forbids to make, or have any resemblance of them, either in order to worship them, *d* or to serve God by them.

c Deut. 4: 15, 16. Isa. 46: 5. Rom. 1: 23. *d* Ex. 23: 24 and 34: 13, 14. Numb. 33: 52. Deut. 7: 5.

Q. 98. But may not images be tolerated in the churches, as books of the laity?

A. No: for we must not pretend to be wiser than God, who will have his people taught, *e* not by dumb images, *f* but by the lively preaching of his word.

e Jer. 10: 1, etc. Hab. 2: 18, 19. *f* 2 Tim. 3: 16. 2 Pet. 1: 19.

XXXVI. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 99. What is required in the third command?

A. That we, not only by cursing or *a* perjury, but also by *b* rash swearing, must not profane or abuse the name of God, nor by silence

or connivance be partakers of these horrible sins in others; and, thirdly, that we use the holy name of God no otherwise than with fear and reverence; so that he may be rightly *d* confessed and worshipped by us, and be *f* glorified in all our words and works.

a Lev. 24: 11 and 19: 12. *b* Matt. 5: 37. Lev. 5: 4. *c* Isa. 45: 23, 24. *d* Matt. 10: 32. *e* 1 Tim. 2: 8. *f* 1 Cor. 10: 31. Col. 3: 17.

Q. 100. Is then the profaning of God's name, by swearing and cursing, so heinous a sin, that his wrath is kindled against those who do not endeavour, as much as in them lies, to prevent and forbid such cursing and swearing?

A. It undoubtedly is: *g* for there is no sin greater, or more provoking to God, than the profaning of his name; and therefore he has commanded this *h* sin to be punished with death.

g Lev. 5: 1. *h* Lev. 24: 15.

XXXVII. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 101. May we then swear religiously by the name of God?

A. Yes: either when the magistrates demand it of the subjects, or when necessity requires us thereby to confirm *a* fidelity and truth to the glory of God, and the safety of our neighbour: for such an oath is *b* founded on God's word, and therefore was justly *c* used by the saints, both in the Old and New Testament.

a Ex. 22: 11. Neh. 13: 25. *b* Deut. 6: 13. Heb. 6: 16. *c* Gen. 21: 24. Jos. 9: 15, 19. 1 Sam. 24: 22. 2 Cor. 1: 23. Rom. 1: 9.

Q. 102. May we also swear by saints or any other creatures?

A. No: for a lawful oath is calling upon God, as the only one who knows the heart; that he will bear witness to the truth, and punish me, if I swear *d* falsely; which honour is *e* due to no creature.

d 2 Cor. 1: 23. *e* Matt. 5: 34, 35.

XXXVIII. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 103. What doth God require in the fourth command?

A. First; that the ministry of the Gospel, and the schools be *a* maintained; and that I, especially on the Sabbath, *b* that is, on the day of rest, *c* diligently frequent the Church of God, *d* to hear his word, to use the sacraments, *e* publicly to call upon the Lord, and contribute to the relief of the *f* poor, as becomes a Christian; secondly, that all the days of my life I cease from my evil works, and yield myself to the Lord, to work by his Holy Spirit in me: and thus *g* begin in this life the eternal Sabbath.

a Deut. 12: 19. Tit. 1: 5. 1 Tim. 3: 15. 1 Cor. 9: 11. 2 Tim. 2: 2 and 3: 15. *b* Lev. 23: 3. *c* Acts 2: 42, 46. 1 Cor. 14: 19, 29, 31. *d* 1 Cor. 11: 33. Heb. 10: 25. *e* 1 Tim. 2: 1. *f* 1 Cor. 16: 2. *g* Isa. 66: 23.

XXXIX. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 104. What doth God require in the fifth command?

A. That I show all honour, love and fidelity, to my father and mother, and all in authority over me, and *a* submit myself to their

good instruction and correction, with due obedience; and also patiently bear with their *b* weaknesses and infirmities, since it pleases *c* God to govern us by their hand.

a Eph. 6: 1, 2, etc. Col. 3: 18, 20. Eph. 5: 22. Rom. 1: 30. *b* Prov. 23: 22. *c* Eph. 6: 5, 6. Col. 3: 19, 21. Rom. 13: 1–8. Matt. 22: 21.

XL. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 105. What doth God require in the sixth command?

A. That neither in thoughts, nor words, nor gestures, much less in deeds, I dishonour, hate, wound or *a* kill my neighbour, by myself or by another; but that I lay *b* aside all desire of revenge; also, that I *c* hurt not myself, nor wilfully expose myself to any danger: wherefore also the magistrate *d* is armed with the sword, to prevent murder.

a Matt. 5: 21, 22. Prov. 12: 18. Matt. 26: 52. *b* Eph. 4: 26. Rom. 12: 19. Matt. 5: 39, 40. *c* Matt. 4: 5–7. Col. 2: 23. *d* Gen. 9: 6. Matt. 26: 52. Rom. 13: 4.

Q. 106. But this command seems only to speak of murder?

A. In forbidding murder, God teaches us that he abhors the causes thereof: such as *e* envy, *f* hatred, anger, and desire of revenge; and that *g* he accounts all these as murder.

e James 1: 20. Gal. 5: 20. *f* Rom. 1: 29. 1 John 2: 9. *g* 1 John 3: 15.

Q. 107. But is it enough that we do not kill any man in the manner mentioned above?

A. No: for when God forbids envy, hatred and anger, he commands us to *h* love our neighbour as ourselves; to show *i* patience, peace, *j* meekness, *k* mercy, and all kindness, towards him; *l* and prevent his hurt as much as in us lies: and that we *m* do good even to our enemies.

h Matt. 22: 39 and 7: 12. *i* Rom. 12: 10. *j* Eph. 4: 2. Gal. 6: 1, 2. Matt. 5: 5. Rom. 12: 18. *k* Ex. 23: 5. *l* Matt. 5: 45. *m* Rom. 12: 20.

XLI. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 108. What doth the seventh command teach us?

A. That all uncleanness is accursed *a* of God; and that therefore we must with all our hearts *b* detest the same, and live *c* chastely and temperately, whether in *d* holy wedlock or in a single life.

a Lev. 18: 27. *b* Deut. 29: 20–23. Jude 23. *c* 1 Thess. 4: 3, 4. *d* Heb. 13: 4. 1 Cor. 7: 4, 9.

Q. 109. Doth God forbid in this command, only adultery, and such like gross sins?

A. Since both our body and soul are temples of the Holy Ghost, he commands us to preserve them pure and holy; therefore he forbids all unchaste actions, *e* gestures, words, thoughts, *f* desires, and whatever *g* can entice men thereto.

e Eph. 5: 3. 1 Cor. 6: 18. *f* Matt. 5: 28. *g* Eph. 5: 18. 1 Cor. 15: 33.

XLII. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 110. What doth God forbid in the eighth command?

A. God forbids not only those *a* thefts, and *b* robberies, which are punishable by the magistrate; but he comprehends under the name of theft all wicked tricks and devices, whereby we design to *c* appropriate to ourselves the goods which belong to our neighbour: whether it be by force, or under the appearance of *right;* as by unjust *d* weights, ells, *e* measures, *fraudulent* merchandise, false coins, *f* usury, or by any other way forbidden by God; as also all *g* covetousness, all abuse and waste of his gifts.

a 1 Cor. 6: 10. *b* 1 Cor. 5: 10. *c* Luke 3: 14. 1 Thess. 4: 6. *d* Prov. 11: 1. *e* Ezek. 45: 9–11. Deut. 25: 13. *f* Psa. 15: 5. Luke 6: 35. *g* Luke 12: 15.

Q. 111. But what doth God require in this command?

A. That I promote the advantage of my neighbour in every instance I can or may; and deal with him as I *h* desire to be dealt with by others; further also, that I faithfully labour, so that I *i* may be able to relieve the needy.

h Matt. 7: 12. *i* Phil. 2: 4. Eph. 4: 28.

XLIII. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 112. What is required in the ninth command?

A. That I bear false witness *a* against no man; nor falsify *b* any man's words; that I be no backbiter, *c* nor slanderer; that I do not judge, or join *d* in condemning any man rashly, or unheard; but that I *e* avoid all sorts of lies and deceit, as the proper works *f* of the devil, unless I would bring down upon me *g* the heavy wrath of God: likewise that in judgment and all other dealings I love the truth, speak it uprightly *h* and confess it; also that I defend and promote, *i* as much as I am able, the honour and good character of my neighbour.

a Prov. 19: 5, 9 and 21: 28. *b* Psa. 15: 3. *c* Rom. 1: 29, 30. *d* Matt. 7: 1, etc. Luke 6: 37. *e* Lev. 19: 11. *f* John 8: 44. *g* Prov. 12: 22 and 13: 5. *h* 1 Cor. 13: 6. Eph. 4: 25. *i* 1 Pet. 4: 8, and 2: 17. Phil. 2: 3.

XLIV. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 113. What doth the tenth commandment require of us?

A. That even the smallest inclination or thought, contrary to any of God's commands, never rise in our hearts; but that at all times we hate all sin with our whole hearts, *a* and delight in all righteousness.

a Rom. 7: 7, etc. James 1: 14, 15.

Q. 114. But can those, who are converted to God, perfectly keep these commands?

A. No: but even the holiest men, while in this life have only small beginnings of this *b* obedience; yet so, that with a *c* sincere resolution, they begin to live, not only according to some, but all the commands of God.

b Rom. 7: 14. James 3: 2. *c* Rom. 7: 22, 15, etc.

Q. 115. Why will God then have the ten commands so strictly preached, since no man in this life can keep them?

A. First: that all our life time, we may learn *d* more and more to know our sinful nature, and thus become the more earnest in seeking the remission of sin, *e* and righteousness in Christ; likewise, that we constantly endeavour and pray to God for the grace of the Holy Spirit; that we may become more and more conformable to the image of God, *f* till we arrive at the perfection proposed to us, in a life to come.

d 1 John 1: 9. Rom. 3: 20, 5: 13 and 7: 7. *e* Rom. 7: 24. *f* 1 Cor. 9: 24. Phil. 3: 12–14.

Of Prayer.

XLV. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 116. Why is prayer necessary for Christians?

A. Because it is the chief part of *a* thankfulness which God requires of us; and also because God will give his grace and Holy Spirit to those only, who with sincere desires continually ask them of him, and *b* are thankful for them.

a Psa. 50: 14, 15. Phil. 4: 6. *b* Matt. 7: 7, 8. Luke 11: 9, 13. Psa. 50: 15.

Q. 117. What are the requisites of that prayer, which is acceptable to God, and which he will hear?

A. First, that we from the heart *c* pray to the one true God only, who hath manifested himself in his word, for all things he hath commanded us to ask of him: *d* secondly, that we rightly and thoroughly know our need and misery, that so we may *e* deeply humble ourselves in the presence of his Divine Majesty: thirdly, that we be fully persuaded that he, notwithstanding we are *f* unworthy of it, will, for the sake of Christ our Lord, certainly *g* hear our prayer, as he has *h* promised us in his word.

c John 4: 22, 23. Heb. 11: 6. *d* Rom. 8: 26. *e* 2 Chron. 7: 14. James 4: 6. *f* Luke 18: 13. Dan. 9: 18. *g* Psa. 34: 15-17. Isa. 66: 2. 1 John 5: 14, 15. *h* Rom. 8: 15 and 10: 13. James 1: 6, etc. John 14: 13, 14. Matt. 7: 8. Psa. 143: 1.

Q. 118. What hath God commanded us to ask of him?

A. All *i* things necessary for soul and body; which Christ our Lord has comprised in that prayer, he himself *j* has taught us.

i James 1: 17. Matt. 6: 33. *j* Matt. 6: 9, 10, etc. Luke 11: 2, etc.

Q. 119. What are the words of that prayer?

A. *Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever.* AMEN.

XLVI. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 120. Why hath Christ commanded us to address God thus: "*Our Father?*"

A. That immediately, in the very beginning of our prayer, he might excite in us a child-like reverence for, and confidence in God, which are the foundation of our prayer: namely, that God has become our Father in Christ, *a* and will much less deny us what we ask of him in true faith, than our parents *b* will refuse us earthly things.

a Matt. 6: 9. *b* Matt. 7: 9-11. Luke 11: 11. Isa. 49: 15.

Q. 121. Why is it here added, "*Which art in heaven?*"

A. Lest we should form any *c* earthly conceptions of God's heavenly majesty, and that we *d* may expect from his almighty power all things necessary for soul and body.

c Jer. 23: 24. *d* Acts 17: 24. Rom. 10: 12.

XLVII. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 122 Which is the first petition?

A. *a* "*Hallowed be thy name;*" that is, grant us first rightly *b* to know thee, and to *c* sanctify, glorify and praise thee, in all thy works, in which thy power, wisdom, goodness, justice, mercy and truth, are clearly displayed; and further, also, that we may so order and direct our whole lives, our thoughts, words and actions, that thy name may never be blasphemed, but rather *d* honoured and praised on our account.

a Matt. 6: 9. *b* John 17: 3. Jer. 9: 23, 24. Matt. 16: 17. James 1: 5. *c* Psa. 119: 137, 138. Luke 1: 46. Psa. 145: 8, 9. *d* Psa. 115: 1 and 71: 8.

XLVIII. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 123. Which is the second petition?

A. *a* "*Thy Kingdom come;*" that is, rule us so by thy word and Spirit, that we may *b* submit ourselves more and more to thee; preserve and *c* increase thy Church; destroy the *d* works of the devil, and all violence which would exalt itself against thee; and also, all wicked counsels devised against thy holy word; till the full *e* perfection of thy kingdom takes place, *f* wherein thou shalt be all in all.

a Matt. 6: 10. *b* Matt. 6: 33. Psa. 119: 5. *c* Psa. 51: 18. *d* 1 John 3: 8. Rom. 16: 20. *e* Rev. 22: 17, 20. *f* 1 Cor. 15: 28.

XLIX. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 124. Which is the third petition?

A. *a* "*Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven;*" that is, grant that we and all men may renounce *b* our own will, and without murmuring *c* obey thy will, which is only good; that so every one may attend to and *d* perform the duties of his station and calling, as willingly and faithfully as the *e* angels do in heaven.

a Matt. 6: 10. *b* Matt. 16: 24. Tit. 2: 12. *c* Luke 22: 42. *d* 1 Cor. 7: 24. Eph. 4: 1. *e* Psa. 103: 20.

L. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 125. Which is the fourth petition?

A. *a* "*Give us this day our daily bread;*" that is, be pleased to provide us with all things *b* necessary for the body, that we may thereby acknowledge thee to be the only fountain of all *c* good, and that neither our care nor industry, nor even thy gifts can *d* profit us without thy blessing; and therefore that we may withdraw our trust from all creatures, and place *e* it alone in thee.

a Matt. 6: 11. *b* Psa. 145: 15. Matt. 6: 25, etc. *c* Acts 17: 25 and 14: 17. *d* 1 Cor. 15: 58. Deut. 8: 3. Psa. 127: 1, 2. *e* Psa. 62: 8, 10 and 55: 22.

LI. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 126. Which is the fifth petition?

A. *a* "*And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors;*" that is, be pleased for the sake of Christ's blood, *b* not to impute to us, poor sinners, our transgressions, nor that depravity which always cleaves to us; even as we feel this evidence of thy grace in us, that it is our firm resolution, from the heart to *c* forgive our neighbour.

a Matt. 6: 12. *b* Psa. 51: 1. 1 John 2: 1, 2. *c* Matt. 6: 14, 15.

LII. LORD'S DAY.

Q. 127. Which is the sixth petition?

A. *a* "*And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil;*" that is, since we are so weak in ourselves, that we cannot stand *b* a moment; and besides this, since our mortal enemies, *c* the devil, the *d* world, and our own *e* flesh cease not to assault us; do thou, therefore, preserve and strengthen us by the power of thy Holy Spirit, that we may not be overcome in this spiritual warfare; *f* but constantly and strenuously may resist our foes, till at last we *g* obtain a complete victory.

a Matt. 6: 13. *b* John 15: 5. Psa. 103: 14. *c* 1 Pet. 5: 8. *d* Eph. 6: 12. John 15: 19. *e* Rom. 7: 23. Gal. 5: 17. *f* Matt. 26: 41. Mark 13: 33. *g* 1 Thess. 3: 13 and 5: 23.

Q. 128. How dost thou conclude thy prayer?

A. *h* "*For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory for ever;*" that is, all these we ask of thee, because thou, being our King and almighty, art willing and able to *i* give us all good; and all this we pray for, that thereby not we, but thy holy name *j* may be glorified for ever.

h Matt. 6: 13. *i* Rom. 10: 12. 2 Pet. 2: 9. *j* John 14: 13. Psa. 115: 1. Phil. 4: 20.

Q. 129. What doth the word "*Amen*" signify?

A. "*Amen*" signifies, it shall *k* truly and certainly be; for my prayer is more assuredly heard *l* of God, than I feel in my heart that I desire these things of him.

k Jer. 28: 6. 2 Cor. 1: 20. *l* Isa. 65: 24. 2 Tim. 2: 13.

A COMPENDIUM

OF

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION,

FOR THOSE WHO INTEND TO APPROACH THE HOLY SUPPER OF THE LORD.

Question 1. How many things are necessary for thee to know, that thou enjoying real comfort mayest live and die happily?

Answer. Three: first, how great my sins and miseries are: the second, how I may be delivered from all my sins and miseries: the third, how I shall express my gratitude to God for such deliverance.

THE FIRST PART.

Of the Misery of Man.

Q. 2. Whence knowest thou thy misery?

A. Out of the law of God.

Q. 3. What hath God commanded thee in his law?

A. That is contained in the ten commandments, which he hath revealed in Scripture, as follows:

Exodus xx. and *Deut.* 5: 4, 5, &c. I am the LORD thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Com. *Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*

II. *Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, nor any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I, the LORD thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.*

III. *Thou shalt not take the name of the LORD thy God in vain: for the LORD will not hold him guiltless, that taketh his name in vain.*

IV. *Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the LORD thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the LORD blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.*

V. *Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land, which the LORD thy God giveth thee.*

VI. *Thou shalt not kill.*

VII. *Thou shalt not commit adultery.*

VIII. *Thou shalt not steal.*

IX. *Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.*

X. *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house; thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.*

Q. 4. How are the ten commandments divided?

A. Into two tables.

Q. 5. Which is the sum of what God requires of thee in the four commandments of the first table?

A. That I love the Lord my God with all my heart with all my soul, with all my mind, and with all my strength: this is the first and great commandment.

Q. 6. Which is the sum of what God commands thee in the six commandments of the second table?

A. That I love my neighbour as myself: on these two commandments hang the whole law and the prophets.

Q. 7. Canst thou keep all these things perfectly?

A. In no wise: for I am prone by nature to hate God and my neighbour; and to transgress the commandments of God in thought, word and deed.

Q. 8. Hath God created thee naturally so wicked and perverse?

A. By no means: but he created me good and after his own image, in the true knowledge of God, in righteousness and in holiness.

Q. 9. Whence then proceeds that depravity which is in thee?

A. From the fall and disobedience of Adam and Eve in Paradise; hence our nature is become so corrupt that we are all conceived and born in sin.

Q. 10. What was that disobedience?

A. That they did eat of the fruit of the tree, which God had forbidden them.

Q. 11. Does the disobedience of Adam concern us?

A. Certainly: for he is the father of us all; and we have all sinned in him.

Q. 12. Are we then incapable of doing any good of ourselves, and prone to all manner of wickedness?

A. Indeed we are: unless we are regenerated by the Spirit of God.

Q. 13. Will God suffer such disobedience and corruption to go unpunished?

A. By no means: but in his just judgment will punish them, both in time and eternity, as it is written: "cursed is every one that continueth not in all things, which are written in the book of the law, to do them."

THE SECOND PART.

Of Man's Deliverance.

Q. 14. By what means canst thou escape this punishment, and be again received into favour?

A. By such a Mediator, who is in one person very God, and a real righteous man.

Q. 15. Who is that Mediator?

A. Our Lord Jesus Christ, who in one person is true God, and a real righteous man.

Q. 16. Could not the angels be our mediators?

A. No: for they are neither God nor men.

Q. 17. Cannot the saints be our mediators?

A. No: for they themselves have sinned, and have obtained salvation by no other means than through this Mediator.

Q. 18. Shall all men then be saved by the Mediator, Jesus, as they are all condemned in Adam?

A. No: but those only who receive him by a true faith: as it is written, (John 3: 16,) "for God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Q. 19. What is true faith?

A. It is a certain knowledge of God, and of his promises revealed to us in the Gospel, and an hearty confidence that all my sins are forgiven me for Christ's sake.

Q. 20. What is the sum of that which God hath promised in the Gospel, and commanded us to believe?

A. That is comprehended in the twelve articles of the Catholic Christian Faith, which are as follows:

I. *I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth.*

II. *And in* JESUS CHRIST, *his only begotten Son, our Lord:*

III. *Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary:*

IV. *Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; he descended into hell.*

V. *The third day he rose again from the dead.*

VI. *He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty.*

VII. *From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.*

VIII. *I believe in the Holy Ghost.*

IX. *I believe in the holy Catholic Church: the communion of saints:*

X. *The forgiveness of sins:*

XI. *The resurrection of the body:*

XII. *And the life everlasting.*

Q. 21. When you profess to believe in God the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, do you mean three Gods thereby?

A. In no wise: for there is but one only true God.

Q. 22. Why do you then name three, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost?

A. Because God hath so revealed himself in his word, that these three distinct persons are the only one and true God, and we also are baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Q. 23. What believest thou when thou sayest, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth?"

A. That the eternal Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who of nothing made heaven and earth, and still upholds them by his providence, is my God and Father, for Christ his Son's sake.

Q. 24. What believest thou when thou sayest, "And in Jesus Christ his only begotten Son our Lord?"

A. That Jesus Christ is the eternal and only Son of the Father, coëssential with God the Father, and the Holy Ghost.

Q. 25. Do you not believe that he also became man?

A. Yes: for he was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary.

Q. 26. Is his Godhead then changed into humanity?

A. No: for the Godhead is immutable.

Q. 27. How is he then become man?

A. By assuming the human nature into a personal union with his divine.

Q. 28. Did he then bring his human nature from heaven?

A. No; but he took it on him of the Virgin Mary, by the operation of the Holy Ghost, and is thus become like unto us his brethren in all things, sin excepted, Heb. 2: 17 and 4: 15.

Q. 29. Why is he called Jesus, that is, Saviour?

A. Because he saves his people from their sins.

Q. 30. Is there no other Saviour?

A. No: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved, than the name of Jesus, Acts 4: 12.

Q. 31. Why is he called Christ, that is, Anointed?

A. Because he was anointed with the Holy Ghost, and ordained by God the Father, to be our chief Prophet, our only High Priest and our eternal King.

Q. 32. What then hath Jesus Christ done to save us?

A. He has suffered for us, was crucified and died, was buried, and descended into hell; that is, he suffered the torments of hell, and thus became obedient to his Father, that he might deliver us from the temporal and eternal punishment due to sin.

Q. 33. In which nature hath he suffered this?

A. Only in his human nature, that is, in soul and body.

Q. 34. What hath then his Godhead contributed hereto?

A. His Godhead, by its power, in such wise strengthened the assumed human nature, that it could bear the burden of God's wrath against sin, and deliver us from it.

Q. 35. Did Christ then remain under the power of death?

A. No: but he rose from the dead the third day for our justification, Rom. 4: 25.

Q. 36. Where is Christ now, as to his human nature?

A. He is ascended into heaven, and sits at the right hand of God the Father; that is, exalted in the highest glory, far above all creatures, Eph. 1: 20, 21.

Q. 37. To what end is he there so highly exalted?

A. Particularly that he might from thence govern his Church, and there be our intercessor with the Father.

Q. 38. Is he not with us, then, even unto the end of the world, as he hath promised us, Matt. 28: 20?

A. With respect to his Godhead, majesty, grace and Spirit, he is never absent from us; but with respect to his human nature, he remains in heaven until he shall come again to judge the quick and the dead.

Q. 39. What do you believe concerning the Holy Ghost?

A. That he is the true and coëternal God with the Father and Son; and that he, being given to me of the Father through Christ, regenerates me and leads me into all truth, comforts me, and will abide with me for ever.

Q. 40. What believest thou concerning the Holy Catholic Church?

A. That the Son of God gathers by his word and Spirit out of the whole human race, those, who are chosen to eternal life, to be a Church to himself; of which I believe I am and always shall remain a living member.

Q. 41. Where doth he gather his Church?

A. Where God's word is purely preached, and the holy sacraments administered according to the institution of Christ.

Q. 42. What benefits doth Christ bestow on his Church?

A. He grants her remission of sins, the resurrection of the flesh, and eternal life.

Q. 43. What doth it profit thee now that thou believest all this?

A. That I am righteous in Christ before God, Rom. 5: 10.

Q. 44. How art thou righteous before God?

A. Only by a true faith in Jesus Christ.

Q. 45. How is it to be understood that thou art justified by faith only?

A. Thus: that the perfect satisfaction and righteousness of Christ alone are imputed to me of God, by which my sins are forgiven me, and I become an heir of everlasting life; and that I cannot receive that righteousness by any other means than by faith.

Q. 46. Why cannot our good works be our righteousness before God, or some part thereof?

A. Because even our best works in this life are imperfect and polluted with sins.

Q. 47. Do our good works then merit nothing, which yet God will reward in this and in a future life?

A. This reward is not given out of merit, but of grace.

Q. 48. Who worketh that faith in thee?

A. The Holy Ghost.

Q. 49. By what means?

A. By the hearing of the word preached, Rom. 10: 14–17.

Q. 50. How does he strengthen that faith?

A. By the same word preached, and by the use of the holy sacraments.

Q. 51. What are the sacraments?

A. They are holy signs and seals instituted by God, thereby to assure us, that he of grace grants us remission of sins and life eternal, for the sake of that one sacrifice of Christ finished on the cross.

Q. 52. How many sacraments hath Christ instituted in the new testament?

A. Two: holy baptism, and the holy supper.

Q. 53. Which is the outward sign in baptism?

A. The water, with which we are baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Q. 54. What doth that signify and seal?

A. The washing away of sins by the blood and Spirit of Jesus Christ.

Q. 55. Where hath Christ promised and assured us of this?

A. In the institution of baptism; which is as follows, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not, shall be damned."

Q. 56. Are infants also to be baptized?

A. Yes: for they, as well as the adult, are comprehended in the covenant of God, and in his Church.

Q. 57. What is the outward sign in the Lord's Supper?

A. The broken bread that we eat, and the poured out wine which we drink, in remembrance of the sufferings and death of Christ.

Q. 58. What is thereby signified and sealed?

A. That Christ, with his crucified body and shed blood, feeds and nourishes our souls to everlasting life.

Q. 59. Where hath Christ promised such things to us?

A. In the institution of the Lord's Supper, which is thus expressed by St. Paul, (1 Cor. 11: 23–26), "For I have received of the Lord, that which also I delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus the same night in

which he was betrayed, took bread; and when he had given thanks, brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, this cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as oft as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come."

Q. 60. Is the bread changed into the body of Christ, and the wine into his blood?

A. No: no more than the water in baptism is changed into the blood of Christ.

Q. 61. After what manner must you examine yourself before you come to the Lord's Supper?

A. 1. I must examine whether I abhor myself for my sins, and humble myself before God on account of them. 2. Whether I believe and trust that all my sins are forgiven me for Christ's sake. 3. Whether I also have a sincere resolution henceforward, to walk in all good works.

Q. 62. May those be admitted to the Lord's Supper, who teach false doctrines or lead offensive lives?

A. No: lest the covenant of God be profaned, and his wrath kindled against the whole Church.

Q. 63. How must we then deal with such persons?

A. According to the appointment given us by Christ, (Matt. 18: 15-17.) "If thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother; but if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established: and if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the Church; but if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican."

THE THIRD PART.

Of the Gratitude we owe to God for Redemption.

64. Since we are saved merely of grace through Christ, why must we then yet do good works?

A. Not to merit heaven thereby (which Christ hath done); but because this is commanded me of God.

Q. 65. What purpose, then, do your good works answer?

A. That I may thereby testify my thankfulness to God for all his benefits, and that he may be glorified by me; and that also I may be assured of the sincerity of my faith, by good works, as the fruits thereof; and that my neighbours may be edified thereby and gained to Christ.

Q. 66. Shall they also be saved who do no good works?

A. No: for the Scripture saith, that neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor whoremongers, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor robbers, nor such like, shall inherit the kingdom of God, (1 Cor. 6: 9, 10), unless they turn to the Lord.

Q. 67. Wherein doth the conversion of man consist?

A. In a hearty repentance, and avoiding of sin, and in an earnest desire after, and doing of, all good words.

Q. 68. What are good works?

A. Only those which proceed from a true faith; are done according to the law of God and to his glory; and not those, which are founded on human institutions, or on our own imaginations.

Q. 69. Can they, who are converted to God, perfectly keep the law?

A. Not at all: but even the most holy men, as long as they are in this life, have only a small beginning of this obedience; yet so, that they with a sincere resolution begin to live not only according to some, but according to all the commandments of God, as they also constantly pray to God that they may daily increase therein.

Q. 70. To whom must we pray for this?

A. Not to any creature, but to God alone, who can help us and will hear us for Jesus Christ's sake.

Q. 71. In whose name must we pray to God?

A. Only in the name of Christ, (John 16: 23), and not in the name of any saints.

Q. 72. What must we pray to God for?

A. For all things necessary for soul and body, which Christ our Lord has comprised in the prayer he himself has taught us.

Q. 73. What are the words of that prayer?

A. Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. *Amen.*

Q. 74. What do you desire of God in this prayer?

A. 1. That all things which tend to the glory of God, may be promoted, and whatsoever is repugnant thereto, or contrary to his will, may be prevented. 2. That he may provide me with all things necessary for the body, and as to my soul, preserve me from all evil, which might in any wise be detrimental to my salvation. *Amen.*

When those who are inclined to become members in full communion of the Church, and to approach the Holy Supper of the Lord, thoroughly know and confess these fundamental truths, they are then to be asked whether they have any doubt in any point concerning the doctrine; to the end they may be satisfied. And in case any of them should answer in the affirmative, endeavours must be used to convince them from the Scriptures; and if they are all satisfied, they must be asked whether they have experienced the power of the truth in their hearts, and are willing and desirous to be saved by Jesus Christ from their sins; and whether they propose, by the grace of God, to persevere in this doctrine, to forsake the world, and to lead a new Christian life. Lastly, they are to be asked whether they will submit themselves to the Christian discipline.

Which being done, they are to be exhorted to peace, love and concord with all men; and to reconciliation, if there is any variance subsisting between them and their neighbours.

THE CONFESSION OF FAITH

OF THE

REFORMED CHURCH.

REVISED IN THE NATIONAL SYNOD, HELD AT DORDRECHT, IN THE YEARS, 1618 AND 1619.

ARTICLE I. — THERE IS ONE ONLY GOD.

We all believe with the heart, and confess with the mouth, that there is one only simple and spiritual Being, which we call God; and that he is eternal, incomprehensible, invisible, immutable, infinite, almighty, perfectly wise, just, good, and the overflowing fountain of all good.

II. — BY WHAT MEANS GOD IS MADE KNOWN UNTO US.

We know him by two means: first, by the creation, preservation and government of the universe; which is before our eyes as a most elegant book, wherein all creatures, great and small, are as so many characters leading us to contemplate *the invisible things of God*, namely, *his eternal power and Godhead*, as the apostle Paul saith, (*Rom.* 1: 20.) All which things are sufficient to convince men, and leave them without excuse. Secondly, he makes himself more clearly and fully known to us, by his holy and divine Word; that is to say, as far as is necessary for us to know in this life, to his glory and our salvation.

III. — OF THE WRITTEN WORD OF GOD.

We confess that this Word of God was not sent, nor delivered, by the will of man, but that *holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost*, as the apostle Peter saith. And that afterwards God, from a special care which he has for us and our salvation, commanded his servants, the prophets and apostles, to commit his revealed Word to writing; and he himself wrote with his own finger the two tables of the law. Therefore we call such writings Holy and divine Scriptures.

IV. — CANONICAL BOOKS OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

We believe that the Holy Scriptures are contained in two books, namely, the Old and New Testaments, which are canonical, against which nothing can be alleged. These are thus named in the Church of God. The books of the Old Testament are, the five books of Moses, viz: Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy; the book of Joshua, Judges, Ruth, two books of Samuel, and two of the Kings, two books of the Chronicles, commonly called Paralipomenon, the first of Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther; Job, the Psalms of David, the three books of Solomon, namely, the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Songs; the four great prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Daniel; and

the twelve lesser prophets, namely, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah and Malachi.

Those of the New Testament, are the four evangelists; viz: Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; the Acts of the Apostles; the fourteen epistles of the apostle Paul; viz: one to the Romans, two to the Corinthians, one to the Galatians, one to the Ephesians, one to the Philippians, one to the Colossians, two to the Thessalonians, two to Timothy, one to Titus, one to Philemon, and one to the Hebrews: the seven epistles of the other apostles, namely, one of James, two of Peter, three of John, one of Jude; and the Revelation of the apostle John.

V. — WHENCE DO THE HOLY SCRIPTURES DERIVE THEIR DIGNITY AND AUTHORITY.

We receive all these books, and these only, as holy and canonical, for the regulation, foundation and confirmation of our faith; believing without any doubt, all things contained in them, not so much because the Church receives and approves them as such, but more especially because the Holy Ghost witnesseth in our hearts that they are from God, whereof they carry the evidence in themselves. For the very blind are able to perceive that the things foretold in them are fulfilling.

VI. — THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE CANONICAL AND APOCRYPHAL BOOKS.

We distinguish those sacred books from the apocryphal; viz: the third and fourth book of Esdras, the books of Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Jesus Syrach, Baruch, the appendix to the book of Esther, the Song of the three Children in the Furnace, the history of Susannah, of Bell and the Dragon, the prayer of Manasses, and the two books of Maccabees. All which the Church may read and take instruction from, so far as they agree with the canonical books; but they are far from having such power and efficacy, as that we may from their testimony confirm any point of faith, or of the Christian religion; much less to detract from the authority of the other sacred books.

VII. — THE SUFFICIENCY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES TO BE THE ONLY RULE OF FAITH.

We believe that these Holy Scriptures fully contain the will of God, and that whatsoever man ought to believe, unto salvation, is sufficiently taught therein. For since the whole manner of worship which God requires of us, is written in them at large, it is unlawful for any one, though an apostle, to teach otherwise than we are now taught in the Holy Scriptures: *Nay, though it were an angel from heaven*, as the apostle Paul saith. For, since it is forbidden, *to add unto or take away any thing from the word of God*, it doth thereby evidently appear, that the doctrine thereof is most perfect and complete in all respects. Neither may we compare any writings of men, though ever so holy, with those divine Scriptures, nor ought we to compare custom, or the great multitude, or antiquity, or succession of times or persons, or councils, decrees or statutes, with the truth of God, for the truth is above all; for all men are of themselves liars, and more vain than vanity itself. Therefore, we reject with all our hearts, whatsoever doth not agree with this infallible rule, which the apostles have taught us, saying, *Try the spirits whether they are of God:* likewise, *if there come any unto you, and bring not this doctrine, receive him not into your house.*

VIII. — GOD IS ONE IN ESSENCE, YET DISTINGUISHED IN THREE PERSONS.

According to this truth and this Word of God, we believe in one only God, who is one single essence, in which are three persons, really, truly, and eternally distinct, according to their incommunicable properties; namely, the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The Father is the cause, origin and beginning of all things, visible and invisible; the Son is the word, wisdom and image of the Father; the Holy Ghost is the eternal power and might, proceeding from the Father and the Son. Nevertheless God is not by this distinction divided into three, since the Holy Scriptures teach us, that the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, have each his personality, distinguished by their properties; but in such wise that these three persons are but one only God. Hence then, it is evident, that the Father is not the Son, nor the Son the Father, and likewise the Holy Ghost is neither the Father nor the Son. Nevertheless these persons thus distinguished are not divided, nor intermixed: for the Father hath not assumed the flesh, nor hath the Holy Ghost, but the Son only. The Father hath never been without his Son, or without his Holy Ghost. For they are all three coëternal and coëssential. There is neither first nor last; for they are all three one, in truth, in power, in goodness, and in mercy.

IX. — THE PROOF OF THE FOREGOING ARTICLE OF THE TRINITY OF PERSONS IN ONE GOD.

All this we know, as well from the testimonies of holy writ, as from *their* operations, and chiefly by those we feel in ourselves. The testimonies of the Holy Scriptures, that teach us to believe this Holy Trinity, are written in many places of the Old Testament, which are not so necessary to enumerate, as to choose them out with discretion and judgment. In Genesis 1: 26, 27, God saith: *Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, etc. So God created man in his own image, male and female created he them.* And Gen. 3: 22, *Behold, the man has become as one of us.* From this saying, *let us make man in our image*, it appears that there are more persons than one in the Godhead: and when he saith, *God created*, this signifies the unity. It is true he doth not say how many persons there are, but that which appears to us somewhat obscure in the Old Testament, is very plain in the New.

For when our Lord was baptized in Jordan, the voice of the Father was heard, saying, *this is my beloved Son:* the Son was seen in the water; and the Holy Ghost appeared in the shape of a dove. This form is also instituted by Christ in the baptism of all believers. *Baptize all nations, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.* In the Gospel of Luke, the Angel Gabriel thus addressed Mary, the mother of our Lord: *The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the highest shall overshadow thee, therefore also that holy thing, which shall be born of thee, shall be called the Son of God.* Likewise, *the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you.* And *there are three that bear record in Heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one.* In all which places we are fully taught, that there are three persons in one only divine essence. And although this doctrine far surpasses all human understanding; nevertheless we now believe it by means of the Word of God, but expect hereafter to enjoy the perfect

knowledge and benefit thereof in heaven. Moreover we must observe the particular offices and operations of these three persons towards us. The Father is called our Creator by his power; the Son is our Saviour and Redeemer by his blood; the Holy Ghost is our Sanctifier by his dwelling in our hearts. This doctrine of the Holy Trinity hath always been defended and maintained by the true Church, since the times of the apostles to this very day, against the Jews, Mohammedans, and some false Christians and heretics, as Marcion, Manes, Praxeas, Sabellius, Samosatenus, Arius, and such like, who have been justly condemned by the orthodox fathers. Therefore, in this point, we do willingly receive the three creeds, namely, that of the Apostles, of Nice, and of Athanasius: likewise that, which, conformable thereunto, is agreed upon by the ancient fathers.

X. — JESUS CHRIST IS TRUE AND ETERNAL GOD.

We believe that Jesus Christ, according to his divine nature, is the only begotten Son of God, begotten from eternity, not made nor created (for then he should be a creature), but coëssential and coëternal with the Father, *the express image of his person, and the brightness of his glory*, equal unto him in all things. Who is the Son of God, not only from the time that he assumed our nature, but from all eternity, as these testimonies, when compared together, teach us. Moses saith, that *God created the world;* and John saith, that *all things were made by that Word*, which he calleth God: And the apostle saith, that *God made the worlds by his Son:* likewise, that *God created all things by Jesus Christ.* Therefore it must needs follow, that he, who is called God, the Word, the Son, and Jesus Christ, did exist at that time when all things were created by him. Therefore the prophet Micah saith, *his goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting.* And the apostle, *he hath neither beginning of days nor end of life:* He therefore is that true, eternal and almighty God, whom we invoke, worship and serve.

XI. — THE HOLY GHOST IS TRUE AND ETERNAL GOD.

We believe and confess also, that the Holy Ghost, from eternity, proceeds from the Father and Son; and therefore is neither made, created, nor begotten, but only proceedeth from both; who in order is the third person of the Holy Trinity; of one and the same essence, majesty and glory with the Father, and the Son: and therefore, is the true and eternal God, as the Holy Scripture teaches us.

XII. — OF THE CREATION.

We believe, that the Father, by the Word, that is, by his Son, created of nothing, the heaven, the earth, and all creatures, as it seemed good unto him, giving unto every creature its being, shape, form, and several offices to serve its Creator: that he doth also still uphold and govern them by his eternal providence and infinite power, for the service of mankind, to the end that man may serve his God. He also created the angels good, to be his messengers and to serve his elect; some of whom are fallen from that excellency, in which God created them, into everlasting perdition; and the others have, by the grace of God, remained steadfast and continued in their primitive state. The devils and evil spirits are so depraved, that they are enemies of God and every good thing, to the utmost of their power, as murderers, watching to ruin the Church and every member there-

of, and by their wicked stratagems to destroy all: and are therefore, by their own wickedness, adjudged to eternal damnation, daily expecting their horrible torments. Therefore we reject and abhor the error of the Sadducees, who deny the existence of spirits and angels: and also that of the Manichees, who assert that the devils have their origin of themselves, and that they are wicked of their own nature, without having been corrupted.

XIII. — OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

We believe that the same God, after he had created all things, did not forsake them, or give them up to fortune or chance, but that he rules and governs them, according to his holy will, so that nothing happens in this world without his appointment: nevertheless, God neither is the author of, nor can be charged with, the sins which are committed. For his power and goodness are so great and incomprehensible, that he orders and executes his work in the most excellent and just manner, even then, when devils and wicked men act unjustly. And, as to what he doth surpassing human understanding, we will not curiously inquire into it farther than our capacity will admit of; but with the greatest humility and reverence adore the righteous judgments of God, which are hid from us, contenting ourselves that we are disciples of Christ, to learn only those things which he has revealed to us in his Word, without transgressing these limits. This doctrine affords us unspeakable consolation, since we are taught thereby, that nothing can befall us by chance, but by the direction of our most gracious and heavenly Father; who watches over us with a paternal care, keeping all creatures so under his power, that not a hair of our head, (for they are all numbered), nor a sparrow can fall to the ground, without the will of our Father, in whom we do entirely trust; being persuaded, that he so restrains the devil and all our enemies, that without his will and permission, they cannot hurt us. And therefore, we reject that damnable error of the Epicureans, who say that God regards nothing, but leaves all things to chance.

XIV. — OF THE CREATION AND FALL OF MAN, AND HIS INCAPACITY TO PERFORM WHAT IS TRULY GOOD.

We believe that God created man out of the dust of the earth, and made and formed him after his own image and likeness, good, righteous and holy, capable in all things to will, agreeably to the will of God. But being in honour, he understood it not, neither knew his excellency, but wilfulfully subjected himself to sin, and consequently to death and the curse, giving ear to the words of the devil. For the commandment of life, which he had received, he transgressed; and by sin separated himself from God, who was his true life, having corrupted his whole nature; whereby he made himself liable to corporal and spiritual death. And being thus become wicked, perverse, and corrupt in all his ways, he hath lost all his excellent gifts, which he had received from God, and only retained a few remains thereof, which, however, are sufficient to leave man without excuse; for all the light which is in us is changed into darkness, as the Scriptures teach us, saying: *The light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not:* where St. John calleth men darkness. Therefore we reject all that is taught repugnant to this, concerning the free will of man, since man is but a slave to sin; and has nothing of himself, unless it is given him from heaven. For who may presume to boast, that he of himself can do any good, since Christ saith, *No man*

can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me, draw him? Who will glory in his own will, who understands, that to be *carnally minded, is enmity against God?* Who can speak of his knowledge, since *the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God?* In short, who dare suggest any thought, since he knows that *we are not sufficient of ourselves to think any thing as of ourselves, but that our sufficiency is of God?* And therefore what the apostle saith ought justly to be held sure and firm, that *God worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure.* For there is no will nor understanding, conformable to the divine will and understanding, but what Christ hath wrought in man: which he teaches us, when he saith, *Without me ye can do nothing.*

XV. — OF ORIGINAL SIN.

We believe that, through the disobedience of Adam, original sin is extended to all mankind; which is a corruption of the whole nature, and an hereditary disease, wherewith infants themselves are infected even in their mother's womb, and which produceth in man all sorts of sin, being in him as a root thereof; and therefore is so vile and abominable in the sight of God, that it is sufficient to condemn all mankind. Nor is it by any means abolished or done away by baptism; since sin always issues forth from this woful source, as water from a fountain: notwithstanding it is not imputed to the children of God unto condemnation, but by his grace and mercy is forgiven them. Not that they should rest securely in sin, but that a sense of this corruption should make believers often to sigh, desiring to be delivered from this body of death. Wherefore we reject the error of the Pelagians, who assert that sin proceeds only from imitation.

XVI. — OF ETERNAL ELECTION.

We believe that all the posterity of Adam, being thus fallen into perdition and ruin, by the sin of our first parents, God then did manifest himself such as he is; that is to say, MERCIFUL AND JUST: MERCIFUL, since he delivers and preserves from this perdition all whom he, in his eternal and unchangeable council, of mere goodness hath elected in Christ Jesus our Lord, without any respect to their works: JUST, in leaving others in the fall and perdition wherein they have involved themselves.

XVII. — OF THE RECOVERY OF FALLEN MAN.

We believe that our most gracious God, in his admirable wisdom and goodness, seeing that man had thus thrown himself into temporal and spiritual death, and made himself wholly miserable, was pleased to seek and comfort him, when he trembling fled from his presence, promising him that he would give his Son, who should *be made of a woman, to bruise the head of the serpent*, and would make him happy.

XVIII. — OF THE INCARNATION OF JESUS CHRIST.

We confess, therefore, that God did fulfil the promise, which he made to the fathers, by the mouth of his holy prophets, when he sent into the world, at the time appointed by him, his own, only begotten and eternal Son, *who took upon him the form of a servant, and became like unto men*, really assuming the true human nature, with

all its infirmities, sin excepted, being conceived in the womb of the blessed Virgin Mary, by the power of the Holy Ghost, without the means of man: and did not only assume human nature as to the body, but also a true human soul, that he might be a real man. For since the soul was lost as well as the body, it was necessary that he should take both upon him, to save both. Therefore, we confess, (in opposition to the heresy of the Anabaptists, who deny that Christ assumed human flesh of his mother), that Christ is become *a partaker of the flesh and blood of the children;* that he is a *fruit of the loins of David* after the flesh; *made of the seed of David according to the flesh;* a *fruit of the womb* of the Virgin Mary; *made of a woman;* a *branch* of David; a shoot of *the root of Jesse; sprung from the tribe of Judah; descended from the Jews according to the flesh: of the seed of Abraham, since he took upon him the seed of Abraham, and became like unto his brethren in all things, sin excepted;* so that in truth he is our IMMANUEL, that is to say, *God with us.*

XIX. — OF THE UNION AND DISTINCTION OF THE TWO NATURES IN THE PERSON OF CHRIST.

We believe that by this conception, the person of the Son is inseparably united and connected with the human nature; so that there are not two Sons of God, nor two persons, but two natures united in one single person; yet each nature retains its own distinct properties. As then the divine nature hath always remained uncreated, without beginning of days or end of life, filling heaven and earth: so also hath the human nature not lost its properties, but remained a creature, having beginning of days, being a finite nature, and retaining all the properties of a real body. And though he hath by his resurrection given immortality to the same, nevertheless he hath not changed the reality of his human nature; forasmuch as our salvation and resurrection also depend on the reality of his body. But these two natures are so closely united in one person, that they were not separated even by his death. Therefore that which he, when dying, commended into the hands of his Father, was a real human spirit, departing from his body. But in the mean time the divine nature always remained united with the human, even when he lay in the grave: and the Godhead did not cease to be in him, any more than it did when he was an infant, though it did not so clearly manifest itself for a while. Wherefore we confess, that he is VERY GOD, and VERY MAN; very God by his power to conquer death; and very man that he might die for us according to the infirmity of his flesh.

XX. — GOD HATH MANIFESTED HIS JUSTICE AND MERCY IN CHRIST.

We believe that God, who is perfectly merciful and just, sent his Son to assume that nature in which the disobedience was committed, to make satisfaction in the same, and to bear the punishment of sin by his most bitter passion and death. God therefore manifested his justice against his Son, when he laid our iniquities upon him; and poured forth his mercy and goodness on us, who were guilty and worthy of damnation, out of mere and perfect love, giving his Son unto death for us, and raising him for our justification, that through him we might obtain immortality and life eternal.

XXI. — OF THE SATISFACTION OF CHRIST, OUR ONLY HIGH PRIEST, FOR US.

We believe that Jesus Christ is ordained with an oath to be an everlasting High Priest, after the order of Melchisedec: who hath presented himself in our behalf before his Father, to appease his wrath by his full satisfaction, by offering himself on the tree of the cross, and pouring out his precious blood to purge away our sins; as the prophets had foretold. For it is written, *He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed: he was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and numbered with the transgressors:* and condemned by Pontius Pilate as a malefactor, though he had first declared him innocent. Therefore, *he restored that which he took not away, and suffered the just for the unjust*, as well in his body as soul, feeling the terrible punishment which our sins had merited; insomuch *that his sweat became like unto drops of blood falling on the ground.* He called out, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* And hath suffered all this for the remission of our sins. Wherefore we justly say with the Apostle Paul, *that we know nothing, but Jesus Christ, and him crucified; we count all things but loss and dung for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord:* in whose wounds we find all manner of consolation. Neither is it necessary to seek or invent any other means of being reconciled to God, than this only sacrifice, once offered, by which believers are made perfect for ever. This is also the reason why he was called by the angel of God, JESUS, that is to say, SAVIOUR, because he should save his people from their sins.

XXII. — OF OUR JUSTIFICATION THROUGH FAITH IN JESUS CHRIST.

We believe that, to attain the true knowledge of this great mystery, the Holy Ghost kindleth in our hearts an upright faith, which embraces Jesus Christ with all his merits, appropriates him, and seeks nothing more besides him. For it must needs follow, either that all things which are requisite to our salvation are not in Jesus Christ, or if all things are in him, that then those, who possess Jesus Christ through faith, have complete salvation in Him. Therefore, for any to assert that Christ is not sufficient, but that something more is required besides him, would be too gross a blasphemy; for hence it would follow, that Christ was but half a Saviour. Therefore we justly say with Paul, *that we are justified by faith alone*, or *by faith without works.* However, to speak more clearly, we do not mean that faith itself justifies us, for it is only an instrument with which we embrace Christ our Righteousness. But Jesus Christ, imputing to us all his merits, and so many holy works, which he hath done for us and in our stead, is our Righteousness. And faith is an instrument that keeps us in communion with him in all his benefits, which, when become ours, are more than sufficient to acquit us of our sins.

XXIII. — OUR JUSTIFICATION CONSISTS IN THE FORGIVENESS OF SIN AND THE IMPUTATION OF CHRIST'S RIGHTEOUSNESS.

We believe that our salvation consists in the remission of our sins for Jesus Christ's sake, and that therein our righteousness before God is implied; as David and Paul teach us, declaring this to be the happiness of man, that God imputes righteousness to him without works. And the same Apostle saith, *that we are justified freely by*

his grace, through the redemption which is in Jesus Christ. And therefore we always hold fast this foundation, ascribing all the glory to God, humbling ourselves before him, and acknowledging ourselves to be such as we really are, without presuming to trust in any thing in ourselves, or in any merit of ours, relying and resting upon the obedience of Christ crucified alone, which becomes ours, when we believe in him. This is sufficient to cover all our iniquities, and to give us confidence in approaching to God; freeing the conscience of fear, terror, and dread, without following the example of our first father, Adam, who, trembling, attempted to cover himself with fig leaves. And verily, if we should appear before God, relying on ourselves or on any other creature, though ever so little, we should, alas! be consumed. And therefore every one must pray with David: *O Lord, enter not into judgment with thy servant: for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.*

XXIV. — OF MAN'S SANCTIFICATION AND GOOD WORKS.

We believe that this true faith being wrought in man by the hearing of the Word of God, and the operation of the Holy Ghost, doth regenerate and make him a new man, causing him to live a new life, and freeing him from the bondage of sin. Therefore it is so far from being true, that this justifying faith makes men remiss in a pious and holy life, that on the contrary without it they would never do any thing out of love to God, but only out of self-love or fear of damnation. Therefore it is impossible that this holy faith can be unfruitful in man: for we do not speak of a vain faith, but of such a faith, as is called in Scripture, *a faith that worketh by love*, which excites man to the practice of those works, which God has commanded in his Word. Which works as they proceed from the good root of faith, are good and acceptable in the sight of God, for as much as they are all sanctified by his grace: howbeit they are of no account towards our justification. For it is by faith in Christ that we are justified, even before we do good works, otherwise they could not be good works, any more than the fruit of a tree can be good, before the tree itself is good. Therefore we do good works, but not to merit by them, (for what can we merit?) nay, we are beholden to God for the good works we do, and not he to us, *since it is he that worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure.* Let us therefore attend to what is written, *when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say we are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do.* In the mean time, we do not deny that God rewards good works, but it is through his grace that he crowns his gifts. Moreover, though we do good works, we do not found our salvation upon them; for we can do no work but what is polluted by our flesh, and also punishable; and although we could perform such works, still the remembrance of one sin is sufficient to make God reject them. Thus, then, we should always be in doubt, tossed to and fro without any certainty, and poor consciences would be continually vexed, if they relied not on the merits of the suffering and death of our Saviour.

XXV. — OF THE ABOLISHING OF THE CEREMONIAL LAW.

We believe that the ceremonies and figures of the law ceased at the coming of Christ, and that all the shadows are accomplished; so that the use of them must be abolished amongst Christians: yet the

truth and substance of them remain with us in Jesus Christ, in whom they have their completion. In the mean time, we still use the testimonies taken out of the law and the prophets, to confirm us in the doctrine of the Gospel, and to regulate our life in all honesty, to the glory of God, according to his will.

XXVI. — OF CHRIST'S INTERCESSION.

We believe that we have no access unto God, save alone through the only Mediator and Advocate, Jesus Christ the righteous, who therefore became man, having united in one person the divine and human natures, that we men might have access to the divine Majesty, which access would otherwise be barred against us. But this Mediator, whom the Father hath appointed between him and us, ought in no wise to affright us by his majesty, or cause us to seek another according to our fancy For there is no creature either in heaven or on earth, who loveth us more than Jesus Christ; *who, though he was in the form of God, yet made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a man, and of a servant for us*, and *was made like unto his brethren in all things.* If, then, we should seek for another mediator, who would be well affected towards us, whom could we find, who loved us more than he who laid down his life for us, even when we were his enemies? And if we seek for one who hath power and majesty, who is there that hath so much of both as *he who sits at the right hand of his Father*, and who hath *all power in heaven and on earth?* And who will sooner be heard than the own well beloved Son of God? Therefore it was only through diffidence that this practice of dishonouring instead of honouring the saints, was introduced, doing that, which they never have done nor required, but have on the contrary steadfastly rejected according to their bounden duty, as appears by their writings Neither must we plead here our unworthiness; for the meaning is not that we should offer our prayers to God on account of our own worthiness, but only on account of the excellency and worthiness of our Lord Jesus Christ, whose righteousness is become ours by faith. Therefore the Apostle to remove this foolish fear or rather distrust from us, justly saith, that *Jesus Christ was made like unto his brethren in all things, that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.* And further to encourage us, he adds, *seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.* The same Apostle saith, *having boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus; let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, etc.* Likewise, *Christ hath an unchangeable priesthood, wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.* What more can be required? since Christ himself saith, *I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by me.* To what purpose should we then seek another advocate, since it hath pleased God to give us his own Son as an advocate? Let us not forsake him to take another,

or rather to seek after another, without ever being able to find him; for God well knew, when he gave him to us, that we were sinners. Therefore according to the command of Christ, we call upon the heavenly Father through Jesus Christ, our only Mediator, as we are taught in the Lord's prayer; being assured that whatever we ask of the Father in his name will be granted us.

XXVII. — OF THE CATHOLIC CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

We believe and profess one catholic or universal Church, which is an holy congregation of true Christian believers, all expecting their salvation in Jesus Christ, being washed by his blood, sanctified and sealed by the Holy Ghost. This Church hath been from the beginning of the world, and will be to the end thereof; which is evident from this, that Christ is an eternal king, which, without subjects, cannot be. And this holy Church is preserved or supported by God against the rage of the whole world; though she sometimes (for a while) appear very small, and in the eyes of men, to be reduced to nothing: as during the perilous reign of Ahab, *the Lord reserved unto him seven thousand men, who had not bowed their knees to Baal.* Furthermore, this holy Church is not confined, bound, or limited to a certain place or to certain persons, but is spread and dispersed over the whole world; and yet is joined and united with heart and will, by the power of faith, in one and the same spirit.

XXVIII. — EVERY ONE IS BOUND TO JOIN HIMSELF TO THE TRUE CHURCH.

We believe, since this holy congregation is an assemblage of those who are saved, and out of it there is no salvation, that no person of whatsoever state or condition he may be, ought to withdraw himself, to live in a separate state from it; but that all men are in duty bound to join and unite themselves with it; maintaining the unity of the Church; submitting themselves to the doctrine and discipline thereof; bowing their necks under the yoke of Jesus Christ; and as mutual members of the same body, serving to the edification of the brethren, according to the talents God has given them. And that this may be the more effectually observed, it is the duty of all believers, according to the Word of God, to separate themselves from all those who do not belong to the Church, and to join themselves to this congregation, wheresoever God hath established it, even though the magistrates and edicts of princes were against it; yea, though they should suffer death or any other corporal punishment. Therefore all those who separate themselves from the same or do not join themselves to it, act contrary to the ordinance of God.

XXIX. — OF THE MARKS OF THE TRUE CHURCH, AND WHEREIN SHE DIFFERS FROM THE FALSE CHURCH.

We believe that we ought diligently and circumspectly to discern from the Word of God, which is the true Church, since all sects which are in the world assume to themselves the name of the Church. But we speak not here of hypocrites, who are mixed in the Church with the good, yet are not of the Church, though externally in it; but we say that the body and communion of the true Church, must be distinguished from all sects, who call themselves the Church. The marks by which the true Church is known are these: if the pure doctrine of the Gospel is preached therein; if she maintains the pure admin-

istration of the sacraments as instituted by Christ; if church discipline is exercised in punishing of sin: in short, if all things are managed according to the pure Word of God, all things contrary thereto rejected; and Jesus Christ acknowledged as the only Head of the Church. Hereby the true Church may certainly be known, from which no man has a right to separate himself. With respect to those who are members of the Church, they may be known by the marks of Christians: namely, by faith; and when they have received Jesus Christ the only Saviour, they avoid sin, follow after righteousness, love the true God and their neighbour, neither turn aside to the right or left, and crucify the flesh with the works thereof. But this is not to be understood, as if there did not remain in them great infirmities; but they fight against them through the Spirit, all the days of their life, continually taking their refuge in the blood, death, passion, and obedience of our Lord Jesus Christ, *in whom they have remission of sins through faith in him.* As for the false church, she ascribes more power and authority to herself and her ordinances, than to the Word of God, and will not submit herself to the yoke of Christ. Neither does she administer the Sacraments, as appointed by Christ in his Word, but adds to and takes from them, as she thinks proper; she relieth more upon men than upon Christ; and persecutes those, who live holily according to the Word of God, and rebuke her for her errors, covetousness and idolatry. These two churches are easily known and distinguished from each other.

XXX. — CONCERNING THE GOVERNMENT OF, AND OFFICES IN, THE CHURCH.

We believe that this true Church must be governed by the spiritual policy, which our Lord has taught us in his Word; namely, that there must be ministers or pastors, to preach the Word of God, and to administer the Sacraments; also elders and deacons, who, together with the pastors, form the council of the Church: that by these means the true religion may be preserved, and the true doctrine every where propagated, likewise transgressors punished and restrained by spiritual means; also that the poor and distressed may be relieved and comforted, according to their necessities. By these means every thing will be carried on in the Church with good order and decency, when faithful men are chosen, according to the rule prescribed by St. Paul in his epistle to Timothy.

XXXI. — OF THE MINISTERS, ELDERS AND DEACONS.

We believe that the ministers of God's Word, and the elders and deacons, ought to be chosen to their respective offices by a lawful election by the Church, with calling upon the name of the Lord, and in that order which the Word of God teacheth. Therefore every one must take heed, not to intrude himself by indecent means, but is bound to wait till it shall please God to call him; that he may have testimony of his calling, and be certain and assured that it is of the Lord. As for the ministers of God's Word, they have equally the same power and authority wheresoever they are, as they are all ministers of Christ, the only universal Bishop, and the only Head of the Church. Moreover, that this holy ordinance of God may not be violated or slighted, we say that every one ought to esteem the ministers of God's Word and the elders of the Church very highly for their work's sake, and be at peace with them without murmuring, strife or contention, as much as possible.

XXXII. — OF THE ORDER AND DISCIPLINE OF THE CHURCH.

In the mean time we believe, though it is useful and beneficial, that those who are rulers of the Church, institute and establish certain ordinances among themselves for maintaining the body of the Church; yet they ought studiously to take care, that they do not depart from those things which Christ, our only master, hath instituted. And therefore, we reject all human inventions, and all laws which man would introduce into the worship of God, thereby to bind and compel the conscience, in any manner whatever. Therefore we admit only of that, which tends to nourish and preserve concord and unity, and to keep all men in obedience to God For this purpose, excommunication or church discipline is requisite, with the several circumstances belonging to it, according to the Word of God.

XXXIII. — OF THE SACRAMENTS.

We believe that our gracious God, on account of our weakness and infirmities, hath ordained the Sacraments for us, thereby to seal unto us his promises, and to be pledges of the good will and grace of God towards us, and also to nourish and strengthen our faith; which he hath joined to the Word of the Gospel, the better to present to our senses, both that which he signifies to us by his Word, and that which he works inwardly in our hearts, thereby assuring and confirming in us the salvation which he imparts to us. For they are visible signs and seals of an inward and invisible thing, by means whereof, God worketh in us by the power of the Holy Ghost. Therefore the signs are not in vain or insignificant, so as to deceive us. For Jesus Christ is the true object presented by them, without whom they would be of no moment. Moreover, we are satisfied with the number of Sacraments, which Christ our Lord hath instituted, which are two only, namely, the Sacrament of Baptism, and the Holy Supper of our Lord Jesus Christ.

XXXIV. — OF HOLY BAPTISM.

We believe and confess that Jesus Christ, who is the end of the law, hath made an end, by the shedding of his blood, of all other sheddings of blood which men could or would make as a propitiation or satisfaction for sin: and that he, having abolished circumcision, which was done with blood, hath instituted the Sacrament of Baptism instead thereof; by which we are received into the Church of God, and separated from all other people and strange religions, that we may wholly belong to him, whose ensign and banner we bear: and which serves as a testimony unto us, that he will for ever be our gracious God and Father. Therefore he has commanded all those, who are his, to be baptized with pure water, *in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:* thereby signifying to us, that as water washeth away the filth of the body, when poured upon it, and is seen on the body of the baptized, when sprinkled upon him; so doth the blood of Christ, by the power of the Holy Ghost, internally sprinkle the soul, cleanse it from its sins, and regenerate us from children of wrath untochildren of God. Not that this is effected by the external water, but by the sprinkling of the precious blood of the Son of God; who is our Red Sea, through which we must pass, to escape the tyranny of Pharaoh, that is, the devil, and to enter into the spiritual land of Canaan. Therefore, the ministers, on their part, administer the Sacra-

ment, and that which is visible, but our Lord giveth that which is signified by the Sacrament, namely, the gifts and invisible grace; washing, cleansing and purging our souls of all filth and unrighteousness; renewing our hearts and filling them with all comfort; giving unto us a true assurance of his fatherly goodness; putting on us the new man, and putting off the old man with all his deeds. Therefore, we believe, that every man, who is earnestly studious of obtaining life eternal, ought to be but once baptized with this only Baptism, without ever repeating the same: since we cannot be born twice. Neither doth this Baptism only avail us, at the time when the water is poured upon us and received by us, but also through the whole course of our life; therefore, we detest the error of the Anabaptists, who are not content with the one only baptism they have once received, and moreover condemn the baptism of the infants of believers, whom we believe ought to be baptized and sealed with the sign of the covenant, as the children in Israel formerly were circumcised upon the same promises, which are made unto our children. And, indeed, Christ shed his blood no less for the washing of the children of the faithful, than for adult persons; and, therefore, they ought to receive the sign and sacrament of that, which Christ hath done for them; as the Lord commanded in the law, that they should be made partakers of the sacrament of Christ's suffering and death, shortly after they were born, by offering for them a lamb, which was a sacrament of Jesus Christ. Moreover, what Circumcision was to the Jews, that Baptism is to our children. And for this reason, Paul calls Baptism the *Circumcision of Christ.*

XXXV. — OF THE HOLY SUPPER OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.

We believe and confess that our Saviour Jesus Christ did ordain and institute the Sacrament of the Holy Supper, to nourish and support those whom he hath already regenerated and incorporated into his family, which is his Church. Now those, who are regenerated, have in them a twofold life, the one corporal and temporal, which they have from the first birth, and is common to all men: the other spiritual and heavenly, which is given them in their second birth, which is effected by the word of the Gospel, in the communion of the body of Christ; and this life is not common, but is peculiar to God's elect. In like manner God hath given us, for the support of the bodily and earthly life, earthly and common bread, which is subservient thereto, and is common to all men, even as life itself. But for the support of the spiritual and heavenly life, which believers have, he hath sent a living bread, which descended from heaven, namely, Jesus Christ, who nourishes and strengthens the spiritual life of believers, when they eat him, that is to say, when they apply and receive him by faith in the Spirit. Christ, that he might represent unto us this spiritual and heavenly bread, hath instituted an earthly and visible bread, as a sacrament of his body, and wine as a sacrament of his blood, to testify by them unto us, that, as certainly as we receive and hold this Sacrament in our hands, and eat and drink the same with our mouths, by which our life is afterwards nourished, we also do as certainly receive by faith (which is the hand and mouth of our soul) the true body and blood of Christ our only Saviour in our souls, for the support of our spiritual life. Now, as it is certain and beyond all doubt, that Jesus Christ hath not enjoined to us the use of his Sacraments in vain, so he works in us all that he represents to us by these holy signs, though the manner surpasses our understanding, and cannot be com-

prehended by us, as the operations of the Holy Ghost are hidden and incomprehensible. In the meantime we err not, when we say, that what is eaten and drunk by us is the proper and natural body, and the proper blood of Christ. But the manner of our partaking of the same, is not by the mouth, but by the Spirit through faith. Thus, then, though Christ always sits at the right hand of his Father in the heavens, yet doth he not, therefore, cease to make us partakers of himself by faith. This feast is a spiritual table, at which Christ communicates himself with all his benefits to us, and gives us there to enjoy both himself and the merits of his sufferings and death, nourishing, strengthening and comforting our poor comfortless souls, by the eating of his flesh, quickening and refreshing them by the drinking of his blood. Further, though the Sacraments are connected with the thing signified, nevertheless both are not received by all men: the ungodly indeed receives the Sacrament to his condemnation, but he doth not receive the truth of the Sacrament. As Judas and Simon the sorcerer, both indeed received the Sacrament, but not Christ, who was signified by it, of whom believers only are made partakers. Lastly, we receive this holy Sacrament in the assembly of the people of God, with humility and reverence, keeping up amongst us a holy remembrance of the death of Christ our Saviour, with thanksgiving: making there confession of our faith and of the Christian religion. Therefore, no one ought to come to this table, without having previously rightly examined himself; lest by eating of this bread and drinking of this cup, he eat and drink judgment to himself. In a word, we are excited by the use of this holy Sacrament, to a fervent love towards God and our neighbour. Therefore, we reject all mixtures and damnable inventions, which men have added unto and blended with the Sacraments, as profanations of them: and affirm that we ought to rest satisfied with the ordinance, which Christ and his apostles have taught us, and that we must speak of them in the same manner as they have spoken.

XXXVI. — OF MAGISTRATES.

We believe that our gracious God, because of the depravity of mankind, hath appointed kings, princes and magistrates, willing that the world should be governed by certain laws and policies; to the end that the dissoluteness of men might be restrained, and all things carried on among them with good order and decency. For this purpose he hath invested the magistracy with the sword, *for the punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of them that do well.* And their office is, not only to have regard unto and watch for the welfare of the civil state; but also that they protect the sacred ministry; and thus may remove and prevent all idolatry and false worship; that the kingdom of antichrist may be thus destroyed, and the kingdom of Christ promoted. They must therefore countenance the preaching of the Word of the Gospel everywhere, that God may be honoured and worshipped by every one, as he commands in his Word. Moreover, it is the bounden duty of every one, of what state, quality, or condition soever he may be, to subject himself to the magistrates; to pay tribute, to show due honour and respect to them, and to obey them in all things which are not repugnant to the Word of God; to supplicate for them in their prayers, that God may rule and guide them in all their ways, and that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. Wherefore we detest the Anabaptists and other seditious people, and in general all those who reject the higher powers and

magistrates, and would subvert justice, introduce a community of goods, and confound that decency and good order, which God hath established among men.

XXXVII. — OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Finally we believe, according to the Word of God, when the time appointed by the Lord (which is unknown to all creatures) is come, and the number of the elect complete, that our Lord Jesus Christ will come from heaven, corporally and visibly, as he ascended, with great glory and majesty to declare himself judge of the quick and the dead; burning this old world with fire and flame, to cleanse it. And then all men will personally appear before this great judge, both men and women and children, that have been from the beginning of the world to the end thereof, being summoned by the voice of the archangel, and by the sound of the trumpet of God. For all the dead shall be raised out of the earth, and their souls joined and united with their proper bodies in which they formerly lived. As for those, who shall then be living, they shall not die as the others, but be changed in the twinkling of an eye, and from corruptible, become incorruptible. Then the books (that is to say the consciences) shall be opened, and the dead judged according to what they shall have done in this world, whether it be good or evil. Nay, all men shall give an account of every idle word they have spoken, which the world only counts amusement and jest; and then the secrets and hypocrisy of men shall be disclosed and laid open before all. And therefore the consideration of this judgment, is justly terrible and dreadful to the wicked and ungodly, but most desirable and comfortable to the righteous and the elect: because then their full deliverance shall be perfected, and there they shall receive the fruits of their labour and trouble which they have borne. Their innocence shall be known to all, and they shall see the terrible vengeance which God shall execute on the wicked, who most cruelly persecuted, oppressed and tormented them in this world; and who shall be convicted by the testimony of their own consciences, and being immortal, shall be tormented in that everlasting fire, which is prepared for the devil and his angels. But on the contrary, the faithful and elect shall be crowned with glory and honour; and the Son of God will confess their names before God his Father, and his elect angels; all tears shall be wiped from their eyes; and their cause, which is now condemned by many judges and magistrates, as heretical and impious, will then be known to be the cause of the Son of God. And for a gracious reward, the Lord will cause them to possess such a glory, as never entered into the heart of man to conceive. Therefore we expect that great day with a most ardent desire, to the end that we may fully enjoy the promises of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen.

Even so, come Lord Jesus. Rev. 22: 20.

CANONS,

RATIFIED IN THE NATIONAL SYNOD OF THE

REFORMED CHURCH,

HELD AT DORDRECHT, IN THE YEARS 1618 AND 1619.

FIRST HEAD OF DOCTRINE.

Of Divine Predestination.

Article I. As all men have sinned in Adam, lie under the curse, and are obnoxious to eternal death, God would have done no injustice by leaving them all to perish, and delivering them over to condemnation on account of sin, according to the words of the Apostle, (Rom. 3: 19.) "that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God:" (v. 23.) "for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God:" and (6: 23,) "for the wages of sin is death."

Art. II. But "in this the love of God was manifested, that he sent his only begotten Son into the world," "that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." 1 John 4: 9. John 3: 16.

Art. III. And that men may be brought to believe, God mercifully sends the messengers of these most joyful tidings, to whom he will, and at what time he pleaseth; by whose ministry men are called to repentance and faith in Christ crucified. (Rom. 10: 14, 15.) "How then shall they call on him, in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach except they be sent?"

Art. IV. The wrath of God abideth upon those who believe not this Gospel: but such as receive it, and embrace Jesus the Saviour by a true and living faith, are by him delivered from the wrath of God and from destruction, and have the gift of eternal life conferred upon them.

Art. V. The cause or guilt of this unbelief as well as of all other sins, is no wise in God but in man himself; whereas faith in Jesus Christ, and salvation through him is the free gift of God, as it is written, "By grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." (Eph. 2: 8.) "And unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him," &c. Phill. 1: 29.

Art. VI. That some receive the gift of faith from God, and others do not receive it, proceeds from God's eternal decree. "For known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world." (Acts

15: 18. Eph. 1: 11). According to which decree, he graciously softens the hearts of the elect, however obstinate, and inclines them to believe; while he leaves the nonelect in his just judgment to their own wickedness and obduracy. And herein is especially displayed the profound, the merciful, and at the same time the righteous discrimination between men, equally involved in ruin; or that decree of election and reprobation, revealed in the word of God, which, though men of perverse, impure and unstable minds, wrest it to their own destruction, yet to holy and pious souls affords unspeakable consolation.

Art. VII. Election is the unchangeable purpose of God, whereby, before the foundation of the world, he hath, out of mere grace, according to the sovereign good pleasure of his own will, chosen, from the whole human race, which had fallen through their own fault, from their primitive state of rectitude, into sin and destruction, a certain number of persons to redemption in Christ, whom he from eternity appointed the Mediator and head of the elect, and the foundation of Salvation.

This elect number, though by nature neither better nor more deserving than others, but with them involved in one common misery, God hath decreed to give to Christ, to be saved by him, and effectually to call and draw them to his communion by his Word and Spirit; to bestow upon them true faith, justification and sanctification; and having powerfully preserved them in the fellowship of his Son, finally, to glorify them for the demonstration of his mercy, and for the praise of the riches of his glorious grace: as it is written, "According as he hath chosen us in him, before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy, and without blame before him in love; having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved." (Eph. 1: 4-6.) And elsewhere, "Whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified." Rom. 8: 20.

Art. VIII. There are not various decrees of election, but one and the same decree respecting all those who shall be saved both under the Old and New Testament; since the Scripture declares the good pleasure, purpose and counsel of the divine will to be one, according to which he hath chosen us from eternity, both to grace and to glory, to salvation and the way of salvation, which he hath ordained that we should walk therein.

Art. IX. This election was not founded upon foreseen faith, and the obedience of faith, holiness, or any other good quality or disposition in man, as the prerequisite, cause or condition on which it depended; but men are chosen to faith and to the obedience of faith, holiness, etc. Therefore, election is the fountain of every saving good; from which proceed faith, holiness, and the other gifts of salvation, and finally eternal life itself, as its fruits and effects, according to that of the Apostle. "He hath chosen us (not because we were, but) that we should be holy and without blame before him in love. Eph. 1: 4.

Art. X. The good pleasure of God is the sole cause of this gracious election; which doth not consist herein, that God foreseeing all possible qualities of human actions, elected certain of these as a condition of salvation, but that he was pleased out of the common mass of sinners to adopt some certain persons as a peculiar people to himself, as it is written, "For the children being not yet born, nei-

ther having done any good or evil, etc., it was said (namely to Rebecca) the elder shall serve the younger; as it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." (Rom. 9: 11-13) "And as many as were ordained to eternal life believed." Acts 13: 48.

Art. XI. And as God himself is most wise, unchangeable, omniscient and omnipotent, so the election made by him can neither be interrupted nor changed, recalled nor annulled; neither can the elect be cast away, nor their number diminished.

Art. XII. The elect, in due time, though in various degrees and in different measures, attain the assurance of this their eternal and unchangeable election, not by inquisitively prying into the secret and deep things of God; but by observing in themselves with a spiritual joy and holy pleasure, the infallible fruits of election pointed out in the Word of God; such as a true faith in Christ, filial fear, a godly sorrow for sin, a hungering and thirsting after righteousness, etc.

Art. XIII. The sense and certainty of this election afford to the children of God additional matter for daily humiliation before him, for adoring the depth of his mercies, and rendering grateful returns of ardent love to him who first manifested so great love towards them. The consideration of this doctrine of election is so far from encouraging remissness in the observance of the divine commands or from sinking men into carnal security, that these, in the just judgment of God, are the usual effects of rash presumption or of idle and wanton trifling with the grace of election, in those who refuse to walk in the ways of the elect.

Art. XIV. As the doctrine of divine election by the most wise counsel of God, was declared by the prophets, by Christ himself, and by the apostles, and is clearly revealed in the Scriptures both of the Old and New Testament; so it is still to be published in due time and place in the Church of God, for which it was peculiarly designed, provided it be done with reverence, in the spirit of discretion and piety, for the glory of God's most holy name, and for enlivening and comforting his people, without vainly attempting to investigate the secret ways of the Most High.

Art. XV. What peculiarly tends to illustrate and recommend to us the eternal and unmerited grace of election, is the express testimony of sacred Scripture, that not all, but some only, are elected, while others are passed by in the eternal decree; whom God, out of his sovereign, most just, irreprehensible and unchangeable good pleasure, hath decreed to leave in the common misery into which they have wilfully plunged themselves, and not to bestow upon them saving faith and the grace of conversion; but permitting them in his just judgment to follow their own way, at last for the declaration of his justice, to condemn and punish them for ever, not only on account of their unbelief, but also for all their other sins. And this is the decree of reprobation which by no means makes God the author of sin, (the very thought of which is blasphemy), but declares him to be an awful, irreprehensible, and righteous judge and avenger.

Art. XVI. Those who do not yet experience a lively faith in Christ, an assured confidence of soul, peace of conscience, an earnest endeavour after filial obedience, and glorying in God through Christ, efficaciously wrought in them, and do nevertheless persist in the use of the means which God hath appointed for working these graces in us, ought not to be alarmed at the mention of reprobation, nor to rank themselves among the reprobate, but diligently to persevere in

the use of means, and with ardent desires devoutly and humbly to wait for a season of richer grace. Much less cause have they to be terrified by the doctrine of reprobation, who, though they seriously desire to be turned to God, to please him only, and to be delivered from the body of death, cannot yet reach that measure of holiness and faith to which they aspire; since a merciful God has promised that he will not quench the smoking flax, nor break the bruised reed. But this doctrine is justly terrible to those, who, regardless of God, and of the Saviour Jesus Christ, have wholly given themselves up to the cares of the world, and the pleasures of the flesh, so long as they are not seriously converted to God.

Art. XVII. Since we are to judge of the will of God, from his Word, which testifies that the children of believers are holy, not by nature, but in virtue of the covenant of grace, in which they together with the parents, are comprehended, godly parents have no reason to doubt of the election and salvation of their children whom it pleaseth God to call out of this life in their infancy.

Art. XVIII. To those who murmur at the free grace of election, and just severity of reprobation, we answer with the Apostle: "Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God?" (Rom. 9: 20); and quote the language of our Saviour, "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" (Matt. 20: 15.) And therefore with holy adoration of these mysteries, we exclaim in the words of the Apostle: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been his counsellor? or who hath first given to him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again? For of him, and through him, and to him are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen."

SECOND HEAD OF DOCTRINE.

Of the death of Christ, and the redemption of men thereby.

Art. I. God is not only supremely merciful, but also supremely just. And his justice requires (as he hath revealed himself in his Word) that our sins committed against his infinite majesty should be punished, not only with temporal, but with eternal punishments, both in body and soul; which we cannot escape, unless satisfaction be made to the justice of God.

Art. II. Since therefore we are unable to make that satisfaction in our own persons, or to deliver ourselves from the wrath of God, he hath been pleased of his infinite mercy to give his only begotten Son, for our surety, who was made sin, and became a curse for us and in our stead, that he might make satisfaction to divine justice on our behalf.

Art. III. The death of the Son of God is the only and most perfect sacrifice and satisfaction for sin; is of infinite worth and value, abundantly sufficient to expiate the sins of the whole world.

Art. IV. This death derives its infinite value and dignity from these considerations; because the person who submitted to it was not only really man, and perfectly holy, but also the only begotten Son

of God, of the same eternal and infinite essence with the Father and Holy Spirit, which qualifications were necessary to constitute him a Saviour for us; and because it was attended with a sense of the wrath and curse of God due to us for sin.

Art. V. Moreover the promise of the Gospel is, that whosoever believeth in Christ crucified, shall not perish, but have everlasting life. This promise, together with the command to repent and believe, ought to be declared and published to all nations, and to all persons promiscuously and without distinction, to whom God out of his good pleasure sends the Gospel.

Art. VI. And, whereas many who are called by the Gospel, do not repent nor believe in Christ, but perish in unbelief; this is not owing to any defect or insufficiency in the sacrifice offered by Christ upon the cross, but is wholly to be imputed to themselves.

Art. VII. But as many as truly believe, and are delivered and saved from sin and destruction through the death of Christ, are indebted for this benefit solely to the grace of God given them in Christ from everlasting, and not to any merit of their own.

Art. VIII. For this was the sovereign counsel and most gracious will and purpose of God the Father, that the quickening and saving efficacy of the most precious death of his Son, should extend to all the elect, for bestowing upon them alone the gift of justifying faith, thereby to bring them infallibly to salvation: that is, it was the will of God, that Christ by the blood of the cross, whereby he confirmed the new covenant, should effectually redeem out of every people, tribe, nation, and language, all those, and those only, who were from eternity chosen to salvation, and given to him by the Father; that he should confer upon them faith, which together with all the other saving gifts of the Holy Spirit, he purchased for them by his death; should purge them from all sin, both original and actual, whether committed before or after believing; and having faithfully preserved them even to the end, should at last bring them free from every spot and blemish to the enjoyment of glory in his own presence for ever.

Art. IX. This purpose proceeding from everlasting love towards the elect, has from the beginning of the world to this day been powerfully accomplished, and will henceforward still continue to be accomplished, notwithstanding all the ineffectual opposition of the gates of hell: so that the elect in due time may be gathered together into one, and that there never may be wanting a Church composed of believers, the foundation of which is laid in the blood of Christ, which may steadfastly love and faithfully serve him as their Saviour, who as a bridegroom for his bride, laid down his life for them upon the cross; and which may celebrate his praises here and through all eternity.

THIRD AND FOURTH HEADS OF DOCTRINE.

Of the corruption of man, his conversion to God, and the manner thereof.

Art. I. Man was originally formed after the image of God. His understanding was adorned with a true and saving knowledge of his Creator, and of spiritual things; his heart and will were upright; all his affections pure; and the whole Man was holy: but revolting from

God by the instigation of the devil, and abusing the freedom of his own will, he forfeited these excellent gifts: and on the contrary entailed on himself blindness of mind, horrible darkness, vanity and perverseness of judgment; became wicked, rebellious, and obdurate in heart and will, and impure in his affections.

Art. II. Man after the fall begat children in his own likeness. A corrupt stock produced a corrupt offspring. Hence all the posterity of Adam, Christ only excepted, have derived corruption from their original parent, not by imitation, as the Pelgians of old asserted, but by the propagation of a vicious nature.

Art. III. Therefore all men are conceived in sin, and are by nature children of wrath, incapable of any saving good, prone to evil, dead in sin, and in bondage thereto; and without the regenerating grace of the Holy Spirit, they are neither able nor willing to return to God, to reform the depravity of their nature, nor to dispose themselves to reformation.

Art. IV. There remain, however, in man since the fall, the glimmerings of natural light, whereby he retains some knowledge of God, of natural things, and of the difference between good and evil, and discovers some regard for virtue, good order in society, and for maintaining an orderly external deportment. But so far is this light of nature from being sufficient to bring him to a saving knowledge of God, and to true conversion, that he is incapable of using it aright even in things natural and civil. Nay farther, this light, such as it is, man in various ways renders wholly polluted, and holds it in unrighteousness; by doing which he becomes inexcusable before God.

Art. V. In the same light are we to consider the law of the decalogue, delivered by God to his peculiar people the Jews, by the hands of Moses. For though it discovers the greatness of sin, and more and more convinces man thereof, yet as it neither points out a remedy, nor imparts strength to extricate him from misery, and thus being weak through the flesh, leaves the transgressor under the curse, man cannot by this law obtain saving grace.

Art. VI. What therefore neither the light of nature nor the law could do, that God performs by the operation of his Holy Spirit through the word or ministry of reconciliation: which is the glad tidings concerning the Messiah, by means whereof it hath pleased God to save such as believe, as well under the Old, as under the New Testament.

Art. VII. This mystery of his will, God discovered to but a small number under the Old Testament; under the New, he reveals himself to many, without any distinction of people. The cause of this dispensation is not to be ascribed to the superior worth of one nation above another, nor to their making a better use of the light of nature, but results wholly from the sovereign good pleasure and unmerited love of God. Hence they, to whom so great and so gracious a blessing is communicated, above their desert, or rather notwithstanding their demerits, are bound to acknowledge it with humble and grateful hearts, and with the apostle to adore, not curiously to pry into the severity and justice of God's judgments displayed in others, to whom this grace is not given.

Art. VIII. As many as are called by the Gospel, are unfeignedly called; for God hath most earnestly and truly declared in his word, what will be acceptable to him; namely, that all who are called, should comply with the invitation. He moreover seriously promises eternal life and rest, to as many as shall come to him, and believe on him.

Art. IX. It is not the fault of the Gospel, nor of Christ offered therein, nor of God, who calls men by the Gospel, and confers upon them various gifts, that those who are called by the ministry of the Word, refuse to come and be converted. The fault lies in themselves; some of whom when called, regardless of their danger, reject the word of life; others, though they receive it, suffer it not to make a lasting impression on their heart; therefore, their joy, arising only from a temporary faith, soon vanishes, and they fall away; while others choke the seed of the word by perplexing cares, and the pleasures of this world, and produce no fruit. This our Saviour teaches in the parable of the sower. Matt. 13.

Art. X. But that others who are called by the Gospel, obey the call and are converted, is not to be ascribed to the proper exercise of free will, whereby one distinguishes himself above others equally furnished with grace sufficient for faith and conversion, as the proud heresy of Pelagius maintains; but it must be wholly to God, who, as he hath chosen his own from eternity in Christ, so he confers upon them faith and repentance, rescues them from the power of darkness, and translates them into the kingdom of his own son, that they may show forth the praises of him, who hath called them out of darkness into his marvellous light; and may glory not in themselves but, in the Lord, according to the testimony of the apostles in various places.

Art. XI. But when God accomplishes his good pleasure in the elect, or works in them true conversion, he not only causes the Gospel to be externally preached to them, and powerfully illuminates their minds by his Holy Spirit, that they may rightly understand and discern the things of the Spirit of God; but by the efficacy of the same regenerating Spirit, he pervades the inmost recesses of the man; he opens the closed, and softens the hardened heart, and circumcises that which was uncircumcised; infuses new qualities into the will, which, though heretofore dead, he quickens; from being evil, disobedient, and refractory, he renders it good, obedient and pliable; actuates and strengthens it, that like a good tree, it may bring forth the fruits of good actions.

Art. XII. And this is the regeneration so highly celebrated in Scripture and denominated a new creation; a resurrection from the dead; a making alive, which God works in us without our aid. But this is no wise effected merely by the external preaching of the Gospel, by moral suasion, or such a mode of operation, that after God has performed his part, it still remains in the power of man to be regenerated or not, to be converted or to continue unconverted; but it is evidently a supernatural work, most powerful, and at the same time most delightful, astonishing, mysterious and ineffable; not inferior in efficacy to creation or the resurrection from the dead, as the Scripture inspired by the author of this work declares; so that all in whose hearts God works in this marvellous manner, are certainly, infallibly and effectually regenerated, and do actually believe. Whereupon the will thus renewed, is not only actuated and influenced by God, but in consequence of this influence, becomes itself active. Wherefore also, man is himself rightly said to believe and repent, by virtue of that grace received.

Art. XIII. The manner of this operation cannot be fully comprehended by believers in this life. Notwithstanding which, they rest satisfied with knowing and experiencing, that by this grace of God they are enabled to believe with the heart, and to love their Saviour.

Art. XIV. Faith is therefore to be considered as the gift of God, not on account of its being offered by God to man, to be accepted or

rejected at his pleasure; but because it is in reality conferred, breathed, and infused into him; nor even because God bestows the power or ability to believe, and then expects that man should, by the exercise of his own free will, consent to the terms of salvation, and actually believe in Christ; but because he who works in man both to will and to do, and indeed all things in all, produces both the will to believe and the act of believing also.

Art. XV. God is under no obligation to confer this grace upon any; for how can he be indebted to man, who had no previous gift to bestow as a foundation for such recompense? Nay, who has nothing of his own but sin and falsehood? He therefore who becomes the subject of this grace, owes eternal gratitude to God, and gives him thanks for ever. Whoever is not made partaker thereof, is either altogether regardless of these spiritual gifts and satisfied with his own condition; or, is in no apprehension of danger, and vainly boasts the possession of that which he has not. With respect to those, who make an external profession of faith, and live regular lives, we are bound after the example of the Apostle to judge and speak of them in the most favourable manner; for the secret recesses of the heart are unknown to us. And as to others, who have not yet been called, it is our duty to pray for them to God, who calleth those things which be not, as though they were. But we are in no wise to conduct ourselves towards them with haughtiness, as if we had made ourselves to differ.

Art. XVI. But as man by the fall did not cease to be a creature endowed with understanding and will, nor did sin, which pervaded the whole race of mankind, deprive him of the human nature, but brought upon him depravity, and spiritual death; so also this grace of regeneration, does not treat men as senseless stocks and blocks, nor takes away their will and its properties, neither does violence thereto; but spiritually quickens, heals, corrects, and at the same time sweetly and powerfully bends it: that where carnal rebellion and resistance formerly prevailed, a ready and sincere spiritual obedience begins to reign; in which the true and spiritual restoration and freedom of our will consist. Wherefore, unless the admirable author of every good work, wrought in us, man could have no hope of recovering from his fall by his own free will, by the abuse of which, in a state of innocence, he plunged himself into ruin.

Art. XVII. As the almighty operation of God, whereby he prolongs and supports this our natural life, does not exclude, but requires the use of means, by which God of his infinite mercy and goodness hath chosen to exert his influence; so also the before mentioned supernatural operation of God, by which we are regenerated, in no wise excludes or subverts the use of the Gospel, which the most wise God has ordained to be the seed of regeneration, and food of the soul. Wherefore as the apostles, and the teachers who succeeded them, piously instructed the people concerning this grace of God, to his glory, and the abasement of all pride, and in the mean time, however, neglected not to keep them by the sacred precepts of the Gospel, in the exercise of the Word, the sacraments and discipline: so even to this day, be it far from either instructors or instructed to presume to tempt God in the Church, by separating what he of his good pleasure hath most intimately joined together. For grace is conferred by means of admonitions; and the more readily we perform our duty, the more eminent usually is this blessing of God working in us, and the more directly is his work advanced; to whom alone all the glory both of means, and their saving fruit and efficacy, is for ever due. *Amen.*

FIFTH HEAD OF DOCTRINE.

Of the Perseverance of the Saints.

Art. I. Whom God calls, according to his purpose, to the communion of his Son our Lord Jesus Christ, and regenerates by the Holy Spirit, he delivers also from the dominion and slavery of sin in this life; though not altogether from the body of sin and from the infirmities of the flesh, so long as they continue in this world.

Art. II. Hence spring daily sins of infirmity, and hence spots adhere to the best works of the saints; which furnish them with constant matter for humiliation before God and flying for refuge to Christ crucified; for mortifying the flesh more and more by the spirit of prayer and by holy exercises of piety; and for pressing forward to the goal of perfection, till being at length delivered from this body of death, they are brought to reign with the Lamb of God in heaven.

Art. III. By reason of these remains of indwelling sin, and the temptations of sin and of the world, those who are converted could not persevere in a state of grace, if left to their own strength. But God is faithful, who having conferred grace, mercifully confirms and powerfully preserves them therein, even to the end.

Art. IV. Although the weakness of the flesh cannot prevail against the power of God, who confirms and preserves true believers in a state of grace, yet converts are not always so influenced and actuated by the Spirit of God, as not in some particular instances, sinfully to deviate from the guidance of divine grace, so as to be seduced by, and to comply with the lusts of the flesh; they must therefore be constant in watching and prayer, that they be not led into temptation. When these are neglected, they are not only liable to be drawn into great and heinous sins, by Satan, the world and the flesh, but sometimes by the righteous permission of God actually fall into these evils. This, the lamentable fall of David, Peter, and other saints described in Holy Scriptures, demonstrates.

Art. V. By such enormous sins, however, they very highly offend God, incur a deadly guilt, grieve the Holy Spirit, interrupt the exercise of faith, very grievously wound their consciences, and sometimes lose the sense of God's favour, for a time, until on their returning into the right way by serious repentance, the light of God's fatherly countenance again shines upon them.

Art. VI. But God, who is rich in mercy, according to his unchangeable purpose of election, does not wholly withdraw the Holy Spirit from his own people, even in their melancholy falls; nor suffer them to proceed so far as to lose the grace of adoption, and forfeit the state of justification, or to commit the sin unto death; nor does he permit them to be totally deserted, and to plunge themselves into everlasting destruction.

Art. VII. For in the first place, in these falls he preserves in them the incorruptible seed of regeneration from perishing or being totally lost; and again, by his Word and Spirit, he certainly and effectually renews them to repentance, to a sincere and godly sorrow for their sins, that they may seek and obtain remission in the blood of the Mediator, may again experience the favour of a reconciled God, through faith adore his mercies, and henceforward more diligently work out their own salvation with fear and trembling.

Art. VIII. Thus, it is not in consequence of their own merits or strength, but of God's free mercy, that they do not totally fall from faith and grace, nor continue and perish finally in their backslidings; which, with respect to themselves is not only possible, but would undoubtedly happen; but with respect to God, it is utterly impossible, since his counsel cannot be changed, nor his promise fail, neither can the call according to his purpose be revoked, nor the merit, intercession and preservation of Christ be rendered ineffectual, nor the sealing of the Holy Spirit be frustrated or obliterated.

Art. IX. Of this preservation of the elect to salvation, and of their perseverance in the faith, true believers for themselves may and do obtain assurance according to the measure of their faith, whereby they arrive at the certain persuasion, that they ever will continue true and living members of the Church; and that they experience forgiveness of sins, and will at last inherit eternal life.

Art. X. This assurance, however, is not produced by any peculiar revelation contrary to, or independent of the Word of God; but springs from faith in God's promises, which he has most abundantly revealed in his Word for our comfort; from the testimony of the Holy Spirit, witnessing with our spirit, that we are childern and heirs of God (Rom. 8: 16); and lastly, from a serious and holy desire to preserve a good conscience, and to perform good works. And if the elect of God were deprived of this solid comfort, that they shall finally obtain the victory; and of this infallible pledge or earnest of eternal glory, they would be of all men the most miserable

Art. XI. The Scripture moreover testifies, that believers in this life have to struggle with various carnal doubts, and that under grievous temptations they are not always sensible of this full assurance of faith, and certainty of persevering. But God, who is the Father of all consolation, does not suffer them to be tempted above that they are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that they may be able to bear it; (1 Cor. 10: 13): and by the Holy Spirit again inspires them with the comfortable assurance of persevering.

Art. XII. This certainty of perseverance, however, is so far from exciting in believers a spirit of pride, or of rendering them carnally secure, that on the contrary, it is the real source of humility, filial reverence, true piety, patience in every tribulation, fervent prayers, constancy in suffering, and in confessing the truth, and of solid rejoicing in God: so that the consideration of this benefit should serve as an incentive to the serious and constant practice of gratitude and good works, as appears from the testimonies of Scripture and the examples of the saints.

Art. XIII. Neither does renewed confidence of persevering produce licentiousness or a disregard to piety, in those who are recovered from backsliding: but it renders them much more careful and solicitous to continue in the ways of the Lord, which he hath ordained, that they who walk therein may maintain an assurance of persevering; lest by abusing his fatherly kindness, God should turn away his gracious countenance from them, to behold which is to the godly dearer than life; the withdrawing whereof is more bitter than death; and they in consequence hereof should fall into more grievous torments of conscience.

Art. XIV. And as it hath pleased God, by the preaching of the Gospel, to begin this work of grace in us, so he preserves, continues, and perfects it by the hearing and reading of his Word, by meditation

thereon, and by the exhortations, threatenings, and promises thereof, as well as by the use of the Sacraments.

Art. XV. The carnal mind is unable to comprehend this doctrine of the perseverance of the saints, and the certainty thereof; which God hath most abundantly revealed in his Word, for the glory of his name, and the consolation of pious souls, and which he impresses upon the hearts of the faithful. Satan abhors it; the world ridicules it; the ignorant and hypocrite abuse, and heretics oppose it. But the spouse of Christ hath always most tenderly loved and constantly defended it, as an inestimable treasure: and God, against whom neither counsel nor strength can prevail, will dispose her to continue this conduct to the end. NOW, TO THIS ONE GOD, FATHER, SON, AND HOLY SPIRIT, BE HONOUR AND GLORY, FOR EVER. *Amen.*

CONCLUSION.

And this is the perspicuous, simple, and ingenuous declaration of the orthodox doctine respecting the five articles which have been controverted in the Belgic churches; and the rejection of the errors, with which they have for some time been troubled. This doctrine, the Synod judges to be drawn from the Word of God, and to be agreeable to the confession of the Reformed Churches. Whence it clearly appears, that some, whom such conduct by no means became, have violated all truth, equity, and charity, in wishing to persuade the public:

"That the doctrine of the Reformed Churches concerning predestination, and the points annexed to it, by its own genius and necessary tendency, leads off the minds of men from all piety and religion: that it is an opiate administered by the flesh and the devil; and the strong hold of Satan, where he lies in wait for all; and from which he wounds multitudes, and mortally strikes through many with the darts both of despair and security; that it makes God the author of sin, unjust, tyrannical, hypocritical: that it is nothing more than an interpolated Stoicism, Manicheism, Libertinism, Turcism: that it renders men carnally secure, since they are persuaded by it that nothing can hinder the salvation of the elect, let them live as they please; and therefore, that they may safely perpetrate every species of the most atrocious crimes; and that, if the reprobate should even perform truly all the works of the saints, their obedience would not in the least contribute to their salvation: that the same doctrine teaches, that God, by a mere arbitrary act of his will, without the least respect or view to any sin, has predestinated the greatest part of the world to eternal damnation; and, has created them for this very purpose: that in the same manner in which the election is the fountain and cause of faith and good works, reprobation is the cause of unbelief and impiety: that many children of the faithful are torn, guiltless, from their mothers' breasts, and tyrannically plunged into hell; so that, neither baptism nor the prayers of the Church at their baptism, can at all profit them:" and many other things of the same kind which the Reformed Churches not only do not acknowledge, but even detest with their whole soul.

Wherefore, this Synod of Dort, in the name of the Lord, conjures as many as piously call upon the name of our Saviour Jesus Christ, to

judge of the faith of the Reformed Churches, not from the calumnies which, on every side, are heaped upon it; nor from the private expressions of a few among ancient and modern teachers, often dishonestly quoted, or corrupted and wrested to a meaning quite foreign to their intention; but from the public confessions of the churches themselves, and from this declaration of the orthodox doctrine, confirmed by the unanimous consent of all and each of the members of the whole Synod. Moreover, the Synod warns calumniators themselves, to consider the terrible judgment of God which awaits them, for bearing false witness against the confessions of so many churches; for distressing the consciences of the weak; and for labouring to render suspected the society of the truly faithful. Finally, this Synod exhorts all their brethren in the Gospel of Christ, to conduct themselves piously and religiously in handling this doctrine, both in the universities and churches; to direct it, as well in discourse as in writing, to the glory of the Divine Name, to holiness of life, and to the consolation of afflicted souls; to regulate, by the Scripture, according to the analogy of faith, not only their sentiments, but also their language; and, to abstain from all those phrases which exceed the limits necessary to be observed in ascertaining the genuine sense of the Holy Scriptures, and may furnish insolent sophists with a just pretext for violently assailing, or even vilifying, the doctrine of the Reformed Churches.

May Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who, seated at the Father's right hand, gives gifts to men, sanctify us in the truth; bring to the truth those who err; shut the mouths of the calumniators of sound doctrine, and endue the faithful ministers of his Word with the spirit of wisdom and discretion, that all their discourses may tend to the glory of God, and the edification of those who hear them. *Amen.*

That this is our faith and decision, we certify by subscribing our names.

Here follow the names, not only of PRESIDENT, ASSISTANT PRESIDENT, *and* SECRETARIES *of the Synod, and of the* PROFESSORS OF THEOLOGY *in the Dutch Churches; but of all the* MEMBERS *who were deputed to the Synod, as the Representatives of their respective Churches; that is, of the Delegates from* Great Britain, the electoral Palatinate, Hessia, Switzerland, Wetteraw, the Republic and Church of Geneva, the Republic and Church of Bremen, the Republic and Church of Emden, the Duchy of Gelderland, and of Zutphen, South Holland, North Holland, Zealand, the province of Utrecht, Friesland, Transylvania, the State of Groningen and Omland, Drent, and the French Churches.

THE LITURGY

OF THE

Reformed Church;

OR,

THE FORMS USED THEREIN.

I. CHRISTIAN PRAYERS.

A PRAYER ON THE LORD'S DAY, BEFORE SERMON.

O ETERNAL God, and most merciful Father, we humbly prostrate ourselves before thy high majesty, against which we have so often and grievously offended; and acknowledge, if thou shouldst enter into judgment with us, that we have deserved nothing but eternal death: for besides that we all are, by original sin, unclean in thy sight and children of wrath, conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity, whereby all manner of evil lusts, striving against thee and our neighbour, dwell within us; we have also indeed, frequently and without end, transgressed thy pre-

cepts, neglected what thou hast commanded us, and done what thou hast expressly forbidden us. We have strayed like sheep, and have greatly offended against thee, which we acknowledge, and are heartily sorry for; nay, we confess to our shame, and to the praise of thy mercy towards us, that our sins are more than the hairs of our head, and that we are indebted ten thousand talents, but not able to pay. Wherefore we are not worthy to be called thy children; nor to lift up our eyes towards heaven, to pour out our prayers before thee.

Nevertheless, O Lord God, and merciful Father, knowing that thou dost not desire the death of a sinner, but that he may turn from his wickedness and live; and that thy mercy is infinite, which thou showest unto those who return to thee; we heartily call upon thee, trusting in our Mediator Jesus Christ, who is that Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, and we beseech thee, to commiserate our infirmity, forgiving us all our sins for Christ's sake.

Wash us in the pure fountain of his blood, that we may become clean and white as snow. Cover our nakedness with his innocence and righteousness, for the glory of thy name's sake: clear our understanding of all blindness, and our hearts of all hardness and pride.

Open the mouth of thy servant at present, and replenish him with thy wisdom and knowledge, that he may purely and confidently set forth thy Word; prepare also our hearts that we may hear, understand, and keep the same: write thy laws, according to thy promise in the tables of our hearts, and strengthen us to delight and walk in the same. to the praise and glory of thy Name, and to the edification of thy Church. O gracious Father, we ask for, and desire all these things in the name of Jesus Christ, who hath taught us to pray: Our Father, etc.

A PRAYER ON THE LORD'S DAY, AFTER SERMON.

ALMIGHTY and merciful God, we acknowledge in ourselves, and confess before thee, as the truth is, that we are not worthy to lift up our eyes towards heaven, and to present our prayers before thee, if thou shouldst respect our merits and worthiness: for our consciences accuse us, and our sins bear witness against us; we also know that thou art a righteous judge, punishing the sins of those who transgress thy commandments. But, O Lord, since thou hast commanded us to call upon thee in all times of necessity, and hast of thine ineffable mercy promised to hear our prayers, not because of our merits, which are none, but for the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, whom thou hast appointed to be our Mediator and Advocate: therefore, we forsake all other help, and take our refuge to thy mercy alone.

Especially, O Lord, besides the innumerable benefits, which thou showest to all mankind in general on earth, thou hast in particular bestowed manifold favours on us, which we are not able to comprehend or express: for thou hast delivered us from the woful slavery of the devil, and all idolatry wherein we were held, and hast brought us to the light of thy truth, and to the knowledge of thy Holy Gospel. On the contrary, we have by our ingratitude been regardless of these thy benefits; we have departed from thee, and have followed our own devices, not honouring thee as was our bounden duty to do. Thus have we, O Lord, grievously sinned, and highly offended thee, and we can expect nothing else than everlasting death and damnation, if thou shouldst deal with us according to our deserts. Yea, we also perceive, O Lord, by the chastisement which thou daily art inflicting on us, that thou art justly displeased with us; for since thou art just, thou wilt punish no man without cause: and we also see thine hand stretched

out further to punish us. But though thou shouldst punish us more severely than thou hast hitherto done, nay, though all the plagues fell upon us, wherewith thou didst visit the sins of thy people Israel, we must still confess that thou wouldst do us no injustice.

But, O Lord, thou art our God, and we are but dust and ashes; thou art our Creator, and we are thy handy work; thou art our Shepherd, and we are thy sheep; thou art our Redeemer, and we are those whom thou hast redeemed; thou art our Father, and we are thy children and heirs. Therefore, do not punish us in thine anger, but chastise us mercifully, and preserve that work, which thou hast of thy mercy begun in us, that the whole world may know and acknowledge thee to be our God and Saviour. Thy people Israel frequently offended thee, and thou didst justly punish them; but as oft as they turned themselves again to thee, thou didst always mercifully receive them into favour. And though their sins and transgressions were ever so great, thou didst always avert thy wrath and punishment prepared for them, by reason of the covenant which thou hadst made with thy servants, Abráham, Isaac, and Jacob; so that thou never hast refused to hear the prayers of thy people. And we have of thy mercy even that same covenant, which thou hast erected in the hand of Jesus Christ our Mediator, between thee and all believers: nay, it is now more glorious and efficacious, since Christ hath ratified and confirmed the same by his holy suffering and death, and entrance into his glory. Therefore, O Lord, forsaking ourselves and all human assistance, we fly for succor to this blessed covenant of grace, by means whereof our Lord Jesus Christ having offered his body once on the cross as a perfect sacrifice for us, hath reconciled us with thee for ever. Therefore, O Lord, look upon the face of thine anointed, and not on our sins, that

thine anger may be appeased by his intercession: and cause thy face to shine on us to our joy and salvation.

Take us henceforth into thy holy guidance and protection, and govern us by thy Holy Spirit, who, daily more and more mortifying our flesh with all its lusts, renews us to a better life, and produces in us fruits of true faith; that hereby thy Name may be glorified and praised to all eternity, and that we, despising all transitory things, may with an ardent desire fix our thoughts only on things heavenly.

And inasmuch as it is thy pleasure that we should pray for all mankind, we beseech thee to extend thy blessing on the doctrine of thy Holy Gospel, that it may be preached and accepted every where; that the whole world may be filled with thy saving knowledge; that the ignorant may be converted, the weak strengthened; that every one not only in word, but also in deed, may magnify and sanctify thy holy Name. Send forth, for this end, faithful labourers into thy harvest: and also replenish them with thy grace, that they may faithfully serve before thee. On the contrary, utterly destroy all false teachers, ravenous wolves, and hirelings, who seek their own honour and advantage, and not the glory of thy holy Name, nor the welfare and salvation of souls. Be also pleased graciously to preserve and govern all thy christian churches spread over the face of the earth, in unity of true faith, and in godliness of life, that thy kingdom may daily increase, and that of Satan be destroyed, till thy kingdom is perfected, when thou shalt be all in all.

Particularly we pray for these United States of America; keep them under thy holy protection; prosper them in their agriculture, manufactures, commerce and literature; and let their civil and religious rights be preserved inviolate to the latest posterity.

Bless and long preserve thy servant, the President of

the United States. Bless the Vice-President; the Senate and House of Representatives, when in congress assembled. Bless all placed in authority throughout the states, and especially in the state wherein we reside; the Governor, the Magistrates, and all others entrusted with powers, either legislative or executive. Replenish them all with thy grace and heavenly gifts, each in the respective calling and state wherein thou hast placed him, that they may wisely govern and strenuously protect the people whom thou hast committed to their care, faithfully defend thy worship, and rightly administer justice. Preside with thy Holy Spirit in their assemblies, that in all cases they may resolve nothing but what is good and becoming, and let the laws be happily executed; that these United States being preserved from all enemies, the evil doers punished, and the just protected, thy Name thereby may be praised, and the kingdom of the King of kings, Christ Jesus, promoted: and that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty.

Moreover we pray for our brethren who are under persecution or tyranny. Comfort them with thy Holy Spirit and mercifully deliver them: suffer not thy Church wholly to be destroyed, nor the remembrance of thy Name to be abolished from the face of the earth, lest the enemies of thy truth triumph to the dishonouring and blaspheming of thy Name. But if it is thy divine will, that the suffering Christians should die for the glory of thy Name, and by their death witness unto the truth, comfort them in their sufferings, that they, considering them as coming from thy fatherly hand, may therefore, doing thy will, remain steadfast, whether in life or death; to thy glory, to the edification of thy Church, and to their salvation. We likewise beseech thee for all those whom thou dost afflict, with poverty, imprisonment, sickness of body, or

trouble of mind; comfort them all, O Lord, according to their several necessities. Grant that their chastisement may bring them to the knowledge of their sins, and to an amendment of their lives. Give them also firm patience; alleviate their sufferings; and finally deliver them that they may rejoice in thy goodness and eternally praise thy Name.

And now, O Lord, take us, together with all that belongs to or concerns us, in thy keeping. Grant that we may live in our respective callings according to thy will, and so use the gifts which we receive of thy blessing, that they may not impede, but rather further us to life eternal. Strengthen us in all temptations, that we striving in true faith, may overcome, and hereafter enjoy with Christ life eternal.

We ask thee for all these things, as our faithful Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ himself hath taught us; OUR FATHER, etc.

Afterwards the congregation is dismissed with the usual blessing:

RECEIVE THE BLESSING OF THE LORD.

THE Lord bless thee, and keep thee:

The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

A PRAYER BEFORE THE EXPLANATION OF THE CATECHISM.

O HEAVENLY Father, thy Word is perfect, converting the soul; a sure testimony, making wise the simple, enlightening the eyes of the blind; and a powerful means unto salvation, for all those who believe. And whereas

we are not only blind by nature, but even incapable of doing any good: and also since thou wilt help none but those who are of a broken and contrite heart; we beseech thee to enlighten our understanding with thy Holy Spirit, and give us a meek heart, free from all haughtiness and carnal knowledge, that we, hearing thy Word, may rightly understand it, and regulate our life accordingly. Be graciously pleased to convert all those who still stray from thy truth, that we together with them, may unanimously serve thee in true holiness and righteousness all the days of our life.

We crave all these things for Christ's sake, who hath thus taught us to pray in his name, and promised to hear us; OUR FATHER, etc.

A PRAYER AFTER THE EXPLANATION OF THE CATECHISM.

O GRACIOUS God and merciful Father, we give thee hearty thanks that it hath pleased thee, to take not only us, but also our little children, into thy covenant, which thou hast not only sealed unto them, by Holy Baptism, but also daily showest, when thou perfectest thy praise out of their mouths, thus to cause the wise of the world to blush. We beseech thee, increase thy grace in them, that they may always grow and increase in Christ thy Son: till they acquire their perfect manly age in all knowledge and righteousness. Give us grace that we may educate them, as thou hast commanded us, in thy knowledge and fear, so that by their godliness the kingdom of Satan may be destroyed, and the kingdom of Jesus Christ strengthened in this and other congregations, to the glory of thy holy Name, and to their eternal salvation, through Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

A PRAYER BEFORE SERMON IN THE WEEK.

HEAVENLY Father, eternal and merciful God, we acknowledge and confess before thy divine majesty, that we are poor miserable sinners, conceived in sin, and born in iniquity, prone to all evil, unfit for any good; and that, by our sinful life, we continually transgress thy holy commandments, whereby we provoke thine anger against us, and according to thy righteous judgment, expose ourselves unto eternal damnation. But, O Lord, we repent and are sorry that we have offended thee; we bewail our transgressions, beseeching that thou wilt graciously pity our misery. Have compassion on us, O most bounteous God and Father, and forgive us all our sins, for that holy passion of thy well beloved Son Jesus Christ. Grant us also the grace of thy Holy Spirit, that we may, with all our hearts study to know our own unrighteousness, and sincerely abhor ourselves; that sin may be mortified in us, and we may be raised up to a new life; that we may bring forth genuine fruits of holiness, and righteousness, which through Jesus Christ are acceptable to thee. Give us to understand thy holy Word according to thy divine will, that we may learn thereby to put our whole trust in thee alone, and withdraw it from all creatures; that also our old man, with all the affections thereof, may be daily more and more crucified; and that we may offer up ourselves unto thee a living sacrifice, to the glory of thy holy Name, and to the edification of our neighbours; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who hath taught and commanded us to pray; OUR FATHER, etc.

A PRAYER AFTER SERMON IN THE WEEK.

Lord God Almighty, let not thy holy Name be profaned for our sins, for we have divers ways sinned against thee, since we are not obedient to thy holy Word, as we ought to be, and through ignorance and murmuring daily stir up thine anger against us: wherefore thou dost justly punish us; but O Lord, be mindful of thy great mercy, and have compassion on us. Give us knowledge of, and repentance for our sins, and amendment of our lives. Strengthen the ministers of thy Church, that they may faithfully and steadfastly declare thy holy Word; and the magistrates of thy people, that they may bear the sword with equity and prudence. Preserve us from all deceit and unfaithfulness. Confound all evil and subtile counsels taken against thy Word and Church. O Lord, withhold not from us thy Spirit and Word, but grant us increase of faith; and in all trouble and adversity, patience and constancy. Assist thy Church; deliver her from all affliction, derision and persecution. Strengthen also the weak and sorrowful of heart, and send us thy peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who hath given us this sure promise: *Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he will give it you;* and hath commanded us to pray; Our Father, etc.

A MORNING PRAYER.

O Merciful Father, we thank thee, that thou hast in faithfulness watched over us the night past: and we beseech thee to strengthen, and henceforth guide us by thy Holy Spirit, that we may spend this, and all the days of

our lives, in all righteousness and holiness; and that whatsoever we undertake, we may always aim at the promoting of thy glory, and expect all the success of our undertakings from thy bountiful hand alone. And to the end that we may obtain this mercy of thee, be pleased according to thy promise to forgive all our sins, through the holy passion and blood-shedding of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; for we heartily repent of them. Enlighten also our hearts, that we, having cast off all works of darkness, may as children of light walk in a new life in all godliness. Bless also the preaching of thy gospel. Destroy all works of the devil. Strengthen all ministers of the gospel, and magistrates of thy people. Comfort all those who are persecuted and afflicted in mind, through Jesus Christ thy beloved Son, who hath promised us, that thou wilt certainly give us whatsoever we shall ask in his name, and therefore hath commanded us to pray; OUR FATHER, etc.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

O MERCIFUL God, eternal light, shining in darkness, thou who dispellest the night of sin, and all blindness of heart; since thou hast appointed the night for rest and the day for labour, we beseech thee, grant that our bodies may rest in peace and quietness, that afterwards they may be able to endure the labour they must bear. Temper our sleep, that it be not disorderly, that we may remain spotless both in body and soul, nay, that our sleep itself may be to thy glory. Enlighten the eyes of our understanding, that we may not sleep in death; but always look for deliverance from this misery. Defend us against all assaults of the devil, and take us into thy holy protec-

tion. And although we have not passed this day, without having greatly sinned against thee, we beseech thee to hide our sins with thy great mercy as thou hidest all things on earth with the darkness of the night, that we therefore may not be cast out from thy presence. Relieve and comfort all those, who are afflicted or distressed in mind, body or estate, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who hath taught us to pray; OUR FATHER, etc.

A PRAYER AT THE OPENING OF THE CONSISTORY.

HEAVENLY Father, eternal and merciful God, it hath pleased thee of thy infinite wisdom and goodness to gather a Church to thyself out of all nations upon the face of the earth, by the preaching of thy holy gospel, and to govern the same by the service of men. Thou hast also graciously called us up to this office, and commanded us to take heed unto ourselves and unto the flock, which Christ hath bought with his precious blood. Since we are at this present assembled in thy holy Name, after the example of the Apostolic churches, to consult, as our office requires, about those things which may come before us, for the welfare and edification of thy churches, for which we acknowledge ourselves to be unfit and incapable, as we are by nature unable of ourselves to think any good, much less to put it in practice: therefore, we beseech thee, O faithful God and Father, that thou wilt be pleased to be present with thy Holy Spirit, according to thy promise, in the midst of our present assembly, to guide us into all truth. Remove from us all misapprehensions and unbecoming desires of the flesh, and grant that thy holy Word may be the only rule and guide of all our consultations, that they may tend to the glory of thy Name, to the edification

of thy Church, and to the discharge of our own consciences, through Jesus Christ thy Son, who with thee and the Holy Ghost, the only true God, is eternally to be praised and magnified. *Amen.*

A PRAYER AT THE CLOSE OF THE CONSISTORY.

O Lord God and heavenly Father, we heartily thank thee, that thou hast been pleased to gather a Church to thyself in this part of the world, and to use our services therein, granting us the privilege, that we may freely and without hindrance preach thy holy gospel, and exercise all the duties of godliness. Moreover we thank thee, that thou now hast been present with thy Holy Spirit in the midst of this our assembly, directing our determinations according to thy will, uniting our hearts in mutual peace and concord. We beseech thee, O faithful God and Father, that thou wilt graciously be pleased to bless our intended labour, and effectually to execute thy begun work; always gathering unto thyself a true Church and preserving the same in the pure doctrine, and in the right use of thy holy sacraments, and in a diligent exercise of discipline. On the contrary, destroy all evil and crafty councils, which are devised against thy Word and Church. Strengthen also all the ministers of thy Church that they may faithfully and steadfastly declare thy holy Word: and the magistrates of thy people, that they may bear the sword with righteousness and discretion. Particularly we pray for those whom thou hast been pleased to put in authority over us, both those of higher and lower dignity, and especially for the worshipful magistrates of this city. Grant that their whole government may be thus directed, that the King of all kings may rule over them and their

fellow-citizens, and that the kingdom of the devil (which is a kingdom of scandal and reproach) may, daily, more and more be destroyed and brought to naught by them as thy servants, and that we, with them, may lead a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty. Hear us, O God and Father, through Jesus Christ thy beloved Son, who, with thee and the Holy Ghost, the only and true God, is eternally to be magnified and praised. *Amen.*

A PRAYER AT THE MEETING OF THE DEACONS.

MERCIFUL God and Father, thou who hast not only said unto us, that we should always have the poor with us, but hast also commanded that they should be assisted, and for that end hast ordained the service of Deacons in thy Church, by whom they might be relieved: as we, who are called to the office of Deacons in this congregation, are here at present met in thy Name, to consult together concerning our ministry, therefore we humbly beseech thee for the sake of Jesus Christ, that thou wilt be pleased to endue us with the spirit of discretion, to the end that we may rightly discern who are really poor and who are not: and that we may with all cheerfulness and fidelity, distribute the alms collected by us to every one according to his necessity, not leaving the indigent members of thy beloved Son comfortless, neither giving to those who are not in want. Kindle within the hearts of men an ardent love towards the poor, that they may liberally give of their temporal goods, of which thou hast made them stewards: and that we, having the means in hand to assist the indigent, may faithfully, without vexation, and with a free heart, perform our office. Grant us also the talents to comfort the miserable, not only with the external gift,

but also with the holy Word. And since man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of thy mouth, be pleased therefore to extend thy blessing over our distributions, and increase the bread of the poor, that both we and they may have reason to praise and thank thee; expecting the blessed coming of thy beloved Son Jesus Christ, who became poor for our sakes, to make us rich in eternity. *Amen.*

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

Psalm 145: 15, 16. "The eyes of all wait upon thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season. Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."

ALMIGHTY God, who hast created all things, and dost still maintain and govern them by thy divine power, and didst feed thy people Israel in the wilderness; bless us thy poor servants, and sanctify these thy gifts, which we receive from thy bountiful goodness, that we may temperately and holily use them according to thy will, and thereby acknowledge that thou art our Father, and the fountain of all good. Grant also that we may at all times and above all things seek for that spiritual bread of thy Word, with which our souls are fed to life eternal, which thou hast prepared for us by the holy blood of thy beloved Son Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

OUR FATHER, etc.

Also our Lord Jesus Christ admonishes us:

Luke 21: 34, 35. "And take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares: for as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth."

GRACE AFTER MEAT.

Thus speaketh the Lord, in the fifth book of Moses, *chap.* 8: 10, 11: "When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless the Lord thy God, for the good land which he hath given thee. Beware that thou forget not the Lord thy God, in not keeping his commandments, and his judgments, and his statutes which I command thee this day."

O Lord God and heavenly Father, we thank thee for all thy benefits, which we without intermission receive from thy bountiful hand; we bless thy divine will, for preserving us in this mortal life, and for supplying all our wants; but especially for our regeneration unto the hope of a better life, which thou hast revealed unto us by the gospel. We beseech thee, merciful God and Father, not to suffer our hearts to be fixed on these earthly and corruptible things; but that we may always look up to heaven, expecting thence our Saviour Jesus Christ, until he appear in the clouds for our deliverance. *Amen.*

OUR FATHER, etc.

A PRAYER FOR SICK AND TEMPTED PERSONS.

O ALMIGHTY, eternal, righteous God, and merciful Father, who art Lord of life and death, and without whose will, nothing is done in heaven nor in earth; although we are not worthy to call upon thy Name, nor to hope that thou wilt hear us, when we consider how we have hitherto employed our time; we beseech thee that thou wilt be pleased of thy mercy to look upon us in the face of Jesus Christ, who hath taken all our infirmities on him. We acknowledge that we are utterly incapable of any good and prone to all evil, wherefore we have justly merited this punishment, yea, have deserved much more. But

Lord, thou knowest that we are thy people, and that thou art our God: we have no other refuge than thy mercy, which thou never hast withheld from any one who turned himself to thee. Therefore we beseech thee not to impute our sins unto us, but to account the wisdom, righteousness and holiness of Jesus Christ, to us, that we may in him be able to stand before thee. Deliver us for his sake from these sufferings, that the wicked may not think that thou hast forsaken us. And if it is thy pleasure longer thus to try us, give us strength and patience to bear all such, according to thy will, and let all turn according to thy wisdom to our profit. Rather chastise us here, than let us hereafter be lost with the world. Grant that we may die to this world, and all earthly things, and that we may daily more and more be renewed after the image of Jesus Christ. Suffer us not to be separated by any means from thy love; but draw us daily nigher and nigher unto thee, that we may enter upon the end of our calling with joy; which is, to die, to rise again, and to live with Christ in eternity. We also believe that thou wilt hear us through Jesus Christ who hath taught us to pray, OUR FATHER, etc.

Strengthen us also in the true faith, which we believe in our hearts and profess with our mouths: I BELIEVE IN GOD, etc.

OR THUS:

ETERNAL merciful God and Father, the eternal salvation of the living and the everlasting life of the dying; seeing that thou hast death and life in thy hand alone, and takest such care of us continually, that neither health nor sickness, nor any good or evil can befall us, nay, not a

hair can fall from our head, without thy will; and since thou dost order all things for the good of thy people; we beseech thee, grant us the grace of thy Holy Spirit, to teach us rightly to acknowledge our misery, and patiently to bear thy chastenings, which we have deserved ten thousand times more severe. We know that they are not the evidences of thy wrath, but of thy fatherly love towards us, that we should not be condemned with the world. O Lord, increase our faith in thine infinite mercy that we may be more and more united to Christ, as members to their spiritual Head, to whom thou wilt make us conform in sufferings and in glory. Lighten the cross, so that our weakness may be able to bear it. We submit ourselves entirely to thy holy will, whether thou art pleased to continue our souls longer in these tabernacles, or to take them into eternal life, since we belong to Christ, and therefore shall not perish. We would willingly leave this weak body in hope of a blessed resurrection, when it shall be restored to us much more glorious. Grant us to experience the blessed comfort of the remission of sins, and of justification through Christ, that we by that shield may overcome all the assaults of Satan. May his innocent blood wash away all the stain and uncleanness of our sins, and his righteousness answer for our unrighteousness in thy last judgment. Arm us with faith and hope, that we may not be ashamed nor confounded by the terror of death; but when our bodily eyes are closing in darkness, may the eyes of our souls be directed towards thee; and when thou shalt have deprived us of the use of our tongues, may our hearts never cease to call upon thee. O Lord, we commit our souls into thy hands, forsake us not in our last extremity, and that only for the sake of Jesus Christ, who hath taught us to pray; OUR FATHER, etc. I BELIEVE IN GOD, etc.

II. SACRAMENTAL FORMS.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF BAPTISM.

THE principal parts of the doctrine of Holy Baptism are these three:

First. That we with our children are *conceived and born in sin*, and therefore are children of wrath, in so much that we cannot enter into the kingdom of God, except we are born again. This, the dipping in or sprinkling with water teaches us, whereby the impurity of our souls is signified, and we are admonished to loathe and humble ourselves before God, and to seek for our purification and salvation without ourselves.

Secondly. Holy Baptism witnesseth and sealeth unto us *the washing away of our sins* through Jesus Christ. Therefore we are baptized IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER, AND OF THE SON, AND OF THE HOLY GHOST. For when we are baptized in the name of the Father, God the Father witnesseth and sealeth unto us, that he doth make an eternal covenant of grace with us, and adopts us for his children and heirs; and therefore will provide us with every good thing, and avert all evil or turn it to our profit. And when we are baptized in the name of the Son, the Son sealeth unto us, that he doth wash us in his blood from all our sins, incorporating us into the fellowship of his death and resurrection, so that we are freed from all our sins and accounted righteous before God. In like manner, when we are baptized in the name of the Holy Ghost, the Holy Ghost assures us, by this Holy Sacrament, that he will dwell in us, and sanctify us to be members of Christ, applying unto us that which we have

in Christ, namely, the washing away of our sins and the daily renewing of our lives, till we shall finally be presented without spot or wrinkle among the assembly of the elect in life eternal.

Thirdly. Whereas in all covenants, there are contained two parts: therefore are we by God through Baptism, *admonished of, and obliged unto new obedience*, namely, that we cleave to this one God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; that we trust in him and love him with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our mind, and with all our strength; that we forsake the world, crucify our old nature, and walk in a new and holy life.

And if we sometimes through weakness fall into sin, we must not therefore despair of God's mercy, nor continue in sin, since Baptism is a seal and undoubted testimony that we have an *eternal* covenant of grace with God.

I. TO INFANTS OF BELIEVERS.

And although our young children do not understand these things, we may not therefore exclude them from Baptism; for as they are, without their knowledge, partakers of the condemnation in Adam, so are they again received unto grace in Christ; as God speaketh unto Abraham, the father of all the faithful, and therefore unto us and our children (Gen. 17: 7), saying, "I will establish my covenant between me and thee, and thy seed after thee, in their generations, for an everlasting covenant; to be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee." This also the Apostle Peter testifieth, with these words (Acts 2: 39), "For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." Therefore God formerly commanded them to be circumcised, which was a seal of the covenant,

and of the righteousness of faith; and therefore Christ also embraced them, laid his hands upon them and blessed them (Mark 10: 16).

Since then Baptism is come in the place of circumcision, therefore infants are to be baptized as heirs of the kingdom of God and of his covenant. And parents are in duty bound further to instruct their children herein, when they shall arrive at years of discretion.

That therefore this holy ordinance of God may be administered to his glory, to our comfort, and to the edification of his Church, let us call upon his Holy Name.

PRAYER.

O ALMIGHTY and eternal God, we beseech thee, that thou wilt be pleased of thine infinite mercy, graciously to look upon these children, and incorporate them by thy Holy Spirit into thy Son Jesus Christ, that they may be buried with him into his death, and be raised with him in newness of life; that they may daily follow him, joyfully bearing their cross, and cleave unto him in true faith, firm hope, and ardent love; that they may, with a comfortable sense of thy favour, leave this life, which is nothing but a continual death and at the last day, may appear without terror before the judgment seat of Christ thy Son, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who with thee and the Holy Ghost, one only God, lives and reigns for ever. *Amen.*

AN EXHORTATION TO THE PARENTS.

BELOVED in the Lord Jesus Christ, you have heard that Baptism is an ordinance of God, to seal unto us and to our seed his covenant. Therefore it must be used for that end, and not out of custom or superstition. That it may then be manifest that you are thus minded, you are to answer sincerely to these questions.

First. Do you acknowledge, that although our children are conceived and born in sin, and therefore are subject to all miseries, yea, to condemnation itself; yet that they are sanctified* in Christ, and therefore, as members of his Church, ought to be baptized?

Secondly. Do you acknowledge the doctrine which is contained in the Old and New Testament, and in the articles of the Christian faith, and which is taught here in the Christian Church, to be the true and perfect† doctrine of salvation?

Thirdly. Do you promise and intend to see these children, when come to the years of discretion (whereof you are either parent or witness), instructed and brought up in the aforesaid doctrine, or to help or cause them to be instructed therein, to the utmost of your power? *Answer.* Yes.

Then the minister of God's word, in baptizing shall say:

N., I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

THANKSGIVING.

ALMIGHTY God and merciful Father, we thank and praise thee, that thou hast forgiven us, and our children, all our sins, through the blood of thy beloved Son Jesus Christ, and received us through thy Holy Spirit, as members of thy only begotten Son, and adopted us to be thy children, and sealed and confirmed the same unto us by holy Baptism. We beseech thee, through the same Son of thy love, that thou wilt be pleased always to govern these baptized children by thy Holy Spirit; that they may be piously and religiously educated, and increase and grow up in the Lord Jesus Christ; that they then may acknowledge thy fatherly goodness and mercy, which thou hast shown to them and to us, and live in all righteousness, under our only Teacher, King and High Priest, Jesus Christ; and that they may manfully

* *My children*, Ezek. 16:21. *They are holy*, 1 Cor. 7:14.
† *Dutch*, Volkomene—complete.

fight against, and overcome sin, the devil and his whole dominion, to the end that they may eternally praise and magnify thee, and thy Son Jesus Christ, together with the Holy Ghost, the one only true God. *Amen.*

II. TO ADULT PERSONS.

However children of Christian parents, although they understand not this mystery, must be baptized by virtue of the covenant; yet it is not lawful to baptize those who are come to years of discretion, except they first be sensible of their sins, and make confession both of their repentance and their faith in Christ. For this cause did not only John the Baptist preach, according to the command of God, the baptism of repentance, and baptize for the remission of sin, those who confessed their sins (Mark 1: 4); but our Lord Jesus Christ also commanded his disciples to teach all nations, and then to baptize them, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, adding this promise, "He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved." According to which rule, the Apostles (Acts 2: 10, 16), baptized none who were of years of discretion, but such as made confession of their faith and repentance. Therefore it is not lawful now to baptize any other adult persons, than such as have been taught the mysteries of Holy Baptism by the preaching of the Gospel, and are able to give an account of their faith by the confession of the mouth.

Since therefore you N. are also desirous of Holy Baptism, to the end it may be to you a seal of your ingrafting into the Church of God; that it may appear that you do not only receive the Christian religion, in which you have been privately instructed by us, and of which also you have made confession before us, but that you, through the grace of God intend and purpose to lead a life according to the same; you are sincerely to give answer before God and his Church;

First. Dost thou believe in the only true God, distinct in three persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who hath made heaven and earth, and all that in them is, of nothing, and still maintains and governs them, insomuch that nothing comes to pass, either in heaven or on earth, without his divine will? *Answer.* Yes.

Secondly. Dost thou believe that thou art conceived and born in sin, and therefore art a child of wrath by nature, wholly incapable of doing any good, and prone to all evil; and that thou hast frequently, in thought, word, and deed, transgressed the commandments of the Lord: and art thou heartily sorry for these sins? *Answer.* Yes.

Thirdly. Dost thou believe that Christ, who is the true and eternal God, and very man, who took his human nature on him out of the flesh and blood of the Virgin Mary, is given thee of God, to be thy Saviour; and that thou dost receive by this faith remission of sins in his blood; and that thou art made by the power of the Holy Ghost, a member of Jesus Christ and of his Church? *Answer.* Yes.

Fourthly. Dost thou assent to all the articles of the Christian religion, as they are taught here in this Christian Church, according to the Word of God; and purpose steadfastly to continue in the same doctrine to the end of thy life; and also dost thou reject all heresies and schisms, repugnant to this doctrine, and promise to persevere in the communion of our Christian Church, not only in the hearing of the word, but also in the use of the Lord's Supper? *Answer.* Yes.

Fifthly. Hast thou taken a firm resolution always to lead a Christian life; to forsake the world and its evil lusts, as is becoming the members of Christ and his Church; and to submit thyself to all Christian admonitions? *Answer.* Yes.

The good and great God mercifully grant his grace and blessing to this your purpose, through Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BELOVED in the Lord Jesus Christ, attend to the words of the institution of the Holy Supper of our Lord Jesus Christ, as they are delivered by the holy Apostle Paul, 1 Cor. 11: 23—30.

"For I have received of the Lord, that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread: and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come. Wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh *damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body."

That we may now celebrate the Supper of the Lord to our comfort, it is above all things necessary;

FIRST, Rightly to examine ourselves. SECONDLY, To direct the Supper to that end, for which Christ hath ordained and instituted the same, namely to his remembrance.

**Gr*, Κριμα.—*Dutch*, Oordeel.—*Eng.*, Judgment, condemnation.

I. The true EXAMINATION of ourselves, consists of these three parts.

First, That every one consider by himself, his sins and the curse due to him for them, to the end that he may abhor and humble himself before God: considering that the wrath of God against sin is so great, that, rather than it should go unpunished, he hath punished the same in his beloved Son Jesus Christ, with the bitter and shameful death of the cross.

Secondly, That every one examine his own heart, whether he doth believe this faithful promise of God, that all his sins are forgiven him, only for the sake of the passion and death of Jesus Christ; and that the perfect righteousness of Christ is imputed and freely given to him as his own, yea, so perfectly as if he had satisfied in his own person for all his sins, and fulfilled all righteousness.

Thirdly, That every one examine his own conscience, whether he purposeth henceforth to show true thankfulness to God in his whole life, and to walk uprightly before him; as also, whether he hath laid aside unfeignedly all enmity, hatred, and envy, and doth firmly resolve henceforward to walk in true love and peace with his neighbour.

All those, then, who are thus disposed, God will certainly receive in mercy, and count them worthy partakers of the table of his Son Jesus Christ. On the contrary, those who do not feel this testimony in their hearts, eat and drink judgment to themselves.

Therefore, we also, according to the command of Christ and the Apostle Paul, admonish all those who are defiled with the following sins, to keep themselves from the table of the Lord, and declare to them that they have no part of the kingdom of Christ: such as all idolaters; all those who invoke deceased saints, angels, or other creatures; all those who worship images; all enchanters, diviners,

charmers, and those who confide in such enchantments; all despisers of God and of his Word, and of the Holy Sacraments; all blasphemers; all those who are given to raise discord, sects, and mutiny, in church or state; all perjured persons; all those who are disobedient to their parents and superiors; all murderers, contentious persons, and those who live in hatred and envy against their neighbours; all adulterers, whoremongers, drunkards, thieves, usurers, robbers, gamesters, covetous; and all who lead offensive lives.

All these, while they continue in such sins, shall abstain from this meat, which Christ hath ordained only for the faithful, lest their judgment and condemnation be made the heavier. But this is not designed, dearly beloved brethren and sisters in the Lord, to deject the contrite hearts of the faithful; as if none might come to the Supper of the Lord, but those who are without sin. For we do not come to this Supper, to testify thereby that we are perfect and righteous in ourselves; but on the contrary, considering that we seek our life out of ourselves in Jesus Christ, we acknowledge that we lie in the midst of death. Therefore, notwithstanding we feel many infirmities and miseries in ourselves; as namely, that we have not perfect faith, and that we do not give ourselves to serve God with such zeal as we are bound, but have daily to strive with the weakness of our faith, and the evil lusts of our flesh; yet, since we are, by the grace of the Holy Ghost, sorry for these weaknesses, and earnestly desirous to fight against our unbelief, and to live according to all the commandments of God; therefore we rest assured that no sin or infirmity, which still remaineth, against our will, in us, can hinder us from being received of God in mercy, and from being made worthy partakers of this heavenly meat and drink.

II. Let us now also consider, to what end the Lord

hath instituted his Supper, namely, that we DO THIS IN REMEMBRANCE OF HIM. Now after this manner are we to remember him by it.

1. That we are confidently persuaded in our hearts, that our Lord Jesus Christ (according to the promises made to our forefathers in the old Testament) was sent of the Father into the world: that he assumed our flesh and blood: that he bore for us the wrath of God, under which we should have perished everlastingly, from the beginning of his incarnation to the end of his life upon earth: that he fulfilled for us all obedience to the divine law and righteousness; especially, when the weight of our sins and the wrath of God pressed out of him the bloody sweat in the garden, where he was bound that we might be freed from our sins: that he afterwards suffered innumerable reproaches, that we might never be confounded: that he, although innocent, was condemned to death, that we might be acquitted at the judgment-seat of God: yea, that he suffered his blessed body to be nailed on the cross, that he might affix thereon the hand-writing of our sins: that he also took upon himself the curse due to us, that he might fill us with his blessings: and humbled himself unto the deepest reproach and pains of hell, both in body and soul, on the tree of the cross, when he cried out with a loud voice, *My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?* that we might be accepted of God, and never be forsaken of him: and finally confirmed with his death and the shedding of his blood, the new and eternal testament, that covenant of grace and reconciliation, when he said, *It is finished.*

2. And that we might firmly believe that we belong to this covenant of grace, the Lord Jesus Christ, in his last Supper, "took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his deciples, and said, Take,

eat, this is my body which is broken for you, this do in remembrance of me; in like manner also after supper, he took the cup, gave thanks and said, Drink ye all of it; this cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins; this do ye, as often as ye drink it, in remembrance of me." That is, as often as ye eat of this bread, and drink of this cup, you shall thereby, as by a sure remembrance and pledge, be admonished and assured of this my hearty love and faithfulness towards you:—that whereas you should otherwise have suffered eternal death, I have given my body to the death of the cross, and shed my blood for you; and as certainly feed and nourish your hungry and thirsty soul, with my crucified body and shed blood, to everlasting life, as this bread is broken before your eyes, and this cup is given to you, and you eat and drink the same with your mouth, in remembrance of me.

From this institution of the Holy Supper of our Lord Jesus Christ, we see that he directs our faith and trust to his perfect sacrifice, once offered on the cross, as to the only ground and foundation of our salvation; wherein he is become to our hungry and thirsty souls the true meat and drink of life eternal. For by his death he hath taken away the cause of our eternal death and misery, namely, sin; and obtained for us the quickening Spirit, that we by the same, which dwelleth in Christ as the Head, and in us as his members, might have true communion with him, and be made partakers of all his blessings, of life, eternal, righteousness and glory: besides, that we by the same Spirit may also be united as members of one body in true brotherly love, as the holy Apostle saith, "For we, being many, are one bread and one body: for we are all partakers of that one bread." For as out of many grains one meal is ground and one bread baked, and

out of many berries being pressed together, one wine floweth and mixeth itself together; so shall we all, who by a true faith are ingrafted into Christ, be altogether one body, through brotherly love, for Christ's sake, our beloved Saviour, who hath so exceedingly loved us: and not only show this in word, but also in very deed towards one another.

Hereto assist us, the Almighty God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, through his Holy Spirit. *Amen.*

That we may obtain all this, let us humble ourselves before God, and with true faith implore his grace.

PRAYER.

O Most merciful God and Father, we beseech thee, that thou wilt be pleased in this Supper (in which we celebrate the glorious remembrance of the bitter death of thy beloved Son Jesus Christ) to work in our hearts through the Holy Spirit, that we may daily more and more with true confidence, give ourselves up unto thy Son Jesus Christ, so that our afflicted and contrite hearts, through the power of the Holy Ghost, may be fed and comforted with his true body and blood; yea with him, true God and man, that only heavenly bread: and that we may no longer live in our sins, but he in us, and we in him, and thus truly be made partakers of the new and everlasting testament and covenant of grace: that we may not doubt that thou wilt for ever be our gracious Father, never more imputing our sins unto us, and providing us, as thy beloved children and heirs, with all things necessary, as well for the body as the soul. Grant us also thy grace, that we may take upon us our cross cheerfully, deny ourselves, confess our Saviour, and in all tribulations, with uplifted heads expect our Lord Jesus Christ from heaven, where he will make our mortal bodies like unto his most

glorious body, and take us unto him in eternity. *Amen.* OUR FATHER, etc.

Strengthen us also by this Holy Supper in the Catholic undoubted Christian faith, whereof we make confession with our months and hearts, saying:

I BELIEVE IN GOD THE FATHER, ALMIGHTY, MAKER OF HEAVEN AND EARTH; AND IN JESUS CHRIST HIS ONLY SON OUR LORD; WHO WAS CONCEIVED BY THE HOLY GHOST, BORN OF THE VIRGIN MARY, SUFFERED UNDER PONTIUS PILATE, WAS CRUCIFIED, DEAD AND BURIED, HE DESCENDED INTO HELL: THE THIRD DAY HE ROSE AGAIN FROM THE DEAD, HE ASCENDED INTO HEAVEN, AND SITTETH ON THE RIGHT HAND OF GOD THE FATHER ALMIGHTY: FROM THENCE HE SHALL COME TO JUDGE THE QUICK AND THE DEAD.

I BELIEVE IN THE HOLY GHOST; THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH; THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS; THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS; THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY; AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING. AMEN.

That we may be now fed with the true heavenly bread, Christ Jesus, let us not cleave with our hearts unto the external bread and wine, but lift them up on high in heaven, where Christ Jesus is our advocate at the right hand of his heavenly Father, whither all the articles of our faith lead us; not doubting that we shall as certainly be fed and refreshed in our souls through the working of the Holy Ghost, with his body and blood, as we receive the holy bread and wine in remembrance of him.

In breaking and distributing the bread, the Minister shall say:

The bread which we break, is the communion of the body of Christ.

And when he giveth the cup:

The cup of blessing, which we bless, is the communion of the blood of Christ.

During the communion, a psalm shall or may be devoutly sung, or some chapter read, in remembrance of the death of Christ; as Isaiah 53, John 13-18, or the like.

After the communion, the Minister shall say.

Beloved in the Lord, since the Lord hath now fed our souls at his table, let us therefore jointly praise his Holy Name with thanksgiving, and every one say in his heart, thus;

Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases: who redeemeth thy life from destruction: who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him. As far as the East is from the West, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

Who hath not spared his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, and given us all things with him. Therefore God commendeth therewith his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us; much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. For, if when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son; much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life. Therefore shall my mouth and heart show forth

the praise of the Lord from this time forth for evermore. *Amen.*

Let every one say with an attentive heart:

O! ALMIGHTY, merciful God and Father, we render thee most humble and hearty thanks, that thou hast, of thy infinite mercy, given us thine only begotten Son, for a mediator and a sacrifice for our sins, and to be our meat and drink unto life eternal; and that thou givest us lively faith, whereby we are made partakers of these thy benefits. Thou hast also been pleased, that thy beloved Son Jesus Christ should institute and ordain his Holy Supper for the confirmation of the same. Grant, we beseech thee, O faithful God and Father, that through the operation of thy Holy Spirit, the commemoration of the death of our Lord Jesus Christ may tend to the daily increase of our faith, and of our saving fellowship with him, through Jesus Christ thy Son, in whose name we conclude our prayers, saying: OUR FATHER, etc.

III. FORMS OF CHURCH DISCIPLINE.

EXCOMMUNICATION.

Beloved in the Lord Jesus Christ, it is known unto you that we have several times, and by several methods declared unto you the great sin committed, and the heinous offence given by our fellow member N., to the end that he, by your Christian admonition, and prayers to God, might be brought to repentance, and so be freed from the bonds of the devil by whom he is held captive and recovered by the will of the Lord. But we cannot conceal from you, with great sorrow, that no one has as yet appeared before us, who hath in the least given us to understand that he, by the frequent admonitions given him, as well in private, as before witnesses and in the presence of many, is come to any remorse for his sins, or hath shown the least token of true repentance. Since then by his stubbornness, he daily aggravates his sin, which in itself is not small, and since we lately signified unto you that in case he did not repent, after such patience shown him by the Church, we should be under the disagreeable necessity of being further grieved for him, and should come to the last remedy: we at this present are necessitated to proceed to this excommunication according to the command and charge given us by God in his Holy Word; to the end that he may hereby be made, if possible, ashamed of his sins, and likewise that we may not, by this rotten and as yet incurable member, put the whole body of the Church in danger, and that God's name may not be blasphemed.

Therefore we, the ministers and rulers of the Church of God, being here assembled in the name and authority

of our Lord Jesus Christ, declare before you all, that for the aforesaid reasons we have excommunicated, and by these, do excommunicate N. from the Church of God, and from the fellowship of Christ and of the Holy Sacraments, and from all the spiritual blessings and benefits, which God promiseth to and bestows upon his Church, so long as he obstinately and impenitently persists in his sins; and he is therefore to be accounted by you as a heathen man and a publican, according to the command of Christ, who saith, that whatsoever his ministers shall bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven.

Further we exhort you, beloved Christians, to keep no company with him, that he may be ashamed; yet count him not as an enemy, but at all times admonish him as you would a brother. In the mean time let every one take warning by this and such like examples, to fear the Lord, and diligently take heed unto himself, *if he thinketh he standeth, lest he fall;* but having true fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ, together with all faithful Christians, remain steadfast therein to the end, and so obtain eternal salvation. You have seen, beloved brethren and sisters, in what manner this our excommunicated brother has begun to fall, and by degrees is come to ruin; observe, therefore, how subtle Satan is, to bring man to destruction, and to withdraw him from all salutary means of salvation. Guard, then, against the least beginnings of evil, "and laying aside every weight and the sin which does so easily beset us, let us run with pa-patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith; be sober, watch and pray, lest you enter into temptation. To-day, if you will hear the voice of the Lord harden not your hearts, but work out your own salvation with fear and trembling;" and let every one repent of his sins, that

our God may not humble us again, and we be obliged to bewail some one of you; but that you, with one accord living in all godliness, may be our crown and joy in the Lord.

Since it is God who worketh in us, both to will and to do of his good pleasure, let us call upon his Holy Name with confession of our sins, saying:

PRAYER.

O! Righteous God and merciful Father, we bewail our sins before thy high majesty, and acknowledge that we have deserved the grief and sorrow caused us by the cutting off of this our late fellow member; yea, shouldst thou enter into judgment with us, we all deserve, by reason of our great transgressions, to be cut off and banished from thy presence. But, O Lord, thou art merciful unto us for Christ's sake: forgive us our trespasses, for we heartily repent of them, and daily work in our hearts a greater measure of sorrow for them; that we, fearing thy judgments which thou executest against the stiff-necked, may endeavour to please thee. Help us to avoid all pollution of the world, and of those who are cut off from the communion of the Church, that we may not make ourselves partakers of their sins: and grant that he, who is excommunicated, may become ashamed of his sins. And since thou desirest not the death of a sinner, but that he may repent and live, and since the bosom of thy Church is always open for those, who turn away from their wickedness; we therefore humbly beseech thee, to kindle in our hearts a pious zeal, that we may labour, with Christian admonitions and examples, to bring again this excommunicated person into the right way, together with all those who, through unbelief or dissoluteness of life, go astray.

Give thy blessing to our admonitions, that we may have reason thereby to rejoice again in him, for whom we must now mourn; and that thy Holy Name may be praised, through our Lord Jesus Christ who hath taught us to pray; OUR FATHER, etc.

THE RE-ADMISSION OF EXCOMMUNICATED

PERSONS INTO THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

BELOVED in the Lord, it is known unto you, that some time ago, our fellow member N. was cut off from the Church of Christ: we cannot now conceal from you, that he, by the above mentioned remedy, as also by the means of good admonition and your Christian prayers, is come so far, that he is ashamed of his sins, praying us to be reädmitted into the communion of the Church.

Since we, by virtue of the command of God, are in duty bound to receive such persons with joy, and it being necessary that good order should be used therein, we therefore give you to understand, that we purpose to loose again the aforementioned excommunicated person from the bond of excommunication, the next time when, by the grace of God, we celebrate the Supper of the Lord, and to receive him again into the communion of the Church; except any one of you, in the mean time, shall show just cause why this ought not to be done, of which you must give notice to us in due time. In the mean time, let every one thank the Lord for the mercy shown this poor sinner, beseeching him to perfect his work in him to his eternal salvation. *Amen.*

Afterwards, if no impediment be alleged, the Minister shall proceed to the reädmission of the excommunicated sinner, in the following manner:

Beloved Christians, we have lately informed you of the repentance of our fellow member N., to the end that he might with your foreknowledge be again received into the Church of Christ; and whereas no one has alleged any reason why his reädmission ought not to take place, we therefore purpose at present to proceed to the same.

Our Lord Jesus Christ (Matt. 18) having confirmed the sentence of his Church, in the excommunicating of impenitent sinners, declareth immediately thereupon, *that whatsoever his ministers shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven;* whereby he giveth to understand, that when any person is cut off from his Church, he is not deprived of all hopes of salvation, but can again be loosed from the bonds of condemnation. Therefore, since God declares in his Word, that he takes no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but that he turn from his wickedness and live, so the Church always hopes for the repentance of the backslidden sinner, and keepeth her bosom open to receive the penitent. Accordingly the Apostle Paul commanded the Corinthian, whom he had declared ought to be cut off from the Church, to be again received and comforted, since, being reproved by many, he was come to the knowledge of his sins; to the end that he should not be swallowed up with over-much sorrow (2 Cor. 2: 7).

Moreover, Christ teacheth us in the afore-mentioned text, that the sentence of absolution, which is passed upon such a penitent sinner according to the Word of God, is counted sure and firm by the Lord; therefore no one who truly repents ought to doubt in the least that he is assuredly received by God in mercy, as Christ saith, (John 20: 23), *Whosesoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them.*

But now to proceed to the matter in hand: I ask thee, N., whether thou dost declare here with all thine heart

before God and his Church, that thou art sincerely sorry for the sin and stubbornness, for which thou hast been justly cut off from the Church? dost thou also truly believe, that the Lord hath forgiven thee, and doth forgive thy sins for Christ's sake? and art thou therefore desirous to be reädmitted into the Church of Christ, promising henceforth to live in all godliness according to the command of the Lord?

Answer. Yes, verily.

Then the Minister shall further say:

We, then, here assembled in the name and authority of the Lord Jesus Christ, declare thee, N., to be absolved from the bonds of excommunication; and do receive thee again into the Church of the Lord, and declare unto thee that thou art in the communion of Christ and of the Holy Sacraments, and of all the spiritual blessings and benefits of God, which he promiseth to and bestoweth upon his Church. May the eternal God preserve thee therein to the end, through his only begotten Son Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Be therefore assured in thy heart, my beloved brother, that the Lord hath again received thee in mercy. Be diligent henceforward to guard thyself against the subtlety of Satan, and the wickedness of the world, to the end that thou mayest not fall again into sin; love Christ, for many sins are forgiven thee.

And you, beloved Christians, receive this your brother with hearty affection; be glad that he was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found; rejoice with the angels of heaven, over this sinner who repenteth; count him no longer as a stranger, but as a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God. And whereas

we can have no good of ourselves, let us, praising and magnifying the Lord Almighty, implore his mercy, saying:

PRAYER.

GRACIOUS God and Father, we thank thee, through Jesus Christ, that thou hast been pleased to give this our brother repentance unto life, and us cause to rejoice in his conversion. We beseech thee, show him thy mercy, that he may become more and more assured in his mind of the remission of his sins, and that he may receive from thence inexpressible joy and delight to serve thee. And whereas he hath heretofore by his sins offended many, grant that he may, by his conversion, edify many; grant also that he may steadfastly walk in thy ways, to the end. And may we learn from this example, that with thee is mercy, that thou mayest be feared; so that we, counting him for our brother and co-heir of life eternal, may jointly serve thee with filial fear and obedience all the days of our life, through Jesus Christ our Lord, in whose Name we conclude our prayer: OUR FATHER, etc.

IV. FORMS OF ORDINATION.

FOR ORDAINING THE MINISTERS OF GOD'S WORD.

The sermon and the usual prayers being finished, the Minister shall thus speak to the congregation:

BELOVED brethren, it is known unto you, that we have now at three different times published the name of our brother N., here present, to learn whether any person had aught to offer concerning his doctrine or life, why he might not be ordained to the ministry of the Word. And whereas no one hath appeared before us, who hath alleged any thing lawful against his person, we shall therefore at present, in the name of the Lord, proceed to his ordination. For which purpose, you, N., and all those who are here present, shall first attend to a short declaration taken from the Word of God, touching the institution and the office of Pastors and Ministers of God's Word:

Where, in the first place, you are to observe, that God our heavenly Father, willing to call and gather a church from amongst the corrupt race of men unto life eternal, doth by a particular mark of his favour use the ministry of men therein. Therefore Paul saith, that the Lord Jesus Christ "gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." Here we see that the holy Apostle among other things saith, that the Pastoral office is an institution of Christ.

What this holy office enjoins, may easily be gathered from the very name itself; for as it is the duty of a com-

mon shepherd, to feed, guide, protect, and rule the flock committed to his charge; so it is with regard to these spiritual shepherds, who are set over the Church which God calleth unto salvation, and counts as sheep of his pasture. The pasture with which these sheep are fed, is nothing but the preaching of the gospel, accompanied with prayer, and the administration of the Holy Sacraments. The same Word of God is likewise the staff with which the flock is guided and ruled. Consequently, it is evident that the office of Pastors and Ministers of God's Word is,

First, That they faithfully explain to their flock, the Word of the Lord, revealed by the writings of the prophets and the apostles; and apply the same, as well in general as in particular, to the edification of the hearers; instructing, admonishing, comforting, and reproving, according to every one's need; preaching repentance towards God, and reconciliation with him through faith in Christ; and refuting with the Holy Scriptures all schisms and heresies which are repugnant to the pure doctrine. All this is clearly signified to us in Holy Writ, for the Apostle Paul saith, that these labour in the Word; and elsewhere he teacheth that this must be done according to the measure or rule of faith. He writes also that a Pastor must hold fast and rightly divide the faithful and sincere Word which is according to the doctrine: likewise, "he that prophesieth (that is, preacheth God's Word), speaketh unto men to edification, and exhortation, and comfort." In another place, he proposes himself as a pattern to Pastors, declaring that he "publicly, and from house to house, taught and testified repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ." But particularly we have a clear description of the office of Ministers of God's Word (2 Cor. 5: 18–20),

where the Apostle thus speaketh, "And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us [namely, to the Apostles and Pastors], the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them: and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now then we are ambassadors for Christ as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." Concerning the refutation of false doctrine, the same Apostle saith (Tit. 1: 9), that a Minister must "hold fast the faithful Word of God that he may be able by sound doctrine both to exhort and convince the gainsayers."

Secondly, It is the office of the Ministers, publicly to call upon the name of the Lord in behalf of the whole congregation; for that which the Apostles say, We will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the Word, is common to these Pastors with the Apostles; to which St. Paul, alluding, thus speaketh to Timothy: "I exhort, therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions and giving of thanks, be made for all men: for kings, and for all that are in authority," etc. (1 Tim. 2: 1, 2).

Thirdly, Their office is to administer the Sacraments which the Lord hath instituted as seals of his grace: as is evident from the command given by Christ to the Apostles, and in them to all Pastors, "Baptize them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Likewise, "For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you," etc.

Finally, It is the duty of the Ministers of the Word, to keep the Church of God in good discipline, and to govern it in such a manner as the Lord hath ordained. For

Christ having spoken of the Christian discipline, says to his Apostles, "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven." And Paul will have the Ministers know how to rule their own house, since they otherwise can neither provide for, nor rule the Church of God. This is the reason why the Pastors are in Scripture called, *stewards of God* and *bishops*, that is, overseers and watchmen, for they have the oversight of the house of God, wherein they are conversant, to the end that every thing may be transacted with good order and decency; and also that they may open and shut, with the keys of the kingdom of heaven committed to them, according to the charge given them by God.

From these things may be learned, what a glorious work the ministerial office is, since so great things are effected by it; yea, how highly necessary it is for man's salvation: which is also the reason why the Lord will have such an office always to remain. For Christ said when he sent forth his Apostles to officiate in this holy function, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world;" where we see his pleasure is, that this holy office (for the persons to whom he here speaketh could not live to the end of the world), should always be maintained on earth. And therefore Paul exhorted Timothy, "to commit that which he had heard of him to faithful men, who should be able to teach others;" as he also, having ordained Titus minister, further commanded him to "ordain elders in every city" (Tit. 1: 5).

Forasmuch therefore as we, for the maintaining of this office in the Church of God, are now to ordain a new Minister of the Word, and have sufficiently spoken of the office of such persons, therefore you, N., shall answer to the following questions, to the end that it may appear

to all here present, that you are inclined to accept of this office as above described.

First, I ask thee, dost thou feel in thy heart that thou art lawfully called of God's Church, and therefore of God himself, to this holy ministry?

Secondly, Dost thou believe the books of the Old and New Testament to be the only Word of God, and the perfect doctrine unto salvation; and dost thou reject all doctrines repugnant thereto?

Thirdly, Dost thou promise faithfully to discharge thy office, according to the same doctrine as above described, and to adorn it with a godly life; also, to submit thyself, in case thou shouldst become delinquent either in life or doctrine, to ecclesiastical admonition, according to the public ordinance of the churches?

Answer. Yes, truly, with all my heart.

Then the Minister, who did demand those questions of him, and other Ministers who are present, shall lay their hands on his head, and say,*

God, our heavenly Father, who hath called thee to this holy ministry, enlighten thee with his Holy Spirit; strengthen thee with his hand; and so govern thee in thy ministry, that thou mayest decently and fruitfully walk therein, to the glory of his name, and the propagation of the kingdom of his Son Jesus Christ. Amen.

Then the Minister shall, from the pulpit, exhort the ordained Minister, and the congregation, in the following manner:

Take heed, therefore, beloved brother and fellow-servant in Christ, unto yourself and to all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseer, to feed the Church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood:

* This ceremony shall not be used in ordaining those who have before been in the ministry.

love Christ, and feed his sheep, taking the oversight of them not by constraint, but willingly: not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind, neither as being lord over God's heritage, but as an example to the flock. Be an example of believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity. Give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine. Neglect not the gift that is in thee; meditate upon those things, give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear to all: take heed to thy doctrine, and continue steadfast therein, Bear patiently all sufferings and oppressions, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee. And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, thou shalt receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

And you likewise, beloved Christians, receive this your Minister in the Lord with all gladness, "and hold such in reputation:" Remember that God himself through him speaketh unto you and beseecheth you. Receive the word, which he, according to the Scripture, shall preach unto you, "not as the word of man, but (as it is in truth) the Word of God." Let the feet of those that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things, be beautiful and pleasant unto you. Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief; for that is unprofitable for you. If you do these things, it shall come to pass, that the peace of God shall enter into your houses, and that you who receive this man in the name of a prophet, shall receive a prophet's reward, and through his preaching, believing in Christ, shall through Christ inherit life eternal. Since no man is of himself fit for any of these things, let us call upon God with thanksgiving:

PRAYER.

MERCIFUL Father, we thank thee that it pleaseth thee, by the ministry of men, to gather a Church to thyself unto life eternal, from amongst the lost children of men. We bless thee for so graciously providing the Church in this place with a faithful Minister. We beseech thee to qualify him daily more and more by the Holy Spirit, for the ministry to which thou hast ordained and called him. Enlighten his understanding to comprehend thy holy Word, and give him utterance, that he may boldly open his mouth, to make known and dispense the mysteries of the gospel. Endue him with wisdom and valour, to rule aright the people over which he is set, and to preserve them in Christian peace, to the end that thy Church, under his administration and by his good example, may increase in numbers and in virtue. Grant him courage to bear the difficulties and troubles which he may meet with in his ministry, that being strengthened by the comfort of thy Spirit, he may remain steadfast to the end, and be received with all faithful servants into the joy of his Master.

Give thy grace also to this people and Church, that they may becomingly deport themselves towards this their Minister; that they may acknowledge him to be sent of thee; that they may receive his doctrine with all reverence and submit themselves to his exhortations: to the end that they may by his word, believing in Christ, be made partakers of eternal life. Hear us, O Father, through thy beloved Son, who hath taught us to pray; OUR FATHER, etc.

FOR ORDAINING ELDERS AND DEACONS.

When ordained at the same time: if ordained separately, this form shall be used as occasion requires.

Beloved Christians, you know that we have several times published unto you the names of our brethren here present, who are chosen to the office of Elders and Deacons in this church, to the end that we might know whether any person had aught to allege, why they should not be ordained to their respective offices. And whereas no one hath appeared before us, who hath alleged any thing lawful against them, we shall therefore at present, in the name of the Lord, proceed to their ordination.

But first, you, who are to be ordained, and all those who are here present, shall attend to a short declaration from the word of God concerning the institution and the office of Elders and Deacons. Of the Elders it is to be observed, that the word elder or eldest (which is taken out of the Old Testament, and signifieth a person who is placed in an honourable office of government over others) is applied to two sorts of persons who administer in the Church of Jesus Christ: for the Apostle saith, "the Elders that rule well shall be counted worthy of double honour, especially they who labour in the Word and doctrine." Hence it is evident that there were two sorts of Elders in the apostolic church, the former whereof did labour in Word and doctrine, and the latter did not. The first were the Ministers of the word and Pastors, who preached the Gospel and administered the Sacraments; but the others, who did not labour in the Word, and still did serve in the church, bore a particular office, namely that they had the oversight of the Church, and ruled the same with the Minis-

ters of the word. For Paul (Rom. 12; 8), having spoken of the ministry of the Word, and also of the office of distribution or deaconship, speaketh afterwards particularly of this office, saying: "He that ruleth, let him do it with diligence;" likewise, in another place, he counts "governments" among the gifts and offices which God hath instituted in the Church (1 Cor. 12: 28). Thus we see that these sorts of ministers are added to the others who preach the gospel, to aid and assist them, as in the Old Testament the common Levites were to the priests in the service of the tabernacle, in those things which they could not perform alone; notwithstanding, the offices always remained distinct one from the other.

Moreover, it is proper that such men should be joined to the Ministers of the Word in the government of the Church, that thereby all tyranny and lording may be kept out of the Church of God, which may sooner creep in, when the government is placed in the hands of one alone, or of a very few. And thus the Ministers of the Word, together with the Elders, form a body or assembly, being as a council of the Church; representing the whole Church; to which Christ alludes when he saith: "Tell the Church;" which can in no wise be understood of all and every member of the Church, in particular, but very properly of those who govern the Church, out of which they are chosen.

Therefore, in the *first* place, the office of the Elders is, together with the Ministers of the Word, to take the oversight of the Church, which is committed to them, and diligently to look, whether every one properly deports himself in his confession and conversation; to admonish those who behave themselves disorderly, and to prevent, as much as possible, the Sacraments from being profaned; also to act, according to the Christian discipline, against

the impenitent, and to receive the penitent again into the bosom of the Church: as it doth appear not only from the above-mentioned saying of Christ, but also from many other places of Holy Writ (as 1 Cor. 5, and 2 Cor. 2), that these things are not entrusted to only one or two persons, but to many who are ordained thereto.

Secondly. Since the Apostle enjoineth, that all things shall be done decently and in order, amongst Christians, and that no other persons ought to serve in the Church of Christ but those who are lawfully called, according to the Christian ordinance, therefore it is also the duty of the Elders to pay regard to it, and in all occurrences which relate to the welfare and good order of the Church, to be assistant with their good counsel and advice to the Ministers of the Word, yea, also to serve all Christians with advice and consolation.

Thirdly. It is also their duty particularly to have regard unto the doctrine and conversation of the Ministers of the Word, to the end that all things may be directed to the edification of the Church; and that no strange doctrine be taught, according to that which we read (Acts 20), where the Apostle exhorteth to watch diligently against the wolves, which might come into the sheep-fold of Christ: for the performance of which the Elders are in duty bound diligently to search the Word of God, and continually to be meditating on the mysteries of faith.

Concerning the Deacons; of the origin and institution of their office we may read, Acts 6, where we find that the apostles themselves did in the beginning serve the poor, "At whose feet was brought the price of the things that were sold: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need. But afterwards, when a murmuring arose, because the widows of the Grecians were neglected in the daily ministration," men were chosen

by the advice of the apostles, who should make the service of the poor their peculiar business, to the end that the apostles might continually give themselves to prayer, and to the Ministry of the Word. And this has been continued from that time forward in the Church, as appears from Rom. 12: where the Apostle, speaking of this office, saith, "he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity." And (1 Cor. 12: 28), speaking of "helps," he means those who are appointed in the Church to help and assist the poor and indigent in time of need; from which passages we may easily gather, what the Deacons' office is, namely:

That they, in the *first* place, collect and preserve with greatest fidelity and diligence, the alms and goods which are given to the poor: yea, use their utmost endeavours, that many good means be procured for the relief of the poor.

The *second* part of their office consists in distribution, wherein are required not only discretion and prudence, to bestow the alms only on objects of charity, but also cheerfulness and simplicity to assist the poor with compassion and hearty affection; as the Apostle requires (Rom. 12; and 2 Cor. 9). For which end it is very beneficial, that they administer relief to the poor and indigent, not only with external gifts, but also with comfortable words from Scripture.

To the end therefore, beloved brethren, N. N., that every one may hear that you are willing to take your respective offices upon you, ye shall answer to the following questions.

And in the *first* place I ask you, both Elders and Deacons, whether ye feel in your hearts, that ye are lawfully called of God's Church, and consequently of God himself, to these your respective holy offices?

Secondly. Do ye believe the books of the Old and New Testament to be the only Word of God, and the perfect

doctrine of salvation; and do ye reject all doctrines repugnant thereto?

Thirdly. Do ye promise, agreeably to said doctrine, faithfully according to your ability, to discharge your respective offices, as they are here described? Ye Elders, in the government of the Church together with the Ministers of the Word: and ye deacons, in the ministration to the poor? Do ye also jointly promise to walk in all godliness, and to submit yourselves, in case ye should become remiss in your duty, to the admonitions of the Church?

Upon which they shall answer.

Yes.

Then the Minister shall say:

The Almighty God and Father replenish you all with his grace, that ye may faithfully and fruitfully discharge your respective offices. *Amen.*

The Minister shall further exhort them, and the whole congregation, in the following manner:

Therefore, ye Elders, be diligent in the government of the Church, which is committed to you, and the Ministers of the Word. Be also, as watchmen over the house and city of God, faithful to admonish and to caution every one against his ruin. Take heed that purity of doctrine and godliness of life be maintained in the church of God. And, ye Deacons, be diligent in collecting the alms, prudent and cheerful in the distribution of the same: assist the oppressed, provide for the true widows and orphans, show liberality unto all men, but especially to the houshold of faith. Be ye all with one accord faithful in your offices, and hold the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience, being good examples unto all the people. In so doing you will purchase to yourselves a good degree, and great

boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus, and hereafter enter into the joy of our Lord.

On the other hand, beloved Christians, receive these men as the servants of God. Count the Elders that rule well worthy of double honour, give yourselves willingly to their inspection and government. Provide the Deacons with good means to assist the indigent. Be charitable, ye rich; give liberally, and contribute willingly. And, ye poor, be poor in spirit, and deport yourselves respectfully towards your benefactors, be thankful to them, and avoid murmuring; follow Christ, for the food of your souls, but not for bread. "Let him that stole [or who hath been burthensome to his neighbour] steal no more: but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." Each of you, doing these things in your respective callings, shall receive of the Lord, the reward of righteousness. But since we are unable of ourselves, let us call upon the name of the Lord, saying:

PRAYER.

O Lord God and heavenly Father, we thank thee that it hath pleased thee, for the better edification of thy Church, to ordain in it, besides the Ministers of the word, rulers and assistants, by whom thy Church may be preserved in peace and prosperity, and the indigent assisted; and that thou hast at present granted us in this place, men who are of good testimony, and we hope endowed with thy Spirit. We beseech thee, replenish them more and more with such gifts as are necessary for them in their ministration; with the gifts of wisdom, courage, discretion, and benevolence, to the end that every one may, in his respective office, acquit himself as is becoming: the Elders, in taking diligent heed unto the doctrine and con-

versation, in keeeping out the wolves from the sheepfold of thy beloved Son, and in admonishing and reproving disorderly persons: in like manner, the Deacons, in carefully receiving, and liberally and prudently distributing, the alms to the poor, and in comforting them with thy Holy Word. Give grace both to the Elders and Deacons, that they may persevere in their faithful labour, and never become weary by reason of any trouble, pain or persecution of the world. Grant also especially thy divine grace to this people, over whom they are placed, that they may willingly submit themselves to the good exhortations of the Elders, counting them worthy of honour for their works' sake; give also unto the rich, liberal hearts towards the poor, and to the poor, grateful hearts towards those who help and serve them; to the end that every one acquitting himself of his duty, thy Holy Name may thereby be magnified, and the kingdom of thy Son Jesus Christ, enlarged, in whose Name we conclude our prayers. OUR FATHER, etc.

V. FORM OF MARRIAGE.

THE CONFIRMATION OF MARRIAGE BEFORE THE CHURCH.

WHEREAS married persons are generally, by reason of sin, subject to many troubles and afflictions; to the end that you N. and N. who desire to have your marriage bond publicly confirmed, here in the name of God, before this Church, may also be assured in your hearts of the certain assistance of God in your afflictions, hear therefore from the word of God, how honourable the marriage state is, and that it is an institution of God, which is pleasing to him. [Wherefore he also will (as he hath promised) bless and assist the married persons, and on the contrary, judge and punish whoremongers and adulterers.]

I. In the first place you are to know, that God our Father, after he had created heaven and earth, and all that in them is, made man in his own image and likeness, that he should have dominion over the beasts of the field, over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air. And after he had created man he said, "It is not good that man should be alone, I will make him an help meet for him. And the Lord caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof. And the rib which the Lord God had taken from man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man. And Adam said, this is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man.

Therefore shall a man leave his father, and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh." Therefore ye are not to doubt but that the married state is pleasing to the Lord, since he made unto Adam his wife, brought and gave her himself to him to be his wife; witnessing thereby that he doth yet as with his hand bring unto every man his wife. For this reason the Lord Jesus Christ did also highly honour it with his presence, gifts and miracles in Cana of Galilee, to show thereby that this holy state ought to be kept honourably by all, and that he will aid and protect married persons, even when they are least expecting it.

[But that you may live godly in this state, you must know the reasons wherefore God hath instituted the same.

The *first* reason is, that each faithfully assist the other, in all things that belong to this life, and a better.

Secondly. That they bring up the children which the Lord shall give them, in the true knowledge and fear of God, to his glory, and their salvation.

Thirdly. That each of them, avoiding all uncleanness and evil lusts, may live with a good and quiet conscience. For, to avoid fornication, let every man have his own wife, and every woman her own husband; insomuch that all who are come to their years, and have not the gift of continence, are bound by the command of God, to enter into the marriage state, with knowledge and consent of parents, or guardians and friends; so that the temple of God, which is our body, may not be defiled; for whosoever defileth the temple of God, him shall God destroy.]

II. Next you are to know, how each is bound to behave respectively towards the other, according to the Word of God.

You, who are the bridegroom, must know, that God hath set you to be the head of your wife, that you, ac-

cording to your ability, shall lead her with discretion; instructing, comforting, protecting her, as the head rules the body; yea, as Christ is the head, wisdom, consolation, and assistance to his Church. Besides, you are to love your wife as your own body, as Christ hath loved his Church; you shall not be bitter against her, but dwell with her as a man of understanding, giving honour to the wife, as the weaker vessel, considering that ye are joint heirs of the grace of life, that your prayers be not hindered. And since it is God's command, "that the man shall eat his bread in the sweat of his face," therefore you are to labour diligently and faithfully, in the calling wherein God hath set you, that you may maintain your household honestly, and likewise have something to give to the poor.

In like manner, must you, who are the bride, know how you are to carry yourself towards your husband, according to the Word of God. You are to love your lawful husband, to honour and fear him, as also to be obedient unto him in all lawful things, as to your Lord, "as the body is obedient to the head, and the Church to Christ." You shall not exercise any dominion over your husband, but be silent: for Adam was first created, and then Eve, to be an help to Adam; and after the fall, God said to Eve, and in her to all women, "your will shall be subject to your husband." You shall also be an help to your husband in all good and lawful things, looking to your family, and walking in all honesty and virtue, without wordly pride, that you may give an example to others of modesty.

Wherefore you N. and you N. having now understood that God hath instituted marriage, and what he commands you therein; are you willing thus to behave yourselves in this holy state, *as you here do confess before*

this Christian assembly, and are you desirous to be confirmed in the same.

Answer. Yes.

Whereupon the Minister shall say to the assembly:

I take you all, who are met here, to witness, that there is brought no lawful impediment..

Further to the married persons:

Since then it is fit that you be furthered in this your work, the Lord God cónfirm your purpose, which he hath given you; and your beginning be in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

Hereupon they shall join hands together, and the Minister speak first to the bridegroom.

N. Do you acknowledge here before God, *and this his holy Church,* that you have taken, and do take to your lawful wife, N. here present, promising her never to forsake her; to love her faithfully; to maintain her, as a faithful and pious husband is bound to do to his lawful wife; to live holily with her; keeping faith and truth to her in all things according to the Holy Gospel?

Answer. Yes.

Afterwards to the bride.

N. Do you acknowledge here before God, *and this his holy Church,* that you have taken, and do take to your lawful husband, N. here present: promising to be obedient to him; to serve and assist him; never to forsake him, to live holily with him, keeping faith and truth to him in all things, as a pious and faithful wife is bound to her lawful husband according to the Holy Gospel?

Answer. Yes.

Then the Minister shall say:

The Father of all mercies, who of his grace hath called you to this holy state of marriage, bind you in true love and faithfulness, and grant you his blessing. *Amen.*

Hear now from the Gospel, how firm the bond of marriage is (Matthew 19: 3–9). "The Pharisees came unto him," etc. Believe these words of Christ, and be assured that our Lord God hath joined you together in this holy state. You are therefore to receive whatever befalls you therein, with patience and thanksgiving, as from the hand of God, and thus all things will turn to your advantage and salvation. *Amen.*

Then the Minister shall bid the married persons to kneel down, and exhort the congregation to pray for them.

PRAYER.

Hearken now to the promise of God, from Psalm 128: *Blessed is, &c.*

The Lord our God replenish you with his grace, and grant that ye may long live together in all godliness and holiness. *Amen.*

VI. THE CONSOLATION OF THE SICK.

THE FOLLOWING TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE SUGGEST INSTRUCTION AND COMFORT.

I. SIN AND DEATH.

Psalm 51: 5. Rom. 5: 12.—Gen. 3: 17-19.—Psalm 89: 48. Eccles. 9: 5. Heb. 13: 14; 9: 27.—2 Sam. 14: 14. Job 9: 25. Psalm 39: 4-7. Eccles. 12: 7. James 4: 14.—1 Pet. 1: 24.—Eccles. 3: 1, 2.—Job 14: 5. Acts 17: 26.—Job. 7: 6; 9: 25. Heb. 11: 13.—Psalm 90: 10.—2 Pet. 3: 8.—Ephes. 2: 3. Titus 1: 16. Psalm 14; 1. Rom. 7: 19.—Psalm 51: 7, 8.

II. JUSTIFICATION FOR THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST IMPUTED TO BELIEVERS.

Rom. 3: 24, 28, 30. Acts 10: 43.—Phil. 3: 8—Psalm 32: 1, 2. Rom. 5: 1; 8: 1, 3, 30-35.—Isa. 1: 18. Tit. 2: 14.—James 2: 18.—Gal. 3: 13. Acts 13: 38, 39.—Heb. 11: 6; 2: 17. Rom. 3: 28; 4: 24, 25; 5: 17-19.—Jer. 23: 6. 2 Cor. 5: 21.

III. DEATH DESIRABLE TO A BELIEVER.

2 Cor. 5: 1-8. Rom. 7: 24; 8: 22.—1 Cor. 13: 12.—Isa. 64; 4. 1 Cor. 2: 9.—Psalm 84: 10. Psalm 34: 1, 4.—Psalm 36: 8. John 14: 2, 3. Rev. 21: 23.—Phil. 1: 21-23 John 12: 26; 5: 24. Luke 23: 42, 43. Eccles. 12: 7. Phil. 3: 20, 21.—1 Pet. 5: 10. Rom. 8: 17, 18. 2 Cor. 4: 17. Psalm 30: 5.—1 Pet. 4: 13. Heb. 13: 12. 1 Pet. 2: 21. James 1: 2. Rom. 5: 3-5.—James 5: 8, 10, 11.—Heb. 2: 9—Matt. 10: 22. 2 Tim. 4: 7, 8. James 1: 12.

IV. WATCH AND PRAY.

1 Pet. 4: 7. Luke 12: 35-48. Matt. 25; 13. Mark 13: 33.—2 Pet. 3: 10. Luke 21: 34, 36—Matt. 5: 8. Matt. 15: 19. Gal. 5: 22.—John 3: 3. Mark 10: 14, 15. Rom. 8: 7.

V. RESURRECTION AND GLORY.

1 Cor. 15: 16. Ezek. 37: 5. Job 19: 25, 26.—John 5: 28, 29. 1 Thess. 4: 13-17.—2 Cor. 5: 10.—John 11: 25, 26; 14: 19. 1 Thess. 4: 13-17.—2 Cor. 5: 10—John 11: 25, 26; 14: 19; 17: 24. Rev. 3: 21.—Rev. 7: 14-17. 1 Cor. 15: 49-57.—Acts 7: 59.—Rev. 22: 20.

VII. THE CREEDS.

THE CONFESSION OF FAITH,

Composed in the Council of Nice, A. D. 325.

We believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible.

And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, begotten of his Father before all worlds; God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God, begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made: who for us men and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man, and was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate. He suffered and was buried, and the third day he arose again according to the Scriptures; and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father. And he shall come again, with glory, to judge both the quick and the dead; whose kingdom shall have no end.

And in the Holy Ghost who spake by the prophets. And one holy Catholic and Apostolic Church. We acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins; and we look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come. *Amen.*

THE CREED OF ATHANASIUS, A. D. 333.

1. WHOSOEVER will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith.
2. Which faith, except one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.
3. The Catholic faith is this, that we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity:
4. Neither confounding the Persons nor dividing the Substance.
5. For there is one person of the Father, another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost.
6. But the Godhead of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost is all one; the Glory equal, and the Majesty co-eternal.
7. Such as the Father is, such is the Son, and such is the Holy Ghost.
8. The Father uncreated, the Son uncreated, and the Holy Ghost uncreated.
9. The Father incomprehensible, and the Son incomprehensible, and the Holy Ghost incomprehensible.
10. The Father eternal, the Son eternal, and the Holy Ghost eternal:
11. And yet they are not three Eternals; but one Eternal.
12. As also there are not three Incomprehensibles, nor three Uncreated, but one Uncreated, and one Incomprehensible.
13. So likewise the Father is Almighty, the Son Almighty, and the Holy Ghost Almighty.
14. And yet they are not three Almighties, but one Almighty.
15. So the Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God.
16. And yet there are not three Gods, but one God.
17. So likewise the Father is Lord, the Son Lord, and the Holy Ghost Lord:
18. And yet they are not three Lords, but one Lord.
19. For as we are compelled by the Christian Truth to acknowledge each person by himself to be God and Lord,
20. So we are forbidden by the Catholic faith, to say, there be three Gods, or three Lords.
21. The Father is made of none, neither created nor begotten.
22. The Son is of the Father alone, not made, nor created, but begotten.
23. The Holy Ghost is of the Father, and of the Son, neither made, nor created, nor begotten, but proceeding.
24. So there is one Father, not three Fathers; one Son, not three Sons; one Holy Ghost, not three Holy Ghosts.
25. And in this Trinity, there is not first nor last, nor greater nor less:
26. But the whole three persons are co-eternal together, and co-equal,
27. So that in all things, as it is aforesaid, the Unity in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity is to be worshipped.
28. He therefore that will be saved, must thus think of the Trinity.
29. Furthermore, it is necessary to everlasting salvation, that he also believe rightly the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ.
30. For the right Faith is, that we believe and confess, that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is God and Man:
31. God of the substance of the Father, begotten before the world; and man of the substance of his mother, born in time:
32. Perfect God and perfect Man, having a reasonable Soul and a human Body:
33. Equal to the Father, according to his Godhead: and inferior to the Father as to his manhood:
34. Who, although he be God and Man, yet he is not two but one Christ:
35. One, not by conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking of the manhood into God.
36. He is not one by mixture of Substance, but by unity of Person.
37. For the reasonable soul and flesh is one man; so God and Man is one Christ:
38. Who suffered for our salvation, descended into hell, rose again the third day from the dead.
39. He ascended into heaven, sits at the right hand of God, the Father, Almighty:
40. From whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.
41. At whose coming, all men shall rise again with their bodies:
42. And shall give account for their own works.
43. And they that have done good shall go into life everlasting; and they that have done evil, into everlasting fire.
44. This is the Catholic Faith, which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved.

THE END.